

## **Prefuse 73 f/ El-P, Ghostface Killah**

### **"Hideyaface"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (El-P)]

Yeah, nothin' but fly beats runnin' float  
Around here and shit, about to pop off all (from outta  
the robes, to the new world)  
It's about to pop off, (Ghostface and Lazer Face  
And you never this shit before) Hide ya face, yo  
I told y'all niggaz it's about to pop (hide ya face)  
Here we go, come on man, New York, we got y'all  
niggaz up top  
(Fuck this, hide ya face) Hold me down, Brooklyn

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, this is Ghostface/Theodore, I'm magically  
suspicious  
Police try to get money, and sell my pictures  
To the star ledger, (tell 'em), inquiren' minds wanna  
know  
How Pretty Tone get robes as soft as snow  
Where the bird go? That shit flew south for the winter  
Why my piece hold the face, the size of plates at dinner  
Was Masquerade a true story? What happened to the  
Clan?  
Did I really dodge death? Am I true Ironman?

[El-P]

Yo, this is Lazer Face, El Produnctive funk, plus you'll  
dance this  
I leg sweepin', runnin' man stance, with my  
commandment  
Spit that, hardly arty, semi-retarded and gawwny  
Ungodly stoppin' me, put holes in your body heat  
Bang, avoid your imminent, fuck with coat hanger  
That lick off, of the set of altercation without anger  
Was that the shit you running with? Equip this with a  
pair of scissors  
Cook coke with a Brooklyn word poet, with Tony, the  
Iron Wizard

[Chorus: El-P (Ghostface Killah)]

You be lyin' to the fans on your tape (hide ya face)  
Cuz radio don't play you, doesn't mean that you great

Baby, less talk and shit in my face (hide ya face)  
Muthafucka, we hold the legendary breath that we take  
You ridin' dirty when your man, had the plates (hide ya face)  
Wear your seatbelt, and make sure to keep it light on the brakes  
You been crafted by the United States (hide ya face)  
You wind up gunnin' out a chopper, another man and his hate  
Oh break... (hide ya face)

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]  
Oh shit, when the beat gon' drop?  
Fuck it, I'm gonna get big money, here we go nigga

[El-P]  
Embarressed her, bastard bet, the calamity, rap knowledge  
Or fever, amonk liquids stickin' ya character  
Plannin' obitueries, with a cralon cepter  
Last of the unforgiven, spittin' insanity lectures  
From where, from the era of the Dapper Dan tecture  
I'm fully pullin' on loosy nukie, from the BK sector  
Oh was that the shit you runnin' with? Yeah, bitch with a broken caraproder  
The eyes on both, of the male room supervisor, of my last job

[Ghostface Killah]  
Aiyo, it's Tony Starks, the Wallabee clarks, the fly minks  
The first nigga to pop, them yellow bottles for drinks  
Big links, only built for D. Coles, I peep hoes  
You god damn right, I fuck fans, and get G. robes  
And spinnach, bread like the Pillsbury dough  
I got a red nose pick, with the high pro glow  
My hydro flow? I got it locked, but y'all don't know  
Watch when your enterprise go public, and Starks just blow

[Chorus]

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