Ghost Showers

Ghostface Killah

One goes through this rhyme that you
He made up his mind
That every little thing he does
Be designed to entertain you
Ooh, his whole life through
He's been walkin' through the rain
Until the day he rhyme for you
And the sun came pourin' down
Ay yo, my rolls be Liberace
And my bedroom is off the hook all day, designed by Versace
Y'all just watch me, this is how I blow up
Right when y'all finna leave the joint then I show up
Star-spangled up and my chain got cuts
Mr. T looked, saw my shit and went nuts
Starks stays in luck, truck
There's a new gangster in town and he's comin' up
Staten Island's cap on hoes with most info
Crown Royal bottles in the back, blowin' Indo
Fly shit like Curtis Mayfield and his intro
Throw this in your whip, convent, your tens blow
Yo' I kick the ill rhymes like this
Y'all niggas really never wrote rhymes like this
C'mon, stop frontin' at a time like this
Pretty Tone in the house, you better hide your bitch
Ghost showers just a sign of the power
You feel in you, oh baby
Ghost showers got you by the hour
You're dancin', too, oh baby
Behind the wall action
Barely spaghetti jewels, machetes for y'all
Little Debbie say "I bet he do"
Big bellies to big tellies, Jim Kelly's, we flip cellies
It's Lils, dusted out heavy in the big Chevy
Kicked the ill rhyme, nah, nah, I said it before
I keep the club moist, ladies throw they panties on the floor
Action, Atlantic City lights, main attraction
Slick talk, jiggy at the door, got the gat and
Ooh, you know that rhyme won't end
Makes your day worthwhile

It takes your day that's sad and blue
On a ride to far and move
On that dark and troubled sea
Ghost showed you the light
And now you're dancin' so fast and so free
They're leaving stormy skies behind
Yo, who got the biggest burner?
Ask the Terminator, Wes Snipes shit plus Ghost meets Vegas
Stage show magician, dip with with a bunch of candy
I got a lot of babies, y'all ain't family
If y'all don't hear me, y'all don't feel me
My album is bulletproof, y'all can't kill me
In 2003 the lease is up
We on the block now, no need for y'all re'in up
Pop your seat up, chop the weed up, excuse me if I'm horny
No doubt, I might knock the beat up
Florence style, all up on the set freezed up
All player haters get swiss cheesed up
Muthafucka if you with me, throw your hands up
Look, money at the bar, pick your man up
Me and Reese Piece is like diamonds in the rough
I need Viacom money, but rhymin' ain't enough
Ghost showers just a sign of the power
You feel in you, oh baby
Ghost showers got you by the hour
You're dancin', too, oh baby
Ghost showers just a sign of the power
You feel in you, oh baby
Ghost showers got you by the hour
You're dancin', too, oh baby
Ghost showers just a sign of the power
You feel in you, oh baby
Ghost showers got you by the hour
You're dancin', too, oh baby
Ghost showers just a sign of the power
You feel in you, oh baby

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/