

## **Ghostface Killah "Malcolm"**

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Ayo

I'm like Malcolm out the window with the joint  
Hoodied up blood in my eye, a lead to fly  
Like fuck it, look how these niggas duck shit  
One kid hollerin' what lookin' up , he the big wig  
Fake ass cat, low life, sodomize mind  
Beatin' niggas, big bricks of bread sellin' mad dimes  
His feet hurt, networkin' he get no work

Yo smack him where his hand hurt, fuck what he worth  
Yo he sucked his thumb, smooth for the kid laced with  
the big guns  
Stain to my Baltimore niggas that he on the run  
Plus he ill in the drums, heartburn for life, calcium man  
Watch him grab the Tums, he's a front  
Pigeon totalist sister with the fat ass  
Show hash behind up the block plus he smashed her  
Big bub did him somethin' deadly, act premeditated

Buck 60 strike was the medley  
Nice like Van Halen, seen him at the tunnel with his skin  
peelin'  
Did two days thought he was jailin'  
You get close, look at his hands  
That's the same kid that cut his wrists, talkin' bout the  
cuffs did it  
He ran away, frontin' majorly, eyes like Sammy Davis Jr  
Rounded off with a fade g, he sport the Bob Hope  
classics  
Ran down Asics, Kmart, the short sleeve shit be the  
basics  
He eat hams, shitted on himself twice, big hatted Jews  
Rushed the nigga out in Crown Heights

Yo let me tell you how the game go  
We gettin' rid of all the prostitutes  
Tony wants the streets back fo sho  
Too many hustlers, too many thieves  
We're fuckin' up who's willin' to fight and teach the Cs  
Too much TV , guns and robberies  
Lust and greed and hate, the 4 devils jealousy

Yo I champunch Mase in his face over some bullshit  
The other night they kidnapped his brother pokin' it  
with knives  
It's rainin' , 85 degrees kinda muggy  
One of the nights they thrown in his face it's real ugly  
Yo we up in Jonesy's posin', all these niggas know me  
From fuckin' wit, under these niggas heavy parolees  
Yo we played the speaker  
And from a distance we could see these chains  
The P slayed, flat on his chest was two plains

Ashy hands yo, no need for rings at all  
He just cracked the V8 backed up, leaned against the  
wall  
Lookin flower, he just came home, he on like a fuck  
Did a dime for holdin' up the Gods up in the armored  
truck  
Ten years later son 280 on the weight tip  
He throwin' up six plates plus he studied Matrix  
He's a wally horse, shout it out sweatin' through his  
valor  
Cock-eyed nigga back up his neck, he had shores  
Sammy eagerly rode up on him

Taxi off the Turkey with the joint on him  
Flower look his man stood up before him  
The bitches hit the table, Jah king, he stripped off his  
cables  
Shots went off , Sam'll get a chance to make his debut  
Flower grabbed tiff his man with the sideburns, hat fell  
off  
We nerd his wigworms, he hid behind rich  
See Allah hit the light switch, young girls were trampled  
In the measured pool, pistol with mase, and broke the  
handle  
Desperate crawlin' to the door on all fours

Shim kicked the jukebox the theme song rode in was  
"It's Yours"  
Oh my goodness, Ba grabbed the Mo bottle thrashin'  
He layin' like a gay models shoutin' out Sebastian  
He smiled with his teeth missin' begging for mercy  
No more God, the 68 thousand down a pair of three  
Out came the cannon, whistled out zaggin'  
Cham snatched his flag four big rocks, enter the  
dragon  
It's over, another story told  
Lyn' with the snakes, tongue kissin' cobras

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