

## **GhostFace Killer**

### **"Box In Hand"**

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featuring Raekwon Method Man

Intro: \*sung\*

Wu Tang will survive no no no no no no

Wu Tang will survive

Cause every time they flip a party

You know the party screams and shouts

Cause you... DAMN! Aw TC that was the bomb...

[Ghostface]

Get all my peoples get all my peoples headphones

All of em

Lay em a death warrant

Aaaah yo show it off kid show em what what

Let em have it bust it hey yo, hey yo

Verse One: Raekwon

Blend wine, who want to win mine

Shorty get a ten-round for floatin

With the richest, huh

Flexed out, Flinstone style

Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the

Mosyin, posin for them niggaz up in Poland

Rollin wax style museum, G 'em

Them richest niggaz bless this

Like Russian cut VVS's

Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this

Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles

And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)

Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)

Murderin' cats is like that real

Verse Two: Ghostface

Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the  
Land Rov'

Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove

It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black,  
granola rap

Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in  
Photomat

Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown

Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town

We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed  
chases

Porno stations, drinkin violations, God relations

90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks

Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes

The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen

Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hissin

Interlude: Raekwon

Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggaz, scrapin  
niggaz

Takin play from niggaz, hate fakin niggaz, yo you hear

me?

The whole shit's like wrestling

What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

Verse Three: Method Man

This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned

Pull your plug, now you can't function

There's no to-tal or sum to this equa-tion, you fro-zen

Many may come but few are cho-sen

Pretty niggaz want to play the war po-sin

When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their  
shine stolen

Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man

Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan

I see your thoughts and your hand reachin

It's getting deep in this mud

Cats heat seekin, for one blood

Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin at these  
stank bitches

Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches

From the lamp I grant three wishes

Johnny be parlayin, I Blaze britches, then I roll

One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body

One hundred percent soul, individual

Assholes tend to run

From this PLO extortion to the one

The next chamber, you fuckin with the star spangler

To the dawn's early light with this head-banger

Boogie, represent this shit fully

Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully

Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly

Like a fat bitch in Spandex, free Willy!

We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine

Niggaz wastin time worryin about me and mine

Get your own shit

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