

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, scandalous

Yeah, miraculous the arsonists Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260

2L, I heard they had O's for sale

I heard the same shit, money drive a Burgundy whip

Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate Where's the cat from, think he's from New Jerusalem

Pretty Rick did his thing for him, but he was using him

Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the God

He go with Tim, the one who called lover of God Y.E. quality S.Elf, I know the natural law now

It's time to get the God you and blow like mines

But on the low I heard he got born original sin

Back in a drive-through Kentucky Fried shot up his ack We got to get him Dunn, aliens is snatchin' our bread

U.F.O.'s movin' in with bigger plans than fed, yo

Knock on daddy O's door get the scope

He's not home, he took Ishmael to Park Slope There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that stuff

That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums

Peace Keana, what's up with your girlfriend Wanda

She drive a green Honda with legs like Jane Fonda I just left her, she took Rashean to Pathmark then

Jetted to canal to get her man some Clarks

She said, "Be back in ninety minutes, Ghostface God forbid"

She say, "Peace to W, who's watchin' the kids?" Two hours later, schemin' like Deniro in Casino

Son better have more coke than Al Pacino

Keana ain't tellin' no lies, last year she did a Sting and a half

And Tymeek bought her a aircraft But anyway, yo, daddy O home, we need the shotties nidow

When we get back, throw you a bit out

Later that night, stay mesmerized yo

Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of Marriot You ready, you got the E and J and The Machete?

We goin' upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty

We walked in both of us looked like terrorists

Masks on, second floor, Dunn yo, I handle this Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical

Natural, fuckin' a white bitch, actual

Fiends chantin', "Do your thing chef, handle it"

I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit Carolyn Ran to the back analyzin', much disguisin'

Surprise we comin' and their eyes were tranquilized

And buggin', throwin' her twin cousins at his nugget, fuck it

Meet Shottie Waddy slug body hobby Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin'

Fake cats announcin' on the block, you loungin'

Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin'

Yo chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start stuntin' Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back

Chef stop wavin' that, show him where the paper at

Come here Valerie, you know the God he need a salary
Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery
It's in the kitchen in the ceilin' baby girl kept squealin'
Only found a white block of cheese from New Zealand
Oh shit, yo, yo where that shit at yo?
Yo Chef, where that shit? What?

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