Purified Thoughts

Ghostface Killah

"Am I a good man? ..."[Ghostface Killah]
Take my hands out my pockets you can see my thumbs
Both of them turned green, from countin the ones
Memorized by the glory, word life
Cut off niggaz who killed Bill but couldn't do nuttin for me
Shout 'em out every once in the blue and kid too
I never rocked with, laws they keep away we cool
I devised my own stimulus, plan I'm niggarish
I'm tired of eatin those crumbs and black licorice
The frame of mind so {?} like cleansin the mic
Let the imam pray over my head and wash
Thoughts, sterilized, purified, Godly
Watch us gift men and fetch the green like barley
If that shit happen I'll feed his whole army
Talkin 'bout the angels and peeps in Somali
Try to stay humble, and swallow my pride
In God I trust, now talk about the ones on your five
Crisp dollar billin, catch me in a little hut in Beneen
Village style, feedin the children
Big pots of jasmine tea with Mandela
Africans chantin me on like Coachella
Ghostface bom ba ye, kumbiya my Lord
My death day, 24 karat tomb I lay
Wishin they could bury me, next to the prophets
Nabi, Lut, Is'haq, Musa, Harun, Muhammad
Ibrahim"Am I a good man?" (I don't know)
"Am I a fool?" (We'll see)[Killah Priest]
The Lord takes me, gathering speeds before winds
High currents, {?} places we formin wings
Kings offering, thrones was there
Man with the 7 crowns on his dome was near
Feet walked over rose petals, song from the ghetto
Face froze in gold like the pharaoh
A dawn in glory, robe of light, a powerful cherub
As he passed the path, white doves cost the eyes of thugs
Eternal heartbeat, in the dark fire in his blood
700 books were opened
It breaks to right, they threw the crooks in the ocean
Scared, brass hair like it grew from goatskin

The chosen has spoken, tablets were broken
The smoke hand grabs an omen
Gravity grabbin me gradually draggin me through hell's cavity
This is blasphemy, I fell where the jackals be
God felt bad for me but cast me into Caspain Sea
Satan draggin his key, Wu-Family's the faculty
K.P., K.P."Am I a good man? Am I a fool?
"Am I?"[GZA]
He used to sling in the stairwell
Fast to put the rap on thinking cap, ignite your hair gel
No such thing as a fair sale
He'll put the bullet out same day, delivery airmail
And on this level a thug'll sell you garbage
No refund, the only exchange from the cartridge
Where the youths is kept comin back with they life earnings
Ready to make a deal, soul and pipe burning
The outcome tragic, household dramatic
Living rooms to {?}, basements to attics
Support from the B, hit the courts from a fiend
who betrayed one, who had lit the torch for his team
So they sent him gifts, body parts per diem
in a box that held prints but too dark to see 'em

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