

## Ghostface Killah

### "Ghost Is Back - Ghostface Killah"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Tracy Morgan)]

Listen, man, it's going on 2007, g

I wanna wish ya'll muthafuckas a happy New Year

(New Year, let's give it up) How your 2006 was son?

(Go and get up, get up, ya'll niggaz is crazy

Ya'll know how I get, my 2006 off, nigga I broke two of my toes, nigga

It's going down nigga, that's what's up, ya'll niggaz is crazy)

That's why you came to the show with, um, peanut butter on your toes, that day

(Nigga, why you gotta bring everything up? Man, everybody here enjoying)

Nah, son, because your shit's --- (crazy, a happy New Year

This muthfucka) Nah, boy, yo (no, man...) But your shit was looking mad timid

That was the funniest shit in the book, that day (Find out who...)

That's your toes right there! (Who the fuck said I broke 'em)

Yo, how you put them little baby cast on there? (Just a little punk ass nigga man)

How you put them in the baby cast like that, though, son?

Come on, son, that's what I was, that shit, yo

Let me tell you something, I ain't gon' front, yo

I love you and all that, son (then say that!)

You my first cousin, (then say that, Ghost, say that)

You my first cousin, though, but come on, man

You know how it is, son, I ain't seen you in years though

(You know how I get down) How you had peanut butter on your toes though, son?

(Cuz the nigga asked for it, man, shit I fucked a nigga up, man)

Yo, it's New Year's, yo (get back to me, muthafucka)

Yo, it's New Year's son (fuck ya'll niggaz, this ain't no

Yo, Ghostface, my gold is fifty hundred, I want my money)

NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN! SIX! FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO!

ONE!

I love you my nigga, Happy New Year's!  
Fuck that, let's get this paper!

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo I was sitting at the table thinking  
How the hell do I murder these M.C.'s, sting 'em like  
bees  
My attitude's that of Hannibal, not compatible  
Why I would damage you, fuck, if I drink, then ran with  
you  
Ya'll chose to war, so called rich niggaz wanna verse  
the poor  
I'll rob you first, then go to your earth, it's not gon' hurt  
If you try calling the cops, it's not gon' work  
All you gotta do is lay in the dirt, we dug a hole  
And my guns weight more, yo, then Gerald Levert  
With more blubber than a Ruben Studdard, I grease the  
pan  
With rhymes, and ya'll can't believe it's not butter  
I told ya'll to chill, stretch all out like franks on the grill  
With a classic deal, I'm like a farmer when I'm playing  
the field  
Just painting my seeds, in 20-06, it's time to build

"Ghost is back..." - [sample 4X]

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, I cooked up the beef, seasoned up the meat  
Fried 'em, tried 'em, took it out the grease  
Ghost came to steal the show, since you loving your  
broad  
I'ma lay back and reveal your hoe  
She a brain therapist, chick you can't kiss  
Opened up her legs, like "ooh, I smell fish"  
Yeast infection, queen, she love dick  
Shivlered up tits, she'll bang the whole Knicks  
Now how can I salute you, kid, I'm planning to do you  
Crucial, blow rugers at who you with  
We bump heads while we out in the street, it's all good  
My trigger fingers'll matter, kick the back of your feet  
And your red monkey jeans, is looking like a scene  
from Baghdad  
That's bad, flags red, dirt beds  
Ya'll niggaz is eating, crystal meth' heads  
We pissed out, wrist out, with the best threads  
Knockin' niggaz off, knockin' niggaz out  
Fucking up rappers is what I'm about  
I'm holding Staten Island down, ya'll cats must be dead  
Keep fronting and lose your head

"Ghost is back..." - [sample 4X]

[Ghostface Killah]

You can decide on who's liver  
Toney Knight Rider, wisdoms love my saliva  
Slobbin' 'em down, hoggin' the mound  
Pitchin' 'em eightballs, robbing the town  
Don't let your gangsta, get you murked up  
Faggot ass homeys done got you worked up  
Rappers can't come around, ya'll wide rap is dead  
Freeze, nigga, come off the bread  
Whole horizon, hit 'em with toast, a rap arising  
Ringing the boys bell like Verizon  
Eyes, looking suprised, that the four-five  
Yo Ghost, don't even do it, I got some more pie

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

Word up, aiyo I'd like to give a mean shout out to  
Staten Island  
Holding the boy down, ya'll know what it do  
Theodore Unit, Big Trife, Wigs, Du-Lilz  
Yo Supa! Ya'll know what it is, man,  
yaknowhatimsaying?  
My West Brighton niggaz... let's see that money come  
first  
That's right, yeah, get up in that building  
You tell L.A. Reid and them niggaz to crack that safe  
Word up, cause we coming, J-Love  
Aiyo Den, what up, Ice, C-Allah, what up, yo Un  
You knowwhatimean, yo, Buck, hold ya head.. aiyo Bean  
You know what it is, tell E, I said what's the deal, man  
We gon' get this paper, this year, yo Irf, you know how  
we do  
I ain't even gotta say that much, TaVon, come holla at  
your boy  
I know my jack be off all the time, but yo, that don't  
mean shit, nigga  
Come through and holla, nigga, word up, this what it is  
Yo, S.G., that's my son doola... ya'll niggaz keep ya'll  
hands off him  
Youknowwhatimean? Yo Ant Acid.. what's the deal, aiyo  
Tech, yo Plex  
Your boys here, nigga... word up, it's all about paper  
this year, nigga, word up  
I got mad babies to feed, I got bills nigga, one...  
Wu-Tang for life, Cappadonna, Raekwon, what up?  
"Ghost got the juice, now"

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