

# Paisley Darts

## Ghostface Killah ft. Raekwon, Sun God, Trife Da Go

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo, yeah, yo  
Catch me on yo' brochure with beach balls, at least three whores  
Head wop Queens know how to work they jaws  
They skin tone is coffee and milk, mixed up  
Ass as big as my boss' wife, stomach ripped up  
Spitting liquor in they mouth, cold Moet  
Captain Morgan, taking flicks, posing, holding my tech  
With cowboy hats and coach bags, they party like rock stars  
Bo Gary watches, just chill, they down in the shark bars  
And me, gunslinger, clips, cock D  
My fashion on, I'm rocking 'em new Rasheeds  
I'ma finish ya, go in brother like Mr. Cee  
You could find me fucked up like the mice in cheese  
Life's a B, Bentley and big bills  
Bottles, biscuits, bitches, blunts, bad boys bodying pit bulls  
Karate, black belt and I bring booze  
To big bar brawls, ball games blasting, fuck 'til my balls blue  
We like the black Yankees, old vets who sit in the rest  
Thankful, counting up currency and move when it rain, pour  
From every bitch that we bless, we hit up, automatic love  
The Cuban link niggaz is the realest  
Let my wallet walk, speak to niggaz, cops, judges  
We put it down, Columbian style, with three killas  
Based on money, dummies will die  
It ain't funny, trying to front on mine, we get in ya mommy  
Keep cool, nigga, read him the rules, before he bleeding in pools  
And fuck my shit up, and I'ma just lose  
Paid a lot of paper to live here  
American gangster status, Big Brother, lemme get in ya ear  
You know what time it is, crime it is, no matter what rhyme it is  
We gon' stay fly, hit lye, rock diamond shits  
Based on a general's fist of fury  
Neck, arm, money, all of that's crispy jewelry  
Let me show you how I G ride, Nina on both sides  
Nobody riding shotgun but the four-five  
Nigga, if you won't try, I'll give ya something to regret  
Throw that mothafucking semi to ya neck  
Throw the other black Jimmy to ya chest  
If you budge, you get stretched, nothing more, nothing less

Pay respect, I'm a element of Homicide Housing  
In other words, bitch, I'm the resident from Homicide Housing  
Known for drug dealing, stack thousands  
Four hundred grand in the couches, two hundred grand on the houses

At any time I could move up out this  
And go and cop some shit up in the mountains  
Aiyo, aiyo, you know ya boy stay fresher than produce  
Timberland snow boots, collecting more cream than a toll booth  
I grind daily, patriotic like Tom Brady  
I'm the bomb, baby, 'cuz what I write is beyond crazy  
I'm the Don with the teflon armor, good karma, Mac Palmer  
Call me Arab Diesel 'cuz I'm a track bomber  
Roger that, my niggaz ain't got it cracked  
All we do is dollar stack, get twisted like bottle caps  
While you on the block getting indicted, we island hopping  
Globe trotting through the friendly skies flying United  
There's a party over here and everybody's invited  
The headliners is Theodore and everybody's excited  
Fuck that, 'bout time we took it back to the block  
The task force coming, I got crack in my sock  
White Rock on the dinner plate, get cash, shit is hot  
Smash whips on the Interstate, we dash on the cops  
It's them dudes, drug slingers, 1-6, ooh  
Crime figure, rhyme spitter, his gun spit too  
Call 'em Sex Pistols, ravishing, nigga, I'm Rick Rude  
And ain't many mothafuckas could fit up in Rick's shoes  
Man, listen, ice glisten, they love the life we living  
That's a given, like football players love white women  
White linen, a tight denim, that ass look right in 'em  
Shit, I'm riding 'em, cool as Kahlua's with ice in 'em, shit  
Aiyo, yo, yo, yo, I pass the mic to Cap, nah, I pass it back  
Never, son, hold that, you the master of the rap attack  
So knick knack patty wack, this is how we do it black  
Slap you with the almanac where actual facts is sold as facts  
We on our grown man shit like Quincy Jones  
Traveling across the world while we smoking the bone  
We all here grinding, y'all niggaz know what we do  
We get it in with the Murderland, Chi-town too  
Hit you up, something nice 'til the death of Yakub  
Swagger stuck on ya face like a New Jack tool  
Right back at you, yeah me and my dude Toney  
We'll fuck with fake contracts and niggaz that's phony  
Trying to get this money, right homey  
And lay back in the Riverside, just chill, relax the dome piece

Link up with a fly dime, brick and a chrome piece  
Coming for that gwop, yeah nigga, you got beef

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