

Ghostface Killah "Ghostface"

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[Chorus: female singer (Ghostface Killah)]

Ghostface... (Yo, yo who's the boss when it comes to these songs?)

Ghostface... (What ya'll talkin' bout... I can't hear ya'!!!)

Ghostfaaaaaaaace!! (A little louder)

Ghostface...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, you can catch me in Z-No's on a Friday night

Or at the Emmy's, Bentley's, Roll Royce, all white

Fresh kicks, star studded up

A ounce of Gertest to hold me til them Theodore and Deini's roll up

Soak my hands in olive oil, loyal to each, Diamond

Shoot out the clock while I'm killin' timin'

Eight-mill just to resign me

My bitches go crazy and pull they hair out when they can't find me

It's like, all he say.. Mr., Mr., D.J.

Bring it back like an instant replay

Please, get these wack records off of me

I can't breath, ashtma pump so I could stop the weez

It's like they love garbage (yeah), for God's sake, I'm the real artist

Hear they songs, dumb niggas father's

Under my wing like Sanford and Son

Weird sons, I'm a big gun, like Big Pun, Big L and Jason

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

I'm like a green and white kickball, I bounce

Spin off walls and cars, the Wizard of Clarks, Tony Oz

In the third grade, I bagged Penny

Well Butter on your burns, guess Daddy was concerned like many

Now Daddy's blowin' 'sherm and Remi

On the road toll up, bust the promoter so I can shit in Denny's

This is Tone-Tana, spangled banded with four hammers

Bangles get tangled and they cause manners
Money, don't stop, get it, get it, I'm not finished with it
Menaced out, tell your click that Dennis did it
Rock them boats and I copped them ropes
Resurgin' the mics, I deal with only knives and throats
Hold my tongue around fake niggas
Look at 'em sideways and pull my trees
Ask me to hit it, I'm like, Nigga Please, fuck outta here!
Fuck war with niggas, facin' me, fuckas, step up the
gear

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

Ghost dough and spend it though
Plus got the pen exposed
Countin' mad money and sheep, god damn
Take a look at the radio, shit soundin' shady, yo
Everything I'm hearin' is weak
We got them long biscuits, long clip shit
Run for the hills and re-charge your shit
Come back if you think that you are-are do-do-do-don!

[Chorus]

[Outro: woman]

The dopest, flyest, O.G., pimp, hustler
Gangsta, playa, hardcore muthafucka living today...

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