

# Flowers (feat. Raekwon, Method Man & Superb)

## Ghostface Killah

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah Yeah, yeah, y'know, tranquilise, tranquilise

Yeah, yeah, yo, Ghostface

(C'mon)

Raekwon, Meth See me in the club, got a gun on my Lex

Select paper and invade all the illest niggas

Tally up pen, yo, Live Crew meetin'

Layin' in the lab with rolls o' fly Mo-et ho

All niggas eatin'

(Woah) Wreckin' ball gangsters, unleash the law

Straight up, colorful drawers, bad whores

On the weekend eat a raw style like Flounder

Fuckin' wit' mine or how we design

My niggas might find ya Layin' in the tropics, big dick shit on park

They way his Clarks look, niggas on top it

Movin' out, colored Durangos switch to me, broke

That's how I picture rich niggas with the same coats

All rich niggas with the same coke You can catch us cruisin' all on a ship

Fully equipped, on a Star Tac, callin' a bitch

How much you get, when that Absolute and Hennesey mix

(Ultimate, ultimate)

Wu shit, my whole click

(Ultimate, ultimate) Rubba-dub, ass in the club, showin' me love

Sayin' "Peace" to the nigga that thug, I got the drugs

And the .38, snub-nose, strikin' a pose

Baby girl, threw a drink on my clothes, the new Girbaud's Lewis Fritz, Hot Nikks, nigga what's happenin'?

Any shit, holdin' my dick, smokin' a clip, thanks for askin'

Mashin', the latest fashion

Dance floor packed with whites, blacks and Latins All N Together, together for worship better

Now I put it down whether its Methy, Method, or Meth-Tical

Rock, skate, roll, bounce

I'm bound to wreck ya body as they turn the party out All magazine's lit, the fly life we live

The lingo is to let y'all niggas know

High niggas rent, I'm set like nuh, purple and the new Lex

Trifle and work, let's murder everything that Wu wanted sent I'd better pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics

Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics

(You betta)

Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics

Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics

(Come on, come on) And my mouth stay dry 'cos I swallow the struggle

I might connect you to a VCR, after they plug you  
I'm not a gangsta, I hate thugs too  
I'm just a nigga that painted a picture without a paintbrush too  
Without a paintbrush tooBulletproof Wallets, 20 t'ya kids that says made outta Korea  
Top Sear, got's to be a lot to see a rock  
[Unverified] be beamed up behind the stove  
Askin' how Maria pop Leah  
Cursed out Leah, burst out a purse with the Gods you jeerFrom Star's Pizzeria, peace, hate to be ya  
Especially when the shots ring off in slow motion  
When yo' head hit the meter  
You lost two leaders, at the same case speeder  
Peter slid through shook 'em down for his reefer  
James chased Theresa with a hatchet on EasterTwo murders in the 'hood, we call 'em double features  
Watch how I eat this, freak the best teacher  
At the prayer with the preacher  
I get skeet in the bleachersAnd your girl, I might eat her  
I'm a lover, not a biter  
(Well, yeah)  
I still catch her for a pieceHe's as good as the rest of 'em  
And as bad as the worst  
So don't hate me  
You'd better move over, yeah  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Eah, fuckin' idiotsYo, uh, uh, wallets motherfuckers  
That's right, all my shit is bulletproof  
Stoop for the bulletproof  
(Yeah)  
Yeah, Projects  
(Yeah)Bulletproof wallets  
(DJ, DJ)  
On yo' ass nigga, you heard?  
Dirt-ass niggas, ya niggas ain't got a chance  
Stadio, one-three  
Word up, ya now dead

Songwriters

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