

Ghostface Killah "Chez Chez La Ghost"

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Tommy Mattola, lives on the road
He lost his lady, two months ago
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't
Oh wonder that love

Brothers try to pass me, but none could match me
No girl can freak me, I'm just too nasty
Lost on the dance floors, I'll attack you all
Snuck through the back door, guess who they saw?
Goldie and Ghost, Black African rose
Star-studded low lenses, plus the mural was dope
Airbrush W B's, stop
(Shake your body, body)
And cop a couple of these
(She's a hottie, hottie)

Scottfree and Chauncey, very upset
They're sick and tired of living in debt
Tired of roaches and tired of rats
I know they are over

One in the head, I'm fed, this is how we're doin'
Put a Ruff Ryder on my dick, bust right through them
Come out your shirt, insert the party rhyme
Fine Dr. Bizerk, Bacardi lime
We passin' it, takes the shake your Calvin Klein
Before the floor gets moist, taste and follow mine
Swallow nine, model dimes from Bahamas
Slim Doo-Doo makers stuffed inside pajamas

They'll take all your rhymes with a Colgate smile, hey
baby
They'll love you one second, then hate you the next
Oh ain't it crazy baby, yeah
Tony's his name, the undefeated champion, yeah
(Blow 'em down God)

Now he's alone, he's just the king of his throne
(Yeah, aha)
Always will be my friend, Ghostface Killah
(Truly yours, peace boo)

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