

Ghostface Killah

"Blue Armor - Ghostface Killah, Sheek Louch"

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(feat. Sheek Louch)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-huh

[Ghostface Killah]

Greasy, razor blades, shots spray, military
Armor, keep blaze packed, all day, dog's day
Groundhog Day, ya'll bitch niggas got sweet hands,
word
I know why, why? Ya'll all gay, pop off head
Get your top rocked, way across state
The pamphlet read, from seven to nine, don't hold that
weight
Ya'll just bait, I'm a fisherman, I own this lake
When I catch fish, I fry 'em, to they back I flake
I smash ya'll muthafuckas like a seedless grape
And hang niggas like some ceiling fans in K-Mart plates
Feel me? Shake double earthquakes, give thanks, give
shanks
Word to my momma, I cut the grass on you fucking
snakes
Expose, don't tell, use a mo', round the way
Go-Go down, gone with the wind, he's a he-she
Bitch ass nigga for sale, like Magilla
Standing in the window, with a sign, "Yes, I fuck men,
though"

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah (Sheek Louch)]

Aiyo, Sheek (What up, dog?)

Stab one of them niggas, nigga, word up!

[Sheek Louch]

Aiyo, my niggas is wetted, they drunk and they trying
to eat
The hammers on 'em, and they ain't out looking for
meat
I'm jumping out cars, I'm giving you permanent stars
Your hardest nigga, you can't compare him to ours
I'm sitting on crates, I'm missing probation dates
I'm stuck with this weight, my wifey period late

I'm hot as fuck, my truck keep getting tailed
It's like every week, one of mines getting jailed
Forgetting bail, piss test failed
Got parole on us, then wanna roll on us
I'm at my momma crib sleep, who told on us?
I'm sick to death, I'm on fire in the streets
Like in Back to the Future, when the car left
Ghost'll clap for me, fuck, rap for me
Yo, tell them niggas on the Island, get strapped for me
Het wet ya, and throw the stocking
On his face, like when he first met cha

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, me and Sheek drug heads like a bottle of Goose
I had my road dogs follow your troops
Gorilla game, African tribe, Somalian crew
With a flow so sick, my high temperature'll body the flu
Crack heads get knocked out, right in front of the
school
Slap 'em Sheek, wake his ass up, he can't even move
Cereal box is crack and ratchets, in the cocaine spot
My fiends'll box filled with coke head classics
Dope money, flood me rags of kush, heavy drags
Bodegas, I'm mad, my older sister Patty's a butch
Guns come out like my mother's teeth, watch how I'm
throwing heat
The leg gravy be steaming over smothered beef
From eight-ball jackets to cops and robbers
My last drug run, I threw in two bricks to garbage
I wash my money in Woodlife, dunyy, sippin' on Folgers
Black jewels trucking, still come through bummy

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