

# After The Smoke Is Clear

## Ghostface Killah

[Ghostface Killah & The Delphonics]

(After the smoke is done) Yo

Yeah (Tang-o-Phonics) yeah, what, what, who wanna do it, what

(Number one)

Slap fire out ya monkey ass niggas

(After the smoke is done) word up, big dick, motherfucking house

What up, bench press these cats

(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yo[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, god, show these niggas how we get deep, down, and dirty

Like Keyon, got his wig pushed back,

Five-thirty

Yo they gotta hit

Placed on my head, what should the god do?

Max out in Spain and do business with the Jews

Never that

Them never look angry out of sync

The imperial, industrial king got weight

Don't give a fuck

Like the poor part, we watch Heart To Heart

They used to push me in shuffle cards

Now I'm writing books like Ebinezzar

The porno teaser

Saying words like sheeba

Educated rapper fouling the teaser

My team got rocks like Six Flags, plus the Wu lab

Cameras in nine bedrooms we own tags

Don't touch this

Crackling hot shit

I snap ya shoulder blade in half,

Laugh, and pop shit

Reader's Digest, passed my book to L. Ron Hubbard

Got bagged that the world government tried to dub it

But devils love it

Movie trap raps cover the tracks

Like Ajax

Sharper than cuts laced on hardly scratched supreme clientel

My cartel

Willie Star passed,

Shit his piece, where's the Nobel?

Oh, well,  
Siginig off as usual,  
The arsonist, leaving niggas lost in the stairwell[Ghostface Killah & The Delphonic]  
(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yeah, yo, yo  
Represent my projects Stapelton (after the smoke is done)  
He represent that project Park Hill (tang-o-Phonics number one)  
You represent that project Murder West Brighton Now Born  
Arm banging into that will  
Word up, (after the smoke is clear) yeah, what, Stapelton  
(Tang-o-phonics and Wu-Tang still here)  
Park Hill, word up, yeah, yeah, New York[Raekwon]  
The greatest story ever told by me, precisely  
Roman numeral I be  
Plus three describe me  
My son move like the toad  
Get drunk  
Speak in codes  
Throw a fiend in the sleeper hold  
Got beef with the cold  
Met my comrade  
Go half on this lamp down in Baghdad  
Flipping like a mex tab  
Get money like an A-rab  
The type niggas snapped  
Six legs on the crab  
Now, hush, who wanna do what  
My click better bust[The RZA]  
Underprivileged,  
Grew up in a Stapelton house village,  
Where blood flood the water in the streets like oil spillage  
When the water was flowing (Tang-O-Phonics number one)  
I spot a fifty-five borough  
A nigga was still flowing,  
Voice was echoing  
I rise high like an Opera's  
Procter wouldn't Gamble  
The sample, it shocked her  
My ninjas run wilder than Shaka Zulu  
Some play peace like Donny the Guru  
Others live to be wise and old like Desmond Dutchu  
Undisputed champion  
Bell holders  
Shape and mold us  
Sole controller of the moon  
I, solar and polar

I blow half smoke through my nasal  
Bust my ways with thirty words  
Wu-Tang wasn't for children like  
Cannibals raiding Sicilians[The Delphonics]  
After the smoke is done  
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one  
After the smoke is done  
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one  
After the smoke is clear  
Tang-o-Phonics and Wu-Tang still here  
After the smoke is done  
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one

Songwriters

DIGGS, ROBERT F. / COLES, DENNIS DAVIDPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>