

# Ghost Showers

## Ghostface Killah

One goes through this rhyme that you  
He made up his mind  
That every little thing he does  
Be designed to entertain youOoh, his whole life through  
He's been walkin' through the rain  
Until the day he rhyme for you  
And the sun came pourin' downAy yo, my rolls be Liberace  
And my bedroom is off the hook all day, designed by Versace  
Y'all just watch me, this is how I blow up  
Right when y'all finna leave the joint then I show upStar-spangled up and my chain got cuts  
Mr. T looked, saw my shit and went nuts  
Starks stays in luck, truck  
There's a new gangster in town and he's comin' upStaten Island's cap on hoes with most info  
Crown Royal bottles in the back, blowin' Indo  
Fly shit like Curtis Mayfield and his intro  
Throw this in your whip, convent, your tens blowYo' I kick the ill rhymes like this  
Y'all niggas really never wrote rhymes like this  
C'mon, stop frontin' at a time like this  
Pretty Tone in the house, you better hide your bitchGhost showers just a sign of the power  
You feel in you, oh baby  
Ghost showers got you by the hour  
You're dancin', too, oh babyBehind the wall action  
Barely spaghetti jewels, machetes for y'all  
Little Debbie say "I bet he do"  
Big bellies to big tellies, Jim Kelly's, we flip cellies  
It's Lils, dusted out heavy in the big ChevyKicked the ill rhyme, nah, nah, I said it before  
I keep the club moist, ladies throw they panties on the floor  
Action, Atlantic City lights, main attraction  
Slick talk, jiggy at the door, got the gat andOoh, you know that rhyme won't end  
Makes your day worthwhile  
It takes your day that's sad and blue  
On a ride to far and moveOn that dark and troubled sea  
Ghost showed you the light  
And now you're dancin' so fast and so free  
They're leaving stormy skies behindYo, who got the biggest burner?  
Ask the Terminator, Wes Snipes shit plus Ghost meets Vegas  
Stage show magician, dip with with a bunch of candy  
I got a lot of babies, y'all ain't familyIf y'all don't hear me, y'all don't feel me  
My album is bulletproof, y'all can't kill me

In 2003 the lease is up

We on the block now, no need for y'all re'in upPop your seat up, chop the weed up, excuse me if I'm horny

No doubt, I might knock the beat up

Florence style, all up on the set freezed up

All player haters get swiss cheersed upMuthafucka if you with me, throw your hands up

Look, money at the bar, pick your man up

Me and Reese Piece is like diamonds in the rough

I need Viacom money, but rhymin' ain't enoughGhost showers just a sign of the power

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