

## Ghostface Killah "Drama"

Visit "[Drama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It was the night before he got popped  
Big jars of hay, Cheech and Chong bong in the spot  
Tropicana strawberries, diced bananas the long dookie  
fifth  
Next to the Town House crackers mad noise

2008 a G, a game  
I'm Ron O'Neil the love seat, sunk deep  
Lil' niggas bussin' off they punk heat  
I'll make a massacre, try to rob one of my donkeys

But I ain't wettin' that  
I don't wanna send nobody back, violently take a nap  
Promise you got something, Lord, that I honor you  
Blow your lil' head off while you're tying your shoe

But back in the kitchen Pyrex's  
Occupied by the twins, bank robbers with large records  
Hard vests, 86 got guards on, Benetton rugbies  
And frames that fake guns when they rob  
[Incomprehensible]

To them that's natural action play the  
[Incomprehensible]  
We gettin' at you and we don't want to rap to you  
It's not culture, it's not a code of La Costra Nostra to  
roast ya  
I get a little closer

Rock you to sleep like I got these little bitches, come  
over  
Hoping you fall for the bait thinking you safe  
Had that ass sweating like T.D. Jakes  
I want the ones, nigga, you non believers, you can ask  
your mamma  
Now that's drama

Dollar icy from papi with the scraper glock with the  
laser  
Trying my best not to pop yet but the trop is major  
Shot my lil' 'cause I do my aunt the favor watch this  
I never been this itchy hope the cops just

Get a doughnut urge and just splurge you bot he nerve  
to play third  
In a softball tournament round my way say that's your  
word you bird  
I'll put your beak on a curb but anyway  
Looks like a good game the pigs ain't leaving so I'm a  
lay

Nice play, just too bad it's your last  
Couple bundles of D and 200 cash to sack you in the  
grass  
So watch the teams line up, shake hands, guess the  
games over  
Faggot nigga, hopped in a Liberty, fake Range Rover

I'm on his tail like Sonic little shorty palming on a 40  
Broad day, I'm trying to dodge a cover story  
Look like he stopping for gas I'm a pluck him, yay  
This had to be his most unlucky, lucky day

2 brothers come out of 7 Eleven in army wear and  
stand there  
Acting like my tires need air  
He closed the gas cap, too many things going his way  
So I just stashed that you probably think I'm bugging  
but, hey

I know them games in Lindsay Park is every Sunday  
he ain't going nowhere  
I went home switched gear went out and grabbed me a  
beer  
10 drinks later I'm at Burger King window for a  
Whopper  
Look left and see partner, I hit the stash bloka

Who the fuck you think you is Ron O'Neil  
Tat tat what the fuck when that 9 milli peel  
Is it real realer than Pittsburgh steel  
Yo Ghost pass the toast these niggas is daffodils

Got buck naked bitches counting half a mil gloves on  
Fully dressed bitches watching them with they snubs on  
While I'm in the kitchen pretending to be Raekwon  
Watching Rachel Ray all day, I get my cake on

Fiends love me like a Drake song  
Rep that Louboutin bottom in my back pocket all day  
long  
Black Wall Mafias, Wu-Tang Sopranos  
Niggas steady pushing keys but we don't see pianos

Niggas steady pushing Phantoms, we don't see the  
opera  
Niggas steady rocking dreads, you ain't even Rasta  
Take your New Era off and reveal  
The fact the nigga you are or your cap getting peeled

Then we out to Brazil I know niggas in Negril  
That'd chop your fucking head off and throw it on a  
grill  
Take the gold out your mouth and throw it in they grill  
Send a finger to your moms and let her know that this  
real

Nigga, we in the field like Chris Johnson  
It's 2010 how the fuck we get 6 Thompsons  
Top 10, how the fuck you gonna forget Compton  
Every rapper on your list'll get their shit stomped in

I started soowoo, I'm the reason for that 5 shit  
Came in the game on that fucking ready to die shit  
Sold 9 mil ended up with some fly shit  
Naked pictures, R&B bitches, all in my sidekick

How I be killin' the pussy should be a hate crime  
Got a Blackberry was getting to much face time  
Back to fucking project bitches now I hate dimes  
All they want is money, my nigga, I can't waste mine

I sun niggas like it's day time  
Grey cotton Louis sweat suit with the Ralph Lauren waist  
lines  
Smooth as a baby's ass and I got that baby cash  
Catch me in the hood, same deals Old Navy had  
Motherfucker

Visit [Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.