

Box in Hand (feat. Raekwon & Method Man)

Ghostface Killah

Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones
All of em
Lay em a death warrant
Ah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo Blend wine, who want to win mine
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin
With the richest, huh
Flexed out, Flinstone style
Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the
Mosyin, posin for them niggas up in Poland
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em
Them richest niggas bless this
Like Russian cut VVS's
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this
Them niggas over there know, Gazelle goggles
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)
Murderin' cats is like that real Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, granola rap
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Fotomat
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town
We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed chases
Porno stations, drinkin violations, godly nations
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks
Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hiss in Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggas, scrapin niggas
Takin play from niggas, hate fakin niggas, yo you hear me?
The whole shit's like wrestling
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

Songwriters

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