

Ghost Is Back

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Tracy Morgan)] Listen, man, it's going on 2007, g
I wanna wish ya'll muthafuckas a happy New Year
(New Year, let's give it up) How your 2006 was son?
(Go and get up, get up, ya'll niggaz is crazy
Ya'll know how I get, my 2006 off, nigga I broke two of my toes, nigga
It's going down nigga, that's what's up, ya'll niggaz is crazy)
That's why you came to the show with, um, peanut butter on your toes, that day
(Nigga, why you gotta bring everything up? Man, everybody here enjoying)
Nah, son, because your shit's --- (crazy, a happy New Year
This muthfucka) Nah, boy, yo (no, man...) But your shit was looking mad timid
That was the funniest shit in the book, that day (Find out who...)
That's your toes right there! (Who the fuck said I broke 'em)
Yo, how you put them little baby cast on there? (Just a little punk ass nigga man)
How you put them in the baby cast like that, though, son?
Come on, son, that's what I was, that shit, yo
Let me tell you something, I ain't gon' front, yo
I love you and all that, son (then say that!)
You my first cousin, (then say that, Ghost, say that)
You my first cousin, though, but come on, man
You know how it is, son, I ain't seen you in years though
(You know how I get down) How you had peanut butter on your toes though, son?
('cause the nigga asked for it, man, shit I fucked a nigga up, man)
Yo, it's New Year's, yo (get back to me, muthafucka)
Yo, it's New Year's son (fuck ya'll niggaz, this ain't no
Yo, Ghostface, my gold is fifty hundred, I want my money)
NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN! SIX! FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!
I love you my nigga, Happy New Year's!
Fuck that, let's get this paper!
[Ghostface Killah] Yo, yo I was sitting at the table thinking
How the hell do I murder these M.C.'s, sting 'em like bees
My attitude's that of Hannibal, not compatible
Why I would damage you, fuck, if I drink, then ran with you
Ya'll chose to war, so called rich niggaz wanna verse the poor
I'll rob you first, then go to your earth, it's not gon' hurt
If you try calling the cops, it's not gon' work
All you gotta do is lay in the dirt, we dug a hole
And my guns weight more, yo, then Gerald Levert
With more blubber than a Ruben Studdard, I grease the pan
With rhymes, and ya'll can't believe it's not butter

I told ya'll to chill, stretch all out like franks on the grill
 With a classic deal, I'm like a farmer when I'm playing the field
 Just painting my seeds, in 20-06, it's time to build
 "Ghost is back..." - [sample 4X]
 [Ghostface Killah]Yo, I cooked up the beef, seasoned up the meat
 Fried 'em, tried 'em, took it out the grease
 Ghost came to steal the show, since you loving your broad
 I'ma lay back and reveal your hoe
 She a brain therapist, chick you can't kiss

 Opened up her legs, like "ooh, I smell fish"
 Yeast infection, queen, she love dick
 Shivlered up tits, she'll bang the whole Knicks
 Now how can I salute you, kid, I'm planning to do you
 Crucial, blow rugers at who you with
 We bump heads while we out in the street, it's all good
 My trigger fingers'll matter, kick the back of your feet
 And your red monkey jeans, is looking like a scene from Baghdad
 That's bad, flags red, dirt beds
 Ya'll niggaz is eating, crystal meth' heads
 We pissed out, wrist out, with the best threads
 Knockin' niggaz off, knockin' niggaz out
 Fucking up rappers is what I'm about
 I'm holding Staten Island down, ya'll cats must be dead
 Keep fronting and lose your head
 "Ghost is back..." - [sample 4X]
 [Ghostface Killah]You can decide on who's liver
 Toney Knight Rider, wisdoms love my saliva
 Slobbin' 'em down, hoggin' the mound
 Pitchin' 'em eightballs, robbing the town
 Don't let your gangsta, get you murked up
 Faggot ass homeys done got you worked up
 Rappers can't come around, ya'll wide rap is dead
 Freeze, nigga, come off the bread
 Whole horizon, hit 'em with toast, a rap arising
 Ringing the boys bell like Verizon
 Eyes, looking suprised, that the four-five
 Yo Ghost, don't even do it, I got some more pie
 [Outro: Ghostface Killah]Word up, aiyo I'd like to give a mean shout out to Staten Island
 Holding the boy down, ya'll know what it do
 Theodore Unit, Big Trife, Wigs, Du-Lilz
 Yo Supa! Ya'll know what it is, man, yaknowhatimsaying?
 My West Brighton niggaz... let's see that money come first
 That's right, yeah, get up in that building
 You tell L.A. Reid and them niggaz to crack that safe

Word up, cause we coming, J-Love
Aiyo Den, what up, Ice, C-Allah, what up, yo Un
You knowwhatimean, yo, Buck, hold ya head.. aiyo Bean
You know what it is, tell E, I said what's the deal, man
We gon' get this paper, this year, yo Irf, you know how we do
I ain't even gotta say that much, TaVon, come holla at your boy
I know my jack be off all the time, but yo, that don't mean shit, nigga
Come through and holla, nigga, word up, this what it is
Yo, S.G., that's my son doola... ya'll niggaz keep ya'll hands off him
Youknowwhatimean? Yo Ant Acid.. what's the deal, aiyo Tech, yo Plex
Your boys here, nigga... word up, it's all about paper this year, nigga, word up
I got mad babies to feed, I got bills nigga, one...
Wu-Tang for life, Cappadonna, Raekwon, what up?
"Ghost got the juice, now"

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