

Ghostface Killah "One(feat. T.M.F)"

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[Intro: Ghostface, (Big Trife)]
Yo, yeah {"New Ghostface!"}
Yeah, to glorious days {"one"}
Yeah God, check it out y'all
We back, yes yes y'all {"one"}
(Fake roller derbies)
Yeah, masked avengers
We're here to sharpen your sword {"one"}
All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan
Scream on it, Ghost

[Ghostface]
Ayyo, we at the weedgate, waitin for Jake
We want eight ravioli bags, two thirsty villians yelling
bellyaches {"one"}
Heavyweight rhyme writers hittin the grass
Stash the right bitch, pull out his kite from this white
bitch {"one"}
Talkin bout, "Dear Ghost, you the only nigga I know
like when the cops come, you never hide your toast"
{"one"}
Guests started mashing, CVL, Ice Water battlion
Past tense place to gold caskets {"one"}
Dru Hill bitches, specialist loungin at the mosk
Suede cufy, Rabbi come dig up a dentist {"one"}
Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target
when the NARC's hit, rumor is you might start to spit
{"one"}
You nice Lord, sweet daddy Grace, wind lifted
on the dancefloor, mangos is free followed by Ghost
{"one"}
Dug behind monument cakes, we never half-baked
Alaskan, cess-capade, pushin new court dates {"one"}
Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice
The branches in my weed be the vein {"one"}
Swimsuit issue, darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I
miss you
See daddy rock a wristful {"one"}
Moder-en slave God, graveyard spells, fog your
goggles
Layin like needles in the hospital {"one"}

Five steps to conquer, Ax Vernon debt, big ass whistle
Ziploc your ear, here thistle {"one"}

[T.M.F. - both]

To my real bitches take your drawers off
To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off {"one"}
Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face
and tell her Ghost said, "Take your clothes off!"
{"one"}

[Ghostface]

Aiyyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"}

Aiyyo, crash thru, break the glass, Tony with the goalie
mask

That's the pass, heavy ice Roley layin on the dash
{"one"}

Love the grass, cauliflower hurtin when I dumped the
trash

Sour mash surgeon, heavy glass up at the Wally bash
{"one"}

Sunsplash, autograph blessin with your name slashed
Backdraft, four-pounders screamin with the pearly hats
{"one"}

Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes
Mrs. Dash, sprinkle wit her icicle eyelash {"one"}

Ask Cap or Pendergrass for backstage passes
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mattress
{"one"}

Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress
Distract the cat while I'm high sugar get a crack at this
{"one"}

Dickin down Oprah, jumprope, David Dinkins
Watch the Black mayor of DC, hit them open
Tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover
Hit the sport's bar, tell a young lady to bend over
{"one"}

Meditated yoga, powder ball, dancin with the vulture
Castor Troy layin for Travolta {"one"}

Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy
God glow, seven-fifteen, fall be heavenly {"one"}

Aiyyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"}

[Outro: Ghostface, (Trey-Mack),]

Aiyyo, Wu-Tang Clan, T.M.F. in the motherfuckin joint
We all connect as {"one"}
(Aw shit, baby) Straight up and down y'all
(Staple-town, y'all) Yo, how many girls you gotta fuck,
yo? {"one"}
(Ah-hah, knowl'msayin? Trey-Mack, what?)
How many nuts you might bust? {"one"}
Haha, straight up and down
{"one"}
(How many shots?) {"one"}
{"one"}
(That's it) Word up
How many cakes we bake, y'all? {"one"} (Yo, yo, yo)
{"one"} (Aw shit, haha) {"one"} {"one"}

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