

# Be Easy

## Ghost Loft.

Yeah, what's happening New York City?  
It's ya boy Ghost in the muthafuckin' house tonight  
NahwhatI mean? We about to get it popping, let's go!

Yo yo

Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around  
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay  
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's  
In the house, put the record on replay  
Get your nose blowed off by the fifth, uh  
You wanna be there, layin' all stiff, uh  
Every time you go uptown, you get jipped, uh  
That's karma, boy, running your lip, uh  
You be fronting like you got a bunch of chicks, uh  
You be at home, nigga, beating your dick, uh  
I'm in the club with the chipped up wrist, uh  
You at the bar, whoadie, drinkin' my piss, uh  
The yellow shit, and the bottle ain't Crys', son  
You turned your muthafuckin' head, nigga, we switched 'em  
You just mad cause I'm hittin' your sister  
You in the other room, huh, you couldn't sleep, uh  
Pop a lotta shit without that liquor, yup  
We mind seat up, so take our picture  
I'm like the boogeyman, nigga, I'll get ya  
Whether now or later, afterlife, or switcher  
Yeah, oh shit, aiyo Tone hurry up and get 'em, nigga  
You knowwhatI mean, it's about to pop off  
Ya'll niggaz clear the fucking floor  
Get the fuck out the way, come on  
Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around  
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay  
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's  
In the house, put the record on replay  
Yo, it's Tone in the building, the teams in the building  
Niggaz wanna beef, what up, what up, what up  
We packed to the ceiling we constantly chilling  
We can 'cause we could, we shoot, we slice, we cut  
Shimmy shimmy ya, shimmy yam, shimmy yeah, now  
Yes, my birthday, landed in nay, now  
Peace to Dirt Dog, I'm back like Deja Vu

Leave your girl around me, I will bag your boo

Ahh, you bitch niggaz better listen up  
Anybody front, paramedics gonna pick 'em up  
They try to save you, sware to God, I hit the nurse up  
Like, "Nah, doc, he look better in a hearse truck"

I tried to ignore it, his people saw it  
I ain't the type of dude you go to war with  
My polo gun yo, will crack the floor shit  
When the heat's on, you know I draw it  
I had his number down, Toney just called it  
Yo, aiyo, Pete Rock, good looking nigga!  
Staten Island, yo Theodore! What's the deal  
Slap me one of the ratchets, I'm about to go in, yo  
Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around  
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay  
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's  
In the house, put the record on replay  
Gotta get that cheese, gotta pimp that V  
Gotta burn those leaves, and uh

Pretty Tone make the girls say please  
Daddy work that D, put it in and be eas' and uh  
So what, come on, now some of y'all people  
Might know me from my wallabies  
Pretty bitches got my number, y'all can dial me  
I stick it up like an iced cake robbery  
And when I'm done, y'all can finger nail file me  
Floss the ill robes since Criminology  
Supreme Clientele, put the world on top of me  
Yo babe, hurry up, with those collard greens  
I represent S.I., ain't as wild as me  
They lousy, I'm phat like a pound of cheeba weed brownies  
Tone got the powder squeeze, don't surround me  
Quick to pick a honey up, shit, the flow's Bounty  
Ya'll can just crown me  
Yeah, that's right

I like to thank y'all for coming out tonight  
How y'all like that shit? YouknowwhatImean?  
You really run New York  
This is that Theodore shit, muthafucker

Lyrics provided by

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