

Stroke Of Death

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, Soloman marked for life, a million to life
Thug for life, forever eyein' the kid
'89 stick-up kid, King of New York
Regulation party, daddy hard body
Rowdy Brighton God-body Smooth like a leather bop, '83 hip-hop
Top of the world, get it rizzight big to your wizzife
Murder cats for the right prizzice
Four-hundred and fifty-six on the dizzice This is real lizzife, ain't nothin' sweet God
Sit down and think it through God, God
'Cuz comin' all outta ya face'll get ya clap, God
You are now listening to the sounds of Supreme Clientele Step in to the party, it's me
God Almighty, Ghost still holdin' that shotty
Dustin Alize', three-quarter Timbs, Terry-cloth robes
Crisp hundreds in the envelope, duke it on the globe Thank God for my Wallabee shoes, they done saved me
Up three-nothin' and Salt Lake City
Burgundy minks, whips with sinks in 'em
Broccoli blown, illa disease breath, elephant skin Meet the black Boy George, dusted on my honeymoon
Bitch like my wife, she popped my Ghostface balloon
Bitches think that I'm Dominican, slap-hash Indian
Milk on my mustache, drop to my chiny-chin
Dive into dangerous parts, buildin' with thirsty mammals
White man scream, "Swim Starks sharks" Smack the girl, bailbonds man stripped of eighteen bronz man
Tall like Carl Malone "Mailman", framed on Larry Johnson
Tony Montana blow, creamy white Havana Joe's
Old Suzanna hoe, pussy sweet, banana flow
David Banner, gamma ray shots, beast will marinate
Bones splitted fatal Wu swords, sour amputate Duck Savanna wait, we splashed the glass, ice rocks
Our cash high right stock, our logo's on your rice box
Plus your dice box, on the side upon your white socks
Bobby got the mic cocked, buck, buck, nice shot

Lyrics provided by

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