Miguel Sanchez

Ghostface Killah

Uh, thirty thousand feet up in the air, up in the lear
Dressed in a black tux, **** tucked, strapped to the chair
Half asleep, hopping out of my seat, caught in the daze
Turned around and saw a white man's face, covered in shades
I must have passed out, can't remember **** before I blacked out
Three more ****** approaching, holding they **** out
One spoke, gave me the keys, to a boat
Reached in his trenchcoat, and pulled out a yellow envelope
Which contained twenty thousand in cash, a photograph
Of a Colombian ***** with a long mustache
Miguel Sanchez, keep a **** hidden in his pants leg
With armed bodyguards, surveillance around his land spread
He runs a billion dollar organization, under investigation
Plus he's wanted by immigration
Now I'm stuck, crazy look on my face, shocked in amazement
How the **** I get involved with these federal agents
They knew my background
Knew about what happened down in Sac Town
They knew about the wrap down south, they laid they backs down
Said I had two decisions, take out Miguel and his cartel
Or spend the rest of my life in prison
A classified mission on some James Bond ****
007 style, love to get some straight convicts
Now I'm pondering, my thoughts wandering, got my girl on the phone
Told her to kiss little Jay 'cuz I'll be gone again
Honey, I can't sleep, she sucking her teeth
If everything go good, baby, I'll be home in a week

Pinching myself just to see if I'm dreaming, call up my team and
Meet me by the docks in Miami, I'll fly out this weekend
I got you **** **** ****, pop two ******
That drug lord that we want, got a spot for ******
And if we kill 'em, it's back to the block, my *****
He carried *******, **** **** shots I figure
He only holla at the kid, when there's money involved
They pack ********, ****** ****, ******* and all
When me and Trife doing right together, got no choice
But give us ten, like we selling white together
Left side, **** ****, right, black *******

Taking trips over seas, flipping packs for better
Every flight a hundred stacks and better, so grind hard
Get ya money up, get on your grillies, don't mind odds
**** a cop car, throw on some chumpers, and drop charge
Hit the block hard, it's kinda hard being G O D
If he owe Trife, he owe me
Load up the **** *******, M I A, call that the jack town
Tell ****** I'm on my way, coming back down
Miguel, Mr. Sanchez, it's a wrap, now
Theodore extorting your ****, handing out packs, now
I used to listen to 50 and jam "Back Down"
Now I slang fifty ****'* I'm at now
Fifty a wop, purple top, *****, I'm back, clown
Crystal bottles, Grey Goose for the chat lounge
Channel seven news, older dude, murder *** found

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