

# The Sure Shot, Pts. 1 & 2

## Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

Record spins, I'm going in  
I don't shoot to kill, I play to win  
Stay catching up with the cutthroats  
Some men shoot a nigga, throw 'em off the tugboat  
no floats  
The body sinks to the bottom  
Or left off the side of the road to smell rotten  
The murder sprees, random killings  
Ghostface Killah's back attacking villains, hanging from the ceilings  
Godfather motives, gangsta mentality  
Black superhero with the immortality  
Forever, I be creeping in a black mist  
Ill night vision with the militant tactics  
I glide through the air like a swarm of bees  
Shake niggas off quick like a dog with fleas  
Raw meat, leave bodies slumped in the street  
Revenge is the spice of life, it's so sweet  
Ay yo, pipe bombs blowing they souls to Jesus  
Don't need nothing but the puzzle glue for the pieces  
Meat cleaver cut finger tips like rib tips  
Home invasions, cars gonna flip, DeLucas lose  
Pair of cement shoes, tossed in the ocean  
Popped until they brain ooze, I won't lose  
Blood all on my apron, hog tie 'em up while they try escaping  
Peeped the visual, tied 'em up individual  
Took their clothes off, season 'em like sausage  
Let the pits out to eat 'em, that's the remedy  
Attack, kill, bite off their extremities  
Blood bath splash my name on my wall  
Call it piece delivery, leave a tip on the stall  
With an arm, leg, a head  
I'm coming for you all  
It's the sure shot  
Heart of a lion, king of the jungle  
I'm a humble killer bee, you as soft as a bumble  
I don't crumble, I strike back hard with a vengeance  
Attack through these killer words I spit in a sentence  
I'm a menace, the black Clark Kent, caped crusader  
The face of a ghost, I disappear in the vapors

You could murder my flesh and bone, soul's invincible  
Revenge my death, payback's the main principal  
Protect ya neck when you move, I be lurking in the shadows  
Starks, the gangsta nigga, I never lose battles  
Pimp nigga, with a superhero logo on my chest  
Big Gucci link, GFK on the crest  
Icy arm for the eagle with the eight carat ruby eyes  
Piss on your motherfucking arm while I'm stupid high  
All black down, royalty purple and some ice chips  
Two Glock 9's pointed at you in a hype flick  
Now I'm alone in the room, and I just stare at the wall  
Revenge my death but I'm going through withdrawals  
My lost niggas, I miss them this new power and wisdom  
Got me thinking I've made a whole lot of bad decisions  
Got Logan still to deal with, should I kill her?  
Throw her fuckin' ass in a cage with a gorilla  
Or let her live and treat her like scum of the Earth  
I've got goons to feed and babies to birth  
I'm the God now, plus I'm a super rich nigga  
Do more help than harm, either way you figure  
Should I protect and serve or cock and aim destruction?  
Let the enterprise take over the force of production  
Corruption, my mind state is unpredictable  
I'm bulletproof now, back from the dead, I'm invincible  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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