

Ghostface Killah "Columbus Exchange (Skit)"

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["Dusty Williams"]

While in Bolivia, Tony Starks has bumped heads with
drug czar Columbo
and moved over ten pounds of raw fishscale

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, make sure y'all turn that water down
What y'all watchin over there?
Is that the Honeymooner marathon?
That shit been on all night right?
Alright

I smell the coke cookin, Dr. Glove with the eagle in the
safe
Woodrow the Basehead I surprised him with the first
taste
He reached for his pipe, pulled his sleeves up
Told him it was no cut to be careful, he took a hit,
Woodrow damn you
His head hit the table, a few rocks fell out his pipe
He's bleedin fatal, he smell like it's so ripe
Told Trife to get him some ice, Raekwon keep your eye
on his wife
Tell her to chill, feed her some white
I heard a knock three times, nervous me dropped the
raw
Ol' Dirty dropped his drawer, he put his fronts back
And snatched up his coke napkin, with thick snots
hangin from his nose
Had Woodrow's bitch on the floor laughin
Goodness gracious, Tony gosh
Put away the Frosted Flakes, you're killin us
The residue from the last batch we all was straight
Got my son, Chet, spent five, stayed in the house look I
lost weight
See that was Crime at the door, he got mad

I don't give a fuck what he got
Niggaz can't keep comin up here, this the spot

Yo Crime you know the spot be bumpin, pardon me
Plus I'm paranoid, and you know the narcs be huntin

Niggaz probably think that Starks be frontin
Cause I spazzed out, rolled up in the stashhouse and
barked on Justin
Had to size him up for bein on point, stuck now he's
fucked
Told him play the window, keep your eyes on that
Verizon truck
Every fiend that walk through the door, check if he
wired up
No shorts, only give him a play if he buy enough
Cop ten, hit him off with a brand new stem
Our shit is mad potent, one hit they coughin up phlegm
Make sure you get that hundred beans from Pam
She popped shit in front of you daddy? Bet we gon'
lace her old man
He came through sellin his TV's
X-Box and PlayStation 3, all he wanted was three
Big Frankenstein holdin his MB's
Socks hangin out, followin me
I'm tryin to hide from the D's, nigga

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