The Grain

Ghostface Killah

Do you wanna see it? Do you wanna see it?
I'm gonna do it for ya, I'm gonna do it for ya
I'm gonna do it for ya, I'm gonna do it for ya
New Ghostface
Yo deep in the trenches
Wig, young black green beret
Chrome laser guns blazing at spades
Wallabies, cherry noose, kool-aid
10 niggas call it Tai-Chi
Black blades, one hundred dollar seats
Hold up, we at the opera
Queen Elizabeth rub on my leg
Had ketchup on her dress from a whopper
Chunky ass necklace
Must be her birthstone
John Paul cop the biggest stones outta Rome
Told ya eyes up on her prince
Fucking with Diana
Two rows across, Dirty giving hickeys to Vianna White
Fingering Pamela Lee
We on the balcony dare one of ya'll to Malcolm X me
Somebody might catch a Kennedy
Yo let me adjust my lens through these binoculars
I paid 5 G's sliding off like Kid Vitamin
Viking patriot of Broad Street
Bet you think I'm laying like a hyphen
Tony Starks make the narc's dogs bark
With the Benz parked
Up against the boulevard
Starks had the bone sparked
One cop tapped the window glass
Like a cymbal crash,
"What the fuck son! You trying to break glass?"
He flashed his badge,
License and registrations at that moment
His fat partner started chasin'
Chicken heads they was racing
Wit' they hearts pacin'
For snatching gold trying' to dip into the god's basement

Our location lead steel shed spread
Cracked shorty head
Left sweetie there for dead
Ghetto poodles, fingers sticky from cheese doodles
Starving' for a 50 cent bag of Oodles and Noodles
Neighborhood sick wit' it
Clinton 'bout to cut WIC
Maybe one ya'll rich rap niggas need to politic
Reach for the sky
They throw bleach in your eye
Don't teach you why
You be keeping 'em high dipped like an Oreo cookie
In cold milk, bold silk gold-filled cap, Wu wear hat
Low tilt true Islamic we speak verbal rhyme phonics
Why ya'll trying to change this hip hop to technotronics?
Don't go against the grain
(The grain)
Don't go against the grain
(The grain)
Don't go against the grain
(The grain)
Girl, because of you I'm hurting
Within my within my heart
I know it's not right to be flirting
But a relationship has to start
You're the one that I'm clocking
It's time for you to start jocking
Don't want you to see me cry
This is why this is why this is why
I met this girl named Rhonda from way down yonder
Hey yo god don't fuck with her
I met this girl named Liz she was all in the biz
Hey yo lord don't fuck with her
I rocked a hoe named Tina from the heart of Medina
Hey, yo kid don't fuck with her
Yeah, that girl Kit Kat she got the good poodle cat
Hey, yo nigga, you better fuck with her

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