

# Mighty Healthy (Ty Steel Remix)

## Ghostface Killah

Both hands clusty, chillin' wit my man Rusty low down  
Blew off the burner kinda dusty  
The world can't touch Ghost, purple tape Rae co-host  
Monty Hall expo, intellect you red pro  
Son trifling fuck, wildflower on the cycling  
Pick up the brew thought I was Michael an'  
Mics are writin' pool, now, I'm into Iron Duals  
Turn-ons the Earth's whoopee, she out of law school  
In hale break beats of hell A-Alikes propel parallel  
Duracell night, you flash a burnt cell  
Snap out of CandyLand, kids the old rumor is  
blacks become immune to shit, we never did like  
eati' dead birds chose the pharmacy over herbs  
Men marrying men, ill they got the herbs pulsar  
Scissor hand wig vanished in the winter  
Livin' off land you god damn right I fuck fans king me  
Check checkmate props like the micro chip founder  
Neck to neck stocks with Bill Gates now  
When we hug these mics we get busy  
Come and have a good time with G-O-D  
Make you snap your fingers or wiggle  
Scream, shout, laugh and just giggle  
Shake that body, party that body  
Don't fuck with Ghost you'll feel sorry  
That's word, I'm not the herb  
Understand what I'm sayin'  
Hit mics like Ted Koppel, rifle expert  
Let off the Eiffel, burn a flag in the grass it's spiteful  
Ringleader set it off, rap Derek Jeter  
Culprit, prince of the game wish you could see us  
We lay low glitter wax full bangles  
Priceless rolls, lay around the God get tangled  
Woolly hair, eyes firey red, feet made of brass  
Twelve men, following me, it be the God staff  
Move, every script's like Miramax  
Smash the big boy totalled it, will shot fear effects  
Son beamin' wifey on the beach, sippin' Zima  
Wu 'binos, to latinos, we bust Selena  
Over night, God schedules, fed ex  
Pretty soloette velvet nice DNA scroll genetics  
Too hot, to handle one thought scrambling the mandolin

Hundred game Wilt Chamberlain, smack em, say when  
He rolling up, face wrinkled up, hands is on his nuts  
Yo kid stop frontin' on the ground before you get touched  
It's Canada Dry sess, obsessed with Allah's sun  
We want rye, we want it so bad we might cry

Songwriters

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