

# Ghostface Killah "When You Walk"

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**(feat. Method Man, Street)**

*[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]*

Yeah, assorted flavor Clarks  
No doubt  
The beer champ  
Yeah, curly head kid  
Yo, yo, yo

From Gators to blazers, low fades and razors  
Big dick saloon, I contact the womb; the black asian  
Which location keeps circulating  
I want the twin power after day shit on his mason  
A God steam represent the gummy with the green  
who walk fiend stand up on your block and burn a bean  
Sir Ballentine, lookin at this bitch walk behind  
The thing that's fucked up appeal us that's wine  
They turn around take my last pull off the L  
these niggas on the block keep looking at me well  
But they want the jewel it ain't hard to tell  
I'm recognize his face, he actin like Denzel  
But fuck him, I went to check low for chop  
on a ball gone the size like faith up top  
Now it's a whole new ball game, strategic mind frame  
My dialogue's rebellious raid and razor fame  
Glass out a red light, see Killah get on a ninja bike  
Show my love to the God he peeled out and made a  
right

*[Sound of speeding motorcycle]*

*[Chorus]*

When you walking down the street with your - Box in  
your hand  
and you bringing the music of the - Wu-Tang Clan  
And you hear Ironman on your - radio rapping  
Your feet start the dancing and your - hands start the  
clapping

*[Verse Two: Street]*

Street's running through your dancehall gunning  
like Lee Harvey Oswald stunning slapping MC's with  
summons

for pumping - that watered down substance  
Beef there's slugs finger creeping  
making moves like Crying Freeman  
Prince of thieves, earth's third seed

Heavyweight like golden fleeces homicides stroll the street  
If Luther preached it, look at the thugs holding heat  
In the city beef got me plotting trilogy  
To the smoke enemies sneak attacks I'm beyond and above that  
Seen that done that, respect black  
I catch a slug to your hardhat  
lounging in the everglades, surfing the airwave  
Catch a buck fifty where the razorblades swiftly  
Shaolin cats be shiesty, strictly  
drunk off the Irish whiskey

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three: Method Man]*

Rest your headpiece on this one sun  
cough up a lung  
Sleeping on my murderous type ones I get you done  
I'm looking at these cuthroat kids and how they live  
It's like we was partners in spades and you renege  
Can't fuck with no nigga like that he get me jack  
Or sent back, meaning whole life fade to black  
I'm looking in the half of right and roll tight  
fool me once but can't fool me twice, I'm 25  
To life on this mic device ain't nothing nice  
a mixture of long wild rice and no spice  
Inflicted, rap addicted, track I stick it, flip it  
daddy long dick-ed, slide  
A little bit beyond twisted, mind in stitches  
You thought weak but meant wicked  
Niggas choke off my second hand smoke lifted  
everyday is like my birthday I'm mad gifted, dead calm  
Hit me with the eighteen bronze, buddah palm  
About to blow like Napalm, before your arm  
Prepare for the warfare, or buy a share  
Oh what the fuck we dealing with, yeah  
Johnny about to go there  
need another year  
Bust a shot for my sons that didn't make it here

*[Chorus]*

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