

The Sure Shot, Pts. 1 & 2 (Instrumental)

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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