

Ghostface Killah "The Hilton"

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This nigga just bought eleven machine guns
And he brought them in my crib

Glittered out, stout face, teck, Rae up in the Hilton
Heard Nia Long is in the building
Penthouse fashion, ordered out room service
It looked bugged 'cause the waiter looked nervous
Lift off the lid, seen two shiny thirty-eights aimed at the
kid

What I do, duck, Rae up in the shower singing
Son don't know that it's real
Coming looking like he about peel something
In a tight jam, red down, matching like Santa
If I could just reach my hammer

He bust two shots, I played mice
Ran to the spot were the sun was at
Quickly he was blinded by the ice
That's when Rae ran out of the back
Towel on, soap on his arms, spit duke around, fell on
my lap

Yo, what the fuck happened?
It was a set up to get wet up
Starks your bleeding

Nah, his blood fucked my white leather up
Ten G's down the drain
Yo hurry up, we got to get him up
Get the sheets son, let's fix him up
Lock the door, turn the TV off, your kicks is near the
light switch

Just give me two minutes to iron my shirt, find my ices
The hit came quick
Hit the jack, star six
Ghost

Put down the phone stupid
Wipe off your prints

Rae ran hysterically, slipped on soap
Landed on his back, with his gat, now that's dope
We got three minutes, nobody seen shit
Somebody might have heard shit

Singing on some Martin, were my momma bird shit
Fuck your socks, that's when we heard the door knock
Everything all right? Partying son, balloons popped
Threw this dude under the bed

A half dressed Raekwon, swallowing diamonds
Had money in juice up on his wedding day
The phone rang off, the tea kettle blew, wifey hitting
me
What you want sweaty, lima beans and kidney

Trashed the beeper, slowly I reached for the reefer
Throw a Costa, peep, oh son the house keeper
Soap suds dripping from his nuts, cut up gut
Praying how me make it out the telly and touch

Fuck it, a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in
Bermuda
We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer
Caught up in the grimy shit
Finding two days later a murder and we got to make
this flight shit

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Ayo, the pressures on, sonny got murk, it's time to
move fast
Ayo, Deini it's on, check out the news flash
Flew out the next day, back to the Tony estates
Blew on the first class flight to L.A.

It ain't take long, I pulled a few strings on the horn
So were it came from?
That nigga we stuck and took the caine from
We should have killed him when we had him

Yo I was holding a Magnum
Yeah we bagged him, but we let him slide in the wagon
His bad little brown ho, from out Chicago
She move his cargo, good at handling Roscoes

We had our eyes closed God, we should have seen it

coming
He should have seen me coming, running out the
shower gunning
Now that I figured it, she put the waiter on
It all came to me, in back of my mind, just like my
favorite song

Dawned on me later on, by then the day was gone
How dare this nigga even think that he could take us on
Smoke the Cee Allah
Sent the kite through the Pens

Him and big Dan
Known to split wigs, with razor sharp gems
Giants from Attica riots, halls is quiet
CO's with babies on their arms look tight

And this nigga from down state got shipped up north
Stocky young fella, running his lips on how he set it off
Then heard that shit, plus got that kite
Money got murdered in his bunk that night

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