

# 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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