

Ghostface Killah "Belt Holders"

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(feat. Raekwon)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, uh-huh, yo, yo

[Ghostface Killah]

Portable DATs, Sony headphones

El Dorado's, thousand dollar bottles, get blown

Diplomat Willie's, Millie Jackson chicks, dusted out
Blondie

Slide me, we wrote the bowl, we take the magnets

Man handling mics, wool scarves, Evil Knievel bikes, I
like eggs in my rice

Circus money, read the Staten Island funnies

Eighty seven, Shallah rock, lotto's and the gummy

Tri-boro, fly negro, rap for Glaciers

Do it for cee-lo games, cases, battle for bitches

Million dollar cribs, grandfather gamble those wit ribs,
yes he did

Life is wonderful, fly living rooms, brass brooms

Catch me in the city of Watts, dusted out with Doc
Doom

Slide you, thirty six to the hip, you need Neo

Sock it to me G.O., the block we spot V.O.

Live at the handball session, white Wimbledon's

Send them, my throat is the top session for men

Rap graduate, seen through the needles that was used
by dopes

Fuck around and get rocked for three notes

And fuck your bitch ass alligators

When I see you on stage, throw out the gauge, my
man's dough made us

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, elephant guns, mad ounces, colorful whips

Slapped up bouncers, pouches

Ball like a unit, fly fragrance, faceless

Rarely out of spaceships, many fakes got lynched

We all pornographic, taylor made mortals

Leanin' on suede walls, leather's on, ballers

Maybe Benz lenses, sprayin' out of sixes, Christmas

money
Vicious consolidated drama rip bitches
The rich version of black, skyscraper paper
Wu belt makers, show & prove that all my shit match
Tri-colored diamonds, foreign color five
All kinds of iron, Swiss cheese, yea, big boy, we giants

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