

Daytona 500 (Radio Edit)

Ghostface Killah

We are the G, O-D's
And we came to rock, the spot
Like Ironman Starks
They be the illest MC's, in the world today
Cappa Raekwon and the R-Z-A
So listen to them clear, and put the box right near your ear
Light your blunts and down your beers
Cause you could never fuck with Wu-Tang Killer Bees
Say peace to cats who rock mack knowledge
Knowledgists, street astrologists
Light up the mic God, knowledge this
Fly joints that carried your points
Corolla Motorola holder
Play it God, he pack over the shoulder
Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise
Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives
Rapel on fakes like reflectors
He had sugar in his ear in his last crack career
We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna
Run in his crib-o, get ditto, skate like a limo
And jet to the flyest estate, relate take a break
Break down an eighth and then wait drop it like Drake
Thugs they be booing and screwing, we canoeing
Claim they doing the same shit we doing, fuck your union
It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turn style
On the alley tried to challenge God for the new vials
Especially that, aluminum bat in the act
Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black
The Mac-10 flex white cats like Windex
Index finger be sore, busting these fly scripts
The Wally kid count crazily grands with our plans
Laying with my bitches and my mans in Lex Lands
We losing em, jet to the stash and now Jerusalem
Abusing em, rocking his jewels like we using 'em
Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar
Roll with the older God, build with the Son and the Star
All these MC's start realizing
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing
The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us
Mercury raps is roughed then God just shown like taps
Red and white Wally's that match, bend my baseball hat

Doing forever shit, like pissing out the window on turnpikes
 Robbin niggas for leathers, high swiping on dirt bikes
 Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble
 Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ
 The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless
 Slaying all these earthlings and fake foreigners
 In the Philippines, pick herbal beans, bubbling strings
 Body chemical cream, we burn kerosene
 The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon
 Long-heads inscriptions with three sixes in
 Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive
 I slap box with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph
 Zooming like binoculars, the rap blacksmith
 Money's Rolex, with sparkles, Chef ragtop is spotless
 I'm Iron Man no cheap cash metal I'm steel alloy
 True identity hidden inside secret tabloids
 Breathe oxygen both sides of my jaw carry oxes
 The track hit like the bangers, in hundred watt boxes
 Yo jostling these cats while Little J be deli-ing
 Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians All these MC's start realizing
 That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing
 The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest
 But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us Give me the the fifty thou, small bills
 My gold plate, my slang kills
 My Benz spills, what up Lils
 Murder one Dunn
 Killer bee stung, guess who back home Son
 My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon
 Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe
 The mad-hatter big dick style, beware goons
 Smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs
 Let the Gods build, pull up the grill
 Check out the mad skills
 Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it
 And keep it, jiggy style of rap and watching knuckle slang
 Sweep it out of order tape recorder can't record my slaughter
 Spoil the rotten Don is too good to be forgotten
 High top notch, borderline rhymes is handcocked
 Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot
 Get yourself shot All these MC's start realizing
 That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing
 The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest
 But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

Songwriters

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