

Walking Through The Darkness

Ghostface Killah

Yeah you are now listening to the sounds of Ghost Radio
777 FM, we in God dimension
Sponsored by Stark Enterprise
Shout out to everybody on Staten Island
Don't touch that dial
Ay yo, ay yo, my name's on your roster kid, I mean business
Big elevators mean big businesses
Sleeves rolled up around five, I, loosen my tie
Rough day though the stock was high
Plus I'm hungry, move like the boss of the joint
I know it don't mean nothing 'cause I brought the joint
But still, realer hits, card dealin' shits
Bass lips, murder topics, niggas ain't shit
So what, I had a rough day?
That's right, and if y'all don't like it
Then motherfuck, ya'll is Ghost in da house
Make noise if it's C.R.E.A.M. in da house
Aww shit now, fly coffee tables, haircuts dust
Money this long, you wish you could roll with us
Supersoak us, your bitch chose us
Be sure to stay away from friends you can't trust
It's been so long
(Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh)
Since he had a true friend
(That's right, that's right)
True friends are sure hard to come by
(Uh-huh)
But then again
His loyalties lie within
Always kept his head to the sky
And they can't see no n-n-no-no
(Check it I want all y'all remember this? Yo c'mon, c'mon)
They can't see him walking through the darkness no-n-n-no-no
(Ooha-ooha! yo, Ooha-ooha! uh-huh, yeah, Ooha-ooha! Ooha-ooha!)
They can't see him walking through the darkness
Yo, yo, yo, the new President America
Flash money, act funny
Party, ride the bubbly
Goons and thugs, double hennessey

One shot to the nose, double energy
I don't wallabee, fucking remember me
Guess who's back? The W embassy
Even in the dark we electricity, rap celebrities for the longevity
Staten and Manhattan, that's all liberty
B.E.T, MTV always big on me
That I rock coliseums, cop a drop BM
Drunk throw his dick out on stage, I gotta see 'im
Ha! Let's get druunnnnk! Ha
Let's get drunk and hiiiiiiIIIIIGH yeahhhh
Yeah, yeah, uh-huh, throw your hands in the air, throw your hands in the air
(They can't see him walking through the darkness)
Like this y'all, like that y'all c'mon, yeah
(C'mon, no-o-o they can't see him walking through the darkness)
Yeah ma, c'mon boo yeah that's right motherfucka
(No-o-o, they can't see him walking through the darkness)
Yeah c'mon ma, rock that sick that's right yo, look at?over there
C'mon, c'mon we breakin' it down
(Ooh no-o, they can't see him walking through, walking through)
Uh-huh, these are the best dancers in the house tonight
Ladies and gentlemen give them a round of applause
(No, and the earth, they can't explain on his road to become become)
Uh-huh, that's how I like it, that's right, listening to the sounds of Ghost
Radio
It's like that y'all Staten Island, New York
(The chased and get hazed)
New York in the house, make some noise
(But?)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>