

Metal Lungies (feat. Sheek Louch & Styles P)

Ghostface Killah

World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere
World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere[Ghostface Killah]
What these clown niggas hollerin'?
What they need to be hollerin', is "There go Theodore!"
Put the ball down, we can't score
They pen shit to blackboards, make queens out of wack broads
You see us comin'? Fuck that Fam shit, just pass off, you bitch
Crystal' Dana Dane's wrapped around your neck
Lookin' rich, baow, you fucked up now
See my gun, nigga? This baby got stuffed uptown
Shouted out, made a whole safe with the pump root pounds
My buddy, keep my gun, right next to my tummy
Ask the click, yo, they spit metal lungies
Detach wigs, kill flunkies off contact, son see
Didn't mommy tell y'all niggaz to wear clean undies?
See y'all should of listened to her
She knew her son had a big mouth, and some day death would accur
Please for Ms. Gale's sake, and her seeds
Pass the flurry, ain't fuckin' around, they knocked to her weave[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]
Uh-oh (word up) This still (what you talkin' bout, baby?)
Real kids spit that shit[Sheek Louch]
Let's go, let's go, let's go, yo, yeah
Me and Starks clear projects parks
With our '93 shit, army coat green and light tan Clarks
Niggas think I'm lucky, bitches want to fuck me
And put me in the tub with them like I'm a rubber ducky
I got a revolver in the pump about the size of Chucky
I remember faces easy as I tie my laces
Here, put the metal in your mouth, like you was rockin' braces
I spit an iron lungie, yeah, I'm old school like the Iron Monkey
My shit powerful enough to lift a fuckin' donkey
I got heavy chrome, niggas don't care if you live to die
They happier than Marbury home
Y'all niggaz better kill me, my street niggaz feel me
Louch gotta eat, ends gotta meet
The hard shit you kickin' bout is on beat as Tweet
This is Theodore, D-Block, the year adore
It's son who fall, with the four-four, niggas like[Chorus][Styles P.]
Yeah, nigga this is Ghost with Ghostface

I don't sell millions but I get millions from the v's who smoke base
Somebody leavin' out with a poked face
Tone, you burnin' to kick his teeth out, and sware don't catch no case
I'ma make you look like you smoke taste, and we don't leave no trace
These rap niggas swear that they so safe
I don't want to talk to you holmes, I don't communicate
My guns they in my hand, one in my palm
And I could dial your number, like a smile off the face
With the H.K. 9, I'm the all black hummer
Metal lungies'll spit the grungiest shit
Hungriest shit, seventeen dummies a clip
Tell them rap niggas to suck my dick, fuck the industry
And shift, shut down the store, bust my shit
I got some hustlin' ass niggas that'll pump my bricks
And some dust head niggas that'll dump my clips, what?[Chorus]

Songwriters

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