

# Ghostface Killah "Miguel Sanchez"

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**(feat. Sun God, Trife Da God)**

*[Trife Da God]*

Uh, thirty thousand feet up in the air, up in the lear  
Dressed in a black tux, forty cal. tucked, strapped to  
the chair  
Half asleep, hopping out of my seat, caught in the daze  
Turned around and seen a white man's face, covered  
in shades  
I must of passed out, can't remember shit before I  
blacked out  
Three more niggas approaching, holding they mack's  
out  
One spoke, gave me the keys, to a boat  
Reached in his trenchcoat, and pulled out a yellow  
envelope  
Which contained twenty thousand in cash, a  
photograph  
Of a Colombian nigga with a long mustache  
Miguel Sanchez, keep a gun hidden in his pants leg  
With armed bodyguards, surveillance around his land  
spread  
He runs a billion dollar organization, under  
investigation  
Plus he's wanted by immigration  
Now I'm stuck, crazy look on my face, shocked in  
amazement  
How the fuck I get involved with these federal agents  
They knew my background, knew about what happened  
down in Sac Town  
They knew about the wrap down south, they laid they  
backs down  
Said I had two decisions, take out Miguel and his cartel  
Or spend the rest of my life in prison  
A classified mission on some James Bond shit  
007 style, love to get some straight convicts  
Now I'm pondering, my thoughts wandering, got my  
girl on the phone  
Told her to kiss little Jay cuz I'll be gone again  
Honey, I can't sleep, she sucking her teeth  
  
If everything go good, baby, I'll be home in a week

Pinching myself just to see if I'm dreaming, call up my  
team and  
Meet me by the docks in Miami, I'll fly out this weekend

*[Sun God]*

I got you nigga, four-four pop two niggas  
That drug lord that we want, got a spot for niggas  
And if we kill 'em, it's back to the block, my nigga  
He carried rugers, thirty four shots I figure  
He only holla at the kid, when there's money involved  
They pack shotguns, hollow tips, dummies and all  
When me and Trife doing right together, got no choice  
But give us ten, like we selling white together  
Left side, four-five, right, black beretta  
Taking trips over seas, flipping packs for better  
Every flight a hundred stacks and better, so grind hard  
Get ya money up, get on your grillies, don't mind odds  
Fuck a cop car, throw on some chumpers, and drop  
charge  
Hit the block hard, it's kinda hard being G-O-D  
If he owe Trife, he owe me  
Load up the mack grounds, M-I-A, call that the jack  
town  
Tell niggas I'm on my way, coming back down  
Miguel, Mr. Sanchez, it's a wrap, now  
Theodore extorting your shit, handing out packs, now  
I used to listen to 50 and jam "Back Down"  
Now I slang fifty kilo's where I'm at now  
Fifty a wop, purple top, nigga, I'm back, clown  
Crystal bottles, Grey Goose for the chat lounge  
Channel seven news, older dude, murder gat found

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