

Wu-Tang Clan "Ghost Deini"

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"In an enemy land..."

"Ack, just by destroying Starks Enterprises,

We could cripple their national defence.

So, you Professor Finkle, the world's greatest

Expert on electricity must devise the destruction

Of Starks' mighty guardian, Ironman."

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, summer time holdin the 9, split the Vega in half

Jeeps rumble and my dogs puff grass

Bank stoppin, high-derox hydrolic

Kid with the most knowledge will obtain to touch top

dollars

Hold me down, hand me my cake, dusty, bake, activate

Fuck your corny debates

I'm like cake or maybe like \$10,000 rabbits

The kid walked thru, switch up his accent "Now I'm

from Paris"

Cash the bill, frozen element, Seagal

Signs from the most high causes me to break them all

How the fuck was y'all niggas thinkin? You think I fell

off the ledge?

The legendary Ghost Deini might be dead?

Never, Impossible, pull out black burners like tonsils

To gallants, hit 'em if we go to

Bustin at y'all niggas daily

Wall-to-wall, Hawkins

Suckin your teeth 'cause God chain-talkin

Like Ghostface this, Ghostface that

Ghost sold crack, now his revelations spoken thru rap

Valored down like the sheik of Iran

Gasoline CREAM wrapped in hospital bands

Model vans, Michael Davis, it's me against housin

Extraordinary pro-black, sold God creations to control

thousands

Catch me at the flicks, Apollo rap Fredick Douglas

You know what? Eh yo, fuck this

Eh yo, how can I move the crowd?

First of all, ain't no mistakes allowed

Here's the instructions, put it together

It's simple ain't it? Well, quite clever

singing

Marvin, Marvin, you were a friend of mine
You stood for somethin, ugh
Tupac, Biggie, ohh how we miss you so
We want y'all both to know
We really love you so
Eh yo, I'm Gucci down
Wally boot, Jamaican hat, long 4-pound
Ask niggas how I get down
Don't speak much, deluxe plush
Imaginations holdin all like Willie Hutch
You might've bumped into me on the Riker's bus
Weed in my teeth, jem in my beauty sleep, sleeve
Dead serious, knowledge by 2% triple geese
Come on, we juggle mic's
We come on all the amps, advance the final
Show these niggas how the way we dance
Hot night, Jamaica
Came thru in a boger green '68 Pacer
Had mad paper, high as a fuck
Truck, 2 rappers got stuck that night
I ain't sayin no names, they know who, thank you for
the change
Outdoor event, New Year's Eve, Cali weed
30 seconds till we tear and decease
Quick, call all my seeds dipped in the crowd
The hoe spotted me, knew not to call my name out
He walked off softly, we exactly
Formed like Christ and the disciples
Black fatigues, leathal-faced dunnie, he held the rifle
We had the whole shit shook, you favorite rapper's
droppin they drinks
On the low, tuckin they links, we made 80 off the books
[Superb]
It's like '86, Magic Johnson, no disrespect
My metaphors'll keep out The Projects
Rap connects'll keep me correct
Eh yo, I wrote this on Donnie roof
After his funeral, on one knee
Thinkin his killer's followin me
So to my nigga Donnie, up there
Can you please tell God that we fucked up here?
We got beer, weed, guns, AIDS
All these obsticles, it's hard to make it nowadays
Watch the Devil in it, some say it's our fault
If that's the answer, you know smokin can cause cancer
Let me drop a bracelet, leave a chain behind
My tape stay at the beginnin 'cause that's how they
rewind
Y'all know how we dine, we don't eat swine, and we
don't drink wine
If you don't bring me some motherfuckin cognac, I kill

you
I can't feel you
Ain't in my senses, and you ain't in my dollars
I fuck with rockwilders, no leashes, no collars
Brolic scholars, that's Ghost Deini!

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