

# The Battlefield (Instrumental)

## Ghostface Killah

Ayo, i'm back after nine years, that's 36 seasons  
Shit is changed up for all types of reasons  
Staten island ain't the same, shit is lame  
No familiar faces son, i'm dodging the game  
I want a clean slate, but these cops stay screwin'  
Snatching me up off the block, what am I doin'?  
Oh, it's officer dingle and his sidekick berry  
Driving me around the hood so I could worry  
See how fucked up it is there's crackheads on every corner  
Kids in the schoolyard smoking marijuana  
I ain't feeling it, this ain't the way I left these blocks  
And my name's faded out like some old damn socks  
I want respect, these streets was my playground once  
I was the mack across 110th on these stunts  
Not once would a nigga test me or gets zesty  
I would walk down the street and sneeze, they all blessed me  
Been on the battlefield for a long, long time  
I can see life closing in on this old body of mine  
Yeah, homie, i'm the kingpin called future  
Make a killin' in these buildings in the millions  
Got 'em feeling like brewster  
Shit hot as fallujah  
Kids grown now, they cock rugers  
Welcome back to the sewers  
Where new whips maneuver  
No kids playing, no safe and sound havens  
There's tre pound cases on the playground pavement  
No more dudes with 22's in their sneaker soles  
Kids tote shit that leave your body with a heap of holes  
I'm that neighborhood blizzard flooding these streets with snow  
Heavy iron on the ready, my shit'll crease your clothes  
Keep a flock of sweetest hoes, yeah, I sleeps with those  
Little slum young keisha coles with cheaper clothes  
Undercovers all around the gutter, they creepin' low  
I stays ahead, kid, I toss bread like pizza dough  
I keep the tef around my torso with the piece below  
That bulldog short nose, g be at peace with those, you know  
Been on the battlefield for a long, long time  
I can see life closing in on this old body of mine  
Mama bear was a church woman, pop's skated off  
I was impaired, an introverted youngin', a lot changed my course  
From nowhere to my first onion then them cops came  
Across flashed the badge, took my stash, told my little ass get lost

Threw me off when my grind was prime time then  
You could step on and stretch mine's to a nine times ten  
I was gone, remembering though that fine line's thin  
So I studied that chessboard and we were all blind men  
Dealers ran the streets, but the d's ran them  
I was a killer underneath, but needed expansion  
Something to constitute being high in a coupe  
The cries from my youth so I applied for the suit  
Salute to the enforcer, call me officer now  
Supporter of paraphernalia, I toss it around  
The link to the cartel, costs is down  
It's that denzel in training day shit, caution my grounds  
Been on the battlefield for a long, long time  
I can see life closing in on this old body of mine

Songwriters

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