

## Ghostface Killah

### "Apollo Kids(feat. Raekwon the Chef)"

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[Ghostface]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, motherfucker, uh-huh  
Yeah, I see that, I see that  
All y'all fake motherfuckers up in the joint, huh?  
Stealin my light, huh? Watch me, duke, watch me

Yo, check these up top murderous  
Snowy in the bezzle as the cloud merges  
F.B.I. try and want word with this  
Kid who punked out bust a shot uip in the becon  
Catch me in the corner not speakin  
Crushed out heavenly, U.G. rock the sweet daddy long  
fox minks  
Chicken and brocolli, Wally's look stinky  
With his man straight from Raleigh Durham, he  
recognized Kojak  
I slapped him five, Masta Killa cracked his tiny form  
E'rybody break bread, huddle around  
Guzzle that, I'm about to throw a hand in your bag  
Since the face been revealed, game got real  
Radio been gassin niggaz, my imposters scream they  
ill  
I'm the inventor, '86 rhymin at the center  
Debut '93 LP told you to Enter  
Punk faggot niggaz stealin my light  
Crawl up in the bed with grandma,  
beneath the La-Z-Boy where ya hid ya knife  
Ghost is back, stretch Cadillacs, fruit cocktails  
Hit the shells at Paul's Pastry Rack  
Walk with me like Darchy tried to judge these  
plush degrees, said the cow, wrap the fees  
Gettin waxed all through the drive-thru  
Take the stand, throw my hand all on the Bible  
and tell lies too, I'm the ultimate  
splash the Wolverine Razor Sharp ring, dolomite  
student in role holdin it

[Chorus: Ghostface]

Aiyyo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV  
Crash at high-speeds, strawberry, kiwi  
As we approach, yo herb, the Gods bail

These Staten Island ferryboat cats bail  
Fresh cellies, 50 thief up in the city  
We banned for life, Apollo kids live to spit the real

[Ghostface]

A pair of bright phat yellow Air Max  
Hit the racks, stack 'em up Son, \$20 off no tax  
Street merchant tucked in the cloud, stay splurging  
Rock a eagle head, 6-inch height was the bird  
Monday night Dallas verse Jets, dudes slid in with one  
hand  
Two culture-ciphers, one bag of wet  
Heavy rain fucked my kicks up  
Wasn't lookin, splashed in the puddle  
Bitch laughin, first thought was beat the bitch up  
Mossied off gracefully, New York's most wanted tee-  
ball hawk  
Seen the yellow brick road, lust of pastries  
Same Ghostface, holy in the mind  
Last scene: Manhattan Chase  
We drew the six-eight digit in the briefcase  
Rawness, title is Hell-bound  
Quick to reload around faces, surround look astound

[Raekwon]

We split a fair one, poker nose money  
Gin rummy with glare, spot the lame, bit his ear  
Yo, you taste a tea-spoon, 300 goons, stash balloons  
Locked in lab rooms, hit with glock, stashed in Grant's  
Tomb  
Clocked him like a patient, his stock's full, hustle  
invasion  
Knowin now, we cocked a block off, the chain tri-color  
Freezin in valor, ice-sicle galore  
Gas station light gleamin on the wall  
Cop WiseGuy jams, James Bond vans  
Niggaz flipped Timbs, rock boats under water, watch  
clams  
pose at the stand-off, mad timid hopin that the gun  
fall, guess him like lottery balls, yo [Chorus]

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