

Ghostface Killah "Drummer"

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[Intro: sample (Ghostface Killah)]

I don't want the horns, blowing..

I don't want the streets to play a melody...

(yeah, it's hip hop, it's hip hop

The mic needs to be a little bit more crystal)

I don't want to hear the good time is coming..

Don't want to hear the voices in back of me...

(youknowhat!msaying? Cuz I'm bout to go in)

I'm not gonna hear it! I don't want the drummer..

[Ghostface Killah]

Awwwww, Meth Tical, yo, you stepped on my corns and
shit

Got the charm lit, bomb wrist, what type of arm is this?

I seen you at the Grammy's with a triple Bar Mitz'

Can I kick it? (Hell No!)

That's why she got hair in her elbows and she real slow

And a, every two weeks she gotta see her P.O

She's a disgrace to signs, she fuck it up for Leos

Method Man (Toney Starks) the most important M.C. in
the whole wide world

Is you and you hardly even know it, know it, know it..

[Streetlife]

Watch me shock the world, move the masses like a
landslide

It's a literal stickup, everybody's (hands high)

See the bigger, picture, I'm out for the grand prize

I'm not a role player, senior, I'm the franchise

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo, with Trife sweatin', every bullet is life threatenin'

And you could get a chest full of slugs in a slight
second

Yo, my nine milli' pistol's really official

So you can Analyze That like DeNiro and Billy Crystal

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, it's Ghost with the sky blue kufi, smashin'
groupies

Leavin' them fiend out, like New Jack's Pookie

Every line is like ninety nine dimes

Shrine auditorium rap, aquarium's in my wall in the back

[Method Man]

Now that you know my name, niggaz know my game
If you feel me, then you know my pain
I seen you rap dudes done stole my slang, try'nna hold my fame
Ain't even strong enough to hold my thang
Wanna flow, fuck with me though, baby, I'mma try'nna see dough
My squad got them caught in the yard screamin' for C.O
Every time we blow, it raise the prize on the padrico
Ya'll niggaz shoot your guns like Shaq shootin' a free throw

[Trife Da God]

Spark the fluid, hop out and park the Buick
I got fiends blowin' CREAM like Martha Stewart
We on that up north jail shit, harder than steel chips
Ya'll niggaz better bail quick, before you inhale clips

[Streetlife]

Ya'll better get low, before I let the Tec blow
Streetlife, I'mma try'nna get more dollars than Kreftlo
The whole hood echoes, every time my nine let go
Get out of line or steal your life like a klepto

[Ghostface Killah]

When Biggie died, they came out with Biggie fries
Big biscuits got me over, in the streets wide
Prada gloves, layin' for thugs, prayin'
Drop a bronco buster, G-37 on the rap patient

[Method Man]

I'mma leave the shit this summer in that H2 Hummer now
Mami gotta call your bean ass ay caramba, now
Eh boy el loco, oh no, I ain't Yoko
My hoes, I keep 'em lookin' good, right, but no dough

[Outro: sample]

I don't want no horns blowing..
I don't want the -- I don't want the drummer..
I don't want the -- I don't want the drummer..

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