

Cherchez Laghost

Ghostface Killah

Tommy Mottola, lives on the road
He lost his lady, two months ago
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't
Oh wonder that loveBrothers try to pass me, but none could match me
No girl can freak me, I'm just too nasty
Lost on the dance floors, I attack y'all
Snuck through the back door, guess who they saw?
Goldie and Ghost, black African Rose
Star-studded low lenses, plus the mural was dope
Airbrush W-B's, STOP! (Shake your body, body)
And cop a couple of these (She's a hottie, hottie)Scottfree and Chauncey, very upset
They're sick and tired of living in debt
Tired of roaches and tired of rats
I know they are overOne in the head, I'm fed, this is how we doin
Put a Ruff Rider on my dick, bust right through 'em
Come out your shirt, insert the party rhyme
Fine Dr. Buzzard, Bacardi Lime
We passin it, takes the shake your Calvin Klein
Before the floor gets moist, taste and follow mine
Swallow nine, model dimes from Bahamas
Slim doo-doo makers stuffed inside pajamas

Songwriters

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