

Ghostface Killah "Clispe Of Doom"

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[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyyo, turn those lights down while I'm recording!

Matter 'fact y'all niggaz get the fuck out the room, G!

Straight up! Sipping on that bullshit Budweiser!

Nah'mean yo.. what? Fuck you too nigga!

'Kind of pants you got on motherfucker, Capris?!

Bitch ass nigga, go get ya feet done!

Eat a dick nigga!

[Verse 1]

Catch me in the 80's drop

Old school Mercedes with a brand new baby glock

Right from my Lady's sock with two bodies on it

Capricorn, Aquarius

Lost so much blood, these bitch niggaz in they periods

They say I be living the role, like 'Pac in Juice

And only fuck with fly bitches that get fly and boost

And they ears be chandelliers, lit up like a lamp, Who cares?!

They cooch is fierce, the only thing loose is hairs

Thats right y'all, if a rap nigga say my name I'm a fight y'all

Fuck a state, light charge

My predicate status, irrelevant

My man got the big rap sheet that's outweighing two elephants

Jumbo shits from New Orleans

Players and Pimps that bit off Fiends

Quick, switch with the hands, Powder blue wally's is dyed, Vanilla bally's is mean

Kid, none of y'all motherfuckers fuck with my team, Uh!
[Chorus: Trife Da God]

Aiyyo we the live niggaz holdin heat on the street corners

Sic the beasts on you, turning mothers to morners

Money launderers, neighborhood coroners, place bodies in bags

Tango with dirty Cash, Cocaine jacks

"Kings of the Hill", out to blow like propane gas

Package the raw, Theodore, We got the game on smash

'Cause we cut from the same cloth

Big guns ready to bang off

Slide off the cables and take the rings off!
[Verse 2]

We hold the weight of four Synagogues

Jelly'd uptown in them beat down rented cars

Going mad wetting 'em

Milk cash, heavy tecks, hood rats, sexin 'em

Paris crew, little dudes, please!, I was reppin 'em

Niggaz couldn't come through (word)

Thats when the block was like wallpaper, loved sticking niggaz like crazy glue

Blackouts happened, God forbid don't be around!

The Bag Lady will murk you and let off in the next town!

She struck two times, get caught, good luck blood, it
ain't no heines

Blow a hockey puck hole in the back of your spine

She put two cut up mirrors in the place of your eyes

So when the cops look they see theyselves, they all
gonna die

Its the tale of the crips and bloods, pimps and thugs

Get your face bashed in on the concrete rug

on that note I'm a say peace!

Theodore! Word to Darryl Mack's teeth!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, Ayo I'll break every bone in your wrist

Smack you in the back of your head on the block while
you holding your dick

My semi, they call it the crouching tiger

A hundred bowls of Total is trash, because my lead eat
through fibers

Peel your potato like Arriada

On the day of your death people had candles but
couldnt find no lighter

Fuck your marrow! fuck your hood!

You ain't a street legend like me!

Blake Carrington holding the Dynasty

I muffle motherfuckers up like meineke

and write a thousand bar verse that all rhymes with
"eat"

Jewel theif, Shizzam bangles, in the vault deep

And cruisin desserts mad heavy into salt treats

Im the taste in Bush's mouth, nasty

Afghanistan missions, gun training in the grassy
fatigues

Picking niggaz off by the Red Sea

And did it all for Ghost, sniffin on caffeine!

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