

# Ghostface Killah "Street Opera"

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**(feat. Sun God)**

*[Intro: Sun God]*

Sun God... get 'em, official...

*[Sun God]*

I stay far from my opponents, pardon me dogs  
That's why lead the call, they moving up on us  
But them g's on the corners, move when I move  
That's a warning, or I'mma have my goons spin a  
garment  
Think it's sweet, and try to creep or run up on us  
Shit'll get deeper than twelve foot, and you be leaking  
out of order  
Don't beef, if you ain't beefin' for no quarters  
Cuz pain is money, you float funny when you surf in' the  
water  
I'm that dude slangin' pack by the border  
I love my life, I live it twice, cuz it's up to me sorta  
You a fool with a mental disorder, and it's probably  
your daughter  
That really love me, for the shit that I taught her  
Will Smith on the guest list, pops is the king  
I'm the fresh prince, forty oil tune, kick ya chest in  
Us that got the universe confession, pardon your dame  
I'm new to the game, but true to my lessons

*[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]*

Jeans, hoods, guns, crack

*[Ghostface Killah]*

Visions of me swallowing crack, being chased by jake  
And the sound of the razor keep hitting the plate  
And tooters is flab with rugers, with daggers and them  
jeans  
We chew through it, like we coming down off woolas  
And my P.O., she half Creole, I move from Philly to  
Dallas  
With true talent, like my name is T.O.  
So when I piss, I gotta piss slow, she know I kick them  
Vasine bottles  
Cuz if I'm dirty, I ain't letting it go

Your project steps is Ajax down, dry blood  
Maintenance men with the scrub brush, scraping the  
ground  
Diapers, baby rattles and broke lighters, I led many  
Horses to water, just to see if they like it  
Taste my, Betty Crock', ready rock, bet he cock, now  
News flash, my nigga ridin' L, laid a cop down  
Any of ya niggas want beef, I will stop clowns  
I got a bad ox' fifth, now how the glock sound?

*[Chorus]*

*[Ghostface Killah (Sun God)]*

Aiyo, what up S.G.? (Aiyo, what's poppin' my nigga  
I'm just oil in the toolies, exercising my trigger  
Finger, I got the biggest bangers) Yeah, I got a crispy  
stainless  
Your mans ain't fucking those hoes, they just a bunch  
of gamers  
(Them head shots, neck shots, probably blow they  
brains in  
I'm so close to the edge, pushin' they fucking face in)  
I bet you now, them muthafuckas really start  
complaining  
(No hesitation, my reputation'll leave 'em chaining)  
We go hard, like the NARC's when we start invading  
(I copped the license and registration, to cock and  
aiming)  
It's all entertainment (And all my niggas made it)  
We hard body like Wu-Tang and Iron Maiden  
(I keep the iron blazing, hands hurt  
Like a bitch when she putting braids in, I think it's so  
amazing)  
We ran trains for hours, up in the Days Inn  
Hood rats and crack motels, we seen baking

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro: Ghostface Killah]*

*[Sounds of crunching and eating]*

Yeah, good...

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