

## **Ghostface Killah "Rec-Room Therapy"**

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Ight, now, this is how we gon' do this shit  
You know what I'm saying? Niggaz wasn't out in the  
streets back then  
When was doing this shit son, you know what I mean?  
Yeah, check the story

I done flushed bags of powder down project toilets  
You could of found of me on the steps dusted, unable  
to call it  
Jums in my pocket, the rental was stolen, tapping  
pockets  
On the local drug dealers, just to see what they holding  
I know, niggaz with crack viles stuck to they colon

The acid, done bubbled up, now they stomach's is  
swollen  
That just, life in the hood, surrounded class, who we  
bag in our stash  
The ultraviolet haze, we hit it and pass  
We toast to the Ghost of old days, yeah, old ager hump  
We rap renegades, must stay paid

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Big fluffed out geeses on, Stan Smiths  
The housing cops can suck our dicks, we jumping out  
Of convertible matchbox shit, next drip inhaling  
Chilling, my throat frozen, my orange brick

Bottles of Cru, bitches with Baby Phats, they swinging  
ax  
They singing, you still blinging, daddy, now bring it  
back  
The smokest rap niggas, honey, I'mma need a match

To bust the game wide open, I'mma need an axe

I juggle this, practice, smuggle heroin in the cactus  
Keep a hood, I still go and fuck a fat bitch  
Actress, slinging the backs of five Cleopatra's  
A cocaine Chef, I stretch money like elastic  
Nigga, my raps is bigger, dynamics with the muscle  
advantage  
Jake Cutler on dust, when I blam shit

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Yo, we been bagging since eighteen, kid, polo rugs on  
with gloves on  
Rented cars, fronting on winning broads  
Gum slow, half moon, leather pants, Avia days  
Keep your hands off my blunt and my waves

Benetton, Superman bomb, everybody in the lobby, we  
clapping  
Hats on, protecting your moms, you know how we play  
Spray something down if the team say  
It's on, I dedicate my lines to the PJ's  
Triple beams, Pyrex jars, smoking nickle weeds  
All we did is look mad fly, icicle rings

Whatever homeboy, you want it, you could get your  
receipt  
A little closer, you can sense we got heat  
It's only me plus four other ill gangstas  
We all anxious to blow up your block and spank shit

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

I'm down for the get down, hit the town, sick the

bloodhounds on 'em  
I rip clowns, I flip pounds, I spit rounds  
I'm on the prowl, my stomach growl, crushed by the  
crowd  
Rush through Loud Records, drop mushroom clouds  
I'm not a rapper, I'm spellbound, I melt down your G-  
Force  
With heat walks, free falling to a better money, bet he's  
hungry

Spread the honey, big head inside the Humvee  
Mix lead inside my lungies, spend bread on my  
Dungarees  
And such and such, Ghost plugged me with this slut  
Please, don't hug me, bug me, I'm ugly when I fuck  
I'm hard like a jungle hunter, bust off in Heather

Double cross me, lift your boss off your feet, 'course  
he's feather  
Whatever, whatever, he cried independence  
Tennis players get fried, playing both sides of the ends  
Keep your eyes on your friends, 'cuz they spy for the  
feds  
Watch me rise from the dead, I got ties with the dreads

Get money  
(Get money)  
Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

Get money  
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Get money, Ghost  
(Get money)

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