

# Apollo Kids (featuring Raekwon)

## Ghostface Killah

Uh-huh, uh-huh, motherfucker, uh-huh  
Yeah, I see that, I see that  
All y'all fake motherfuckers up in the joint, huh?  
Stealing my light, huh? Watch me, duke, watch meYo, check these up top murderous  
Snowy in the bezzle as the cloud merges  
F.B.I. try and want word with this  
Kid who punked out bust a shot up in the beacon  
Catch me in the corner not speaking  
Crushed out heavenly, U.G. rock the sweet daddy long fox minks  
Chicken and broccoli, Wally's look stinky  
With his man straight from Raleigh Durham, he recognized Kojak  
I slapped him five, Masta Killa cracked his tiny form  
Everybody break bread, huddle around  
Guzzle that, I'm about to throw a hand in your bag  
Since the face been revealed, game got real  
Radio been gassing niggas, my impostors scream they ill  
I'm the inventor, '86 rhyming at the center  
Debut '93 LP told you to Enter  
Punk fagot niggas stealing my light  
Crawl up in the bed with grandma,  
beneath the La-Z-Boy where ya hid ya knife  
Ghost is back, stretch Cadillac's, fruit cocktails  
Hit the shells at Paul's Pastry Rack  
Walk with me like Darchy tried to judge these  
plush degrees, said the cow, wrap the fees  
Getting waxed all through the drive-through  
Take the stand, throw my hand all on the Bible  
and tell lies too, I'm the ultimate  
splash the Wolverine Razor Sharp ring, dolomite  
student in role holding itHey yo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV  
Crash at high-speeds, strawberry, kiwi  
As we approach, yo herb, the Gods bail  
These Staten Island ferryboat cats bail  
Fresh cellies, 50 thief up in the city  
We banned for life, Apollo kids live to spit the realA pair of bright phat yellow Air Max  
Hit the racks, stack 'em up Son, \$20 off no tax  
Street merchant tucked in the cloud, stay splurging  
Rock a eagle head, 6-inch height was the bird  
Monday night Dallas verse Jets, dudes slid in with one hand

Two culture-ciphers, one bag of wet  
Heavy rain fucked my kicks up  
Wasn't looking, splashed in the puddle  
Bitch laughing, first thought was beat the bitch up  
Mossied off gracefully, New York's most wanted tee-ball hawk  
Seen the yellow brick road, lust of pastries  
Same Ghostface, holy in the mind  
Last scene, Manhattan Chase  
We drew the six-eight digit in the briefcase  
Rawness, title is Hell-bound  
Quick to reload around faces, surround look astound  
We split a fair one, poker nose money  
Gin rummy with glare, spot the lame, bit his ear  
Yo, you taste a tea-spoon, 300 goons, stash balloons  
Locked in lab rooms, hit with glock, stashed in Grant's Tomb  
Clocked him like a patient, his stock's full, hustle invasion  
Knowing now, we cocked a block off, the chain tri-color  
Freezing in valor, ice-sicle galore  
Gas station light gleaming on the wall  
Cop WiseGuy jams, James Bond vans  
Niggas flipped Timbs, rock boats under water, watch clams  
pose at the stand-off, mad timid  
hoping that the gun fall, guess him like lottery balls, yo  
Hey yo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV  
Crash at high-speeds, strawberry, kiwi  
As we approach, yo herb, the Gods bail  
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Fresh cellies, 50 thief up in the city  
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Songwriters

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