

Ghostface Killah

"Crack Spot Stories"

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[Intro: Raekwon (Sheek Louch) {Ghostface Killah}]
Yeah, yeah (what up, what up, what up) What is it,
nigga? {Let me get a sip of that}
(It's that dark right here, you dont want none of this,
light that) That's that super black, nigga
(What's good, though, fam?) {Aiyo, turn that tv up}
(Come on, man, you right there)
{Martin is on, right now, Martin on} (You got the
remote) {We need new batteries for that remote,
though}
(Ah man) {Yeah} (Aiyo, talk to them, Starks)

[Ghostface Killah]
Henny bottles everywhere, smelling like 'yac
Bagging crack, sitting in the kitchen, wearing my mask
Robe on, tailored made in Italy, new Gucci denim
One slipper on, Brookstone, cushion
In the barn, number seven, hugging my neck, yo, Kiss,
yo, Rae
Tell that yellow bitch I got next
She fucking with robbers, don't wanna hear her pussy
sore like Tasha's, this is Starkers
Crumbs hitting the floor, fiends clicking they big
lighters
With Garfield eyeballs, pulling them all nighters
Give me fifty push ups, give ya'll a little piece
Faggots did a dime, niggas too weak
For fun, shove a Suzy Q in they face
Let 'em smoke a rock with cake on they head in the
gate
He might die with a stem on him
Who give a fuck, Ima Larenz Tate on em

[Sheek Louch]
Crack spot stories, he put a kilo in the pan
I was about to break his hand until it came back tan
He dancing around the stove, Starks chilling in his rob
My hard knock life, I could of wrote that for Hov'
Shorty, give me a ginger ale and dutch masters
Matter fact, hand me the phone I'm bout to order
Casper's

Fiends at the door, I'm too lazy to let 'em in
Turkey sandwich, barbecue chips, ESPN
Sitting on the couch, I'm just trynna do the match
She got ten polo shirts, all she asking for is half
Today was a good day, no one got shot
No police or none of that, that's how it is in our spot,
yeah

[Raekwon]

Pyrex boys fronting in Rolls Royce's
I'm on the iPhone, leg back, examining choices
Two types of coke, we in the bathroom, voting
We like 'take it', helicopter waiting, we boating, yo
Gangstas to the death of it, humbling villains
A good hand chemist in twenty minutes, cake up and
finish
This for the hallways, the long days, me and my whore,
bagging up
Shorty more razors and bring out the four aces
Sit back, laughing with a stack and a clapper
She spray up everything, we paying Pataki
Drug house with no work there, the worst fear is never
the thirst, yea
But set up for to the first of the thirty first, disperse,
yeah
Beef, what, bring me a burger, ya
The flame broilers jump out, one to your first beer
So take that, over there
Everything, everything, just stay out of max clear

[Jadakiss]

We got the trays up in 6E, that's usually where the God
be
Me, Kay and J-Bop, Cali J, and Rod Lee
Bread clocking, all night, the heads knocking
No feds, just Kevin Tie or west watching
Bagging up at the table, while we chit chat
Past the Phillie, wash your hands 'fore you hit that
Young niggas getting it, everybody G'd up
Other niggas only made sales when we read up
Motorola flip, burn out in the beeper
White Katie and Rhonda, Stacey and Shaniqua
Yeah, cocaine, weed and forties
That's when I was a shorty, crack spot stories
To Allah be the glory

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