

GhostFace Killer

"Motherless Child"

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featuring Raekwon the Chef

* originally appear on the Sunset Park soundtrack

[Sometimes I feel... like a motherless child]

(Yo yo guzzlin forties let's get it on fella no doubt)

The wiley Wu Tang comes back Iron Man strikes back

(Lou Diamonds Tony Starks) Raid your whole empire

No doubt!

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef AKA Lou Diamonds

Rich man poor man read the headlines

Nigga getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes

Jobs and drug wars

Living by gun law

Jailcats come home and want to take yours

As the young one, growing up broke me and my people

as the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat

Think it, plus drinkin that 90-proof

Playin' on the roof sayin'

we need a next man to shoot...

[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child...]

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer, AKA Tony Starks

Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks

Showin off his 850 plus, what a nice whip
Young blood guzzlin' fourties hussled in a rain
Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins
He never had it all, the kid loved basketball
Had a favorite song, "I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall
Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals
Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital
Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the
Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders
from Staten, where crazy clips be clappin
Slept in his principal spreads, threads, made of satin
Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef
Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and
Latief
But he fucked up, he shoulda kept it real and went for
kill
cuz if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will
But, shit will never calm down, one day downtown
He dropped an ounce off
Money had slept like a nightgown
He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in
there
Two kids was beamin him, them niggaz from the movie
theatre
One had all Guess on, lookin like he had a vest on
The other felly pell tucked with a firearm
Movin slow, baseball hats, crazy down low

Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go

Oh shit! Bookhead, just bought a 5, G headed King
Tudpea

About the size of Little Maurice

We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten

I'm runnin in my first instance, is to return em the time
is now

Warfare and pull delf

Remember me, the nigga from the UA and you pulled
out

Don't move don't even flinch

Fix em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the
tux

He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin
him

Had to hit him ten more times make sure I got him

Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy

Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty

I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash

Then he shot my man in the ass and broke mega glass

Damn, had to go out with a blast

I shot my way up out of the Albee fast

[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child]

Oh shit, what the fuck?

This shit is horrible

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