

# Ghostface Killah "Box In Hand"

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**(feat. Raekwon, Method Man)**

*[Intro: sung]*

Wu Tang will survive, no no no-no no no  
Wu Tang will survive  
Cause every time they flip a party  
You know the party screams and shouts  
Cause you... DAMN! Aw, TC that was the bomb...

*[Ghostface]*

Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones  
All of em  
Lay em a death warrant  
Aaaah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what  
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo

*[Verse One: Raekwon]*

Blend wine, who want to win mine  
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin  
With the richest, huh  
Flexed out, Flinstone style  
Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the  
Mosyin, posin for them niggaz up in Poland  
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em  
Them richest niggaz bless this  
Like Russian cut VVS's  
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this  
Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles  
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)  
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)  
Murderin' cats is like that real

*[Verse Two: Ghostface]*

Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the  
Land Rov'  
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove  
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black,  
granola rap  
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in

Photomat

Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown  
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town  
We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed  
chases  
Porno stations, drinkin violations, God relations  
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks  
Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes

The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen  
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hissinn

*[Interlude: Raekwon]*

Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggaz, scrapin  
niggaz  
Takin play from niggaz, hate fakin niggaz, yo you hear  
me?  
The whole shit's like wrestling  
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

*[Verse Three: Method Man]*

This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned  
Pull your plug, now you can't function  
There's no to-tal or sum to this equa-tion, you fro-zen  
Many may come but few are cho-sen  
Pretty niggaz want to play the war po-sin  
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their  
shine stolen  
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man  
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan  
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin  
It's getting deep in this mud  
Cats heat seekin, for one blood  
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin at these  
stank bitches  
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches  
From the lamp I grant three wishes  
Johnny be parlayin, I Blaze britches, then I roll  
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body  
One hundred percent soul, individual  
Assholes tend to run  
From this PLO extortion to the one  
The next chamber, you fuckin with the star spangler  
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger  
Boogie, represent this shit fully  
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully  
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly  
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, free Willy!  
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine

Niggaz wastin time worryin about me and mine  
Get your own shit

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