

GhostFace Killer

"Daytona 500"

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featuring Raekwon the Chef Cappadonna

[singing]

We are the G O D's

And we came to rock the spot

Like Ironman Starks

They be the illest MC's in the world today

Cappa Raekwon and the R Z A

So listen to them clear and put the box right near your
ear

Light your blunts and down your beers

Cause you could never fuck with Wu Tang Killer Beez...

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Say peace to cats who rock mack knowledge

Knowledgists, street astrologists

Light up the mic God, knowledge this

Fly joints that carried your points

Corolla Motorola holder

Play it God, he pack over the shoulder

Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise

Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives

Rapel on fakes like reflectors

He had sugar in his ear in his last crack career
We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna
run in his crib-o, get ditto, skate like a limo
And jet to the flyest estate, relate take a break
Break down an eighth and then wait drop it like Drake
Thugs they be booing and screwing, we canoeing
Claim they doin the same shit we doin, fuck your unit
It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turnstyle
On the alley tried to challenge God for the new vials
Especially that, aluminum bat in the act
Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black
The Mac-10 flex white cats like Windex
Index finger be sore, bustin these fly scripts
The Wally kid count crazily grands with our plans
Layin with my bitches and my mans in Lex Lands
We losin em, jet to the stash and now Jerusalem
Abusin em, rockin his jewels like we usin em
Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar
Roll with the older God, build with the Son and the Star
Chorus:
All these MC's start realizing
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing
The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us
Verse Two: Ghostface Killer
Mercury raps is roughed then God just shown like taps

Red and white Wally's that match, bend my baseball
hat

Doin forever shit, like pissin out the window on
turnpikes

Robbin niggaz for leathers, high swipin on dirt bikes

Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble

Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ

The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless

Slaying all these earthlings and fake foreigners

In the Phillipines, pick herbal beans, bubbling strings

Body chemical CREAM, we burn kerosene

The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon

Long-heads inscriptions with three sixes in

Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive

I slapbox with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph

Zoomin like binoculars, the rap blacksmith

Money's Rolex, with sparkles, Chef ragtop is spotless

I'm Iron Man no cheap cash metal I'm steel alloy

True identity hidden inside secret tabloids

Breathe oxygen both sides of my jaw carry oxes

The track hit like the bangers, in hundred watt boxes

Yo jostling these cats while Little J be deli-ing

Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians

Chorus

Verse Three: Cappadonna

Give me the the fifty thou, small bills

My gold plate, my slang kills

My Benz spills, whattup Lils

Murder one Dunn

Killer bee stung, guess who back home Son

My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon

Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe

The mad-hatter big dick style, beware goons

smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs

Let the Gods build, pull up the grill

Check out the mad skills

Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it

and keep it, jiggy style of rap and watchin knuckle
slang

sweep it out of order ape recorder can't record my
slaughter

spoil the rotten Don is too good to be forgotten

High top notch, borderline rhymes is handcocked

Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot

Get yourself shot

Chorus

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