

Ghostface Killah "Metal Lungies"

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World premiere, world premiere

What these clown niggaz hollerin'?
What they need to be hollerin' is, "There go Theodore
Put the ball down, we can't score"
They pen shit to blackboards, make queens out of
whack broads
You see us comin'? Fuck that Fam shit, just pass off,
you bitch

Crystal', Dana Dane's wrapped around your neck
Lookin' rich, baow, you fucked up now
See my gun, nigga? This baby got stuffed uptown
Shouted out, made a whole safe with the pump root
pounds

My buddy, keep my gun, right next to my tummy
Ask the click, yo, they spit metal lungies
Detach wigs, kill flunkies off contact, son see
Didn't Mommy tell y'all niggaz to wear clean undies?

See, y'all should've listened to her
She knew her son had a big mouth
An' someday, death would occur
Please, for Ms. Gale's sake an' her seeds
Pass the flurry, ain't fuckin' around, they knocked to
her weave

Uh, oh, word up, this still
What you talkin' 'bout, baby?
Real kids spit that shit

Let's go, let's go, let's go, yo, yeah

Me an' Starks clear projects parks
With our '93 shit, army coat green an' light tan Clarks
Niggaz think I'm lucky, bitches wanna fuck me
An' put me in the tub with them like I'm a rubber ducky

I got a revolver in the pump about the size of Chucky
I remember faces easy as I tie my laces
Here, put the metal in your mouth, like you was rockin'

braces
I spit an iron lungie, yeah, I'm old school like the Iron
Monkey
My shit powerful enough to lift a fuckin' donkey

I got heavy chrome, niggaz don't care if you live or die
They happier than Marbury home
Y'all niggaz better kill me, my street niggaz, feel me
Louch gotta eat, ends gotta meet
The hard shit you kickin' 'bout is on beat as Tweet

This is Theodore, D-Block, the year adore
It's son who fall, with the four-four, niggaz like

Uh, oh, word up, this still
What you talkin' 'bout, baby?
Real kids spit that shit

Yeah, nigga, this is Ghost with Ghostface
I don't sell millions but I get millions
From the fiends that smoke base
Somebody leavin' out with a poked face
Tone, burn him an' kick his teeth out
I can swear I won't get you no case

I'ma make it look like you smoke base
An' we don't leave no trace
These rap niggaz swear that they so safe
I don't wanna talk to you, homes, I don't communicate
My guns be in my hand, one in my palm
An' I could dial your number like a smile off the face

With the H.K. 9, I'm the all black hummer
Metal lungies'll spit the grungiest shit
Hungriest shit, seventeen dummies a clip
Tell them rap niggaz to suck my dick

Fuck the industry of [Incomprehensible]
Shut down the store, bust my shit
I got some hustlin' ass niggaz that'll pump my bricks
An' some dust head niggaz that'll dump my clips,
what?

Uh, oh, word up, this still
What you talkin' 'bout, baby?
Real kids spit that shit

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