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Ghostface Killah "Daytona 500"

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We are the G.O.D's an' we came to rock the spot Like Ironman Starks, they be the illest MCs in the world today

Cappa, Raekwon an' the R.Z.A., so listen to them clear An' put the box right near your ear, light your blunts an' down your beers

'Cause you could never fuck with Wu-Tang Killer Beez

Say, "Peace" to cats who rock mack knowledge, knowledgists

Street astrologists, light up the mic God, knowledge this

Fly joints that carried your points, Corolla Motorola holder

Play it God, he pack over the shoulder

Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives Rappel on fakes like reflectors He had sugar in his ear, in his last crack career

We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna Run in his crib o, get ditto, skate like a limo An' jet to the flyest estate, relate, take a break Break down an eighth an' then wait drop it like Drake

Thugs, they be booin' an' screwin', we canoin' Claim they doin' the same shit we doin', fuck your union

It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turnstyle On the alley, tried to challenge God for the new vials

Especially that, aluminum bat in the act Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black The Mac 10 flex white cats like Windex Index finger be sore, bustin' these fly scripts

The Wally kid count crazily, grands with our plans Layin' with my bitches an' my mans in Lex Lands We losin' 'em, jet to the stash an' now Jerusalem Abusin' 'em, rockin' his jewels like we usin' 'em

Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar Roll with the older God, build with the Son an' the Star

All these MCs start realizin' That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibin' The Wu is here to bring you Shaolin's finest But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

Mercury raps is roughed, then God just shown like taps Red an' white Wally's that match, bend my baseball hat Doin' forever shit, like pissin' out the window on turnpikes

Robbin' niggaz for leathers, high swipin' on dirt bikes

Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless Slayin' all these earthlings an' fake foreigners

In the Phillipines, pick herbal beans, bubblin' strings Body chemical 'Cream', we burn kerosene The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon Long heads inscriptions with three sixes in

Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive I slapbox with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph Zoomin' like binoculars, the rap blacksmith Money's Rolex with sparkles, Chef Ragtop is spotless

I'm Iron Man, no cheap cash metal, I'm steel alloy True identity hidden inside secret tabloids Breathe oxygen, both sides of my jaw carry oxes The track hit like the bangers in hundred watt boxes

Yo, jostlin' these cats while Little J be deli-in' Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians [Incomprehensible]

All these MCs start realizin' That Ghost got that shit that'll keep you vibin' The Wu is here to bring you Shaolin's finest But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

Give me the the fifty thou, small bills, my gold plate, my slang kills My Benz spills, what up Lils? Murder one Dunn Killer bee stung, guess who back home, Son? My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon

Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe The mad hatter, big dick style, beware goons Smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs Let the Gods build, pull up the grill, check out the mad skills

Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it An' keep it, jiggy style of rap an' watchin' knuckle slang Sweep it out of order, ape recorder can't record my slaughter Spoil the rotten, Don is too good to be forgotten

High top notch, borderline rhymes is hand cocked Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot Get yourself shot

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