

Beware of the Stare (Instrumental)

Ghostface Killah

He spares no one, he was forgotten
But he was somewhere
So beware of the stare of the Ghostface Killah
So beware of the stare of the Ghostface Killah Beware, son, I got the stare of Medusa
With the rope tied around your neck, it won't get looser
I might shoot ya, make your ass an example
You can't fuck with Tony Starks, get knocked, get trampled
Get hunted like a rat in a field, I hate that
Hate fake ass niggas that love to set traps
Murder the don, I'm back with a bird on my arm
Back to pillage, I rock a live grenade as a charm
I want bodies, balucas, spread into the waters
I want mothers and sons, I wanna murder their daughters
Revenge, all I see is blood in my eyes
Like the rise of your worst nightmare come alive
Ghostface Killah, let's see who's gonna survive He spares no one, he's not forgotten
Cause he was somewhere Yo, look away, don't stare into the eyes of a killer
Metal lungies, junkies, nigga, I pack the nine millers and thrillers
Bulletproof robes and wave caps
Revenge more, nigga, you know Ghost gone stay strapped
Hunt them down in alphabetical order
Each person that crossed me, watch the man slaughter
The butcher, the baker, the torturer, the taker
I'mma send you right back to your maker
A few extra holes, miss your soul sold to the devil
It's the rebirth of a slave brought back as a rebel
I'm immortal, gonna kill generations of your fam
You tried to loathe my legacy away, but I stand stronger
GFK, the pain prolonger

Songwriters

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