

## GhostFace Killer "Winter Warz"

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It's on  
Where your sparkle at kid?  
Ryzarector

Yes the shit is raw, comin' at your door  
Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more  
Yes the hour's four, I told you before  
Prepare for mic fights and plus the cold war

This rhyme you digest through the RZA console  
Ask why I slam, non-diagram pole  
Raekwon dropped the bomb, Hunchback, Notre Dame  
Golden Arms is bronze, Buddha palm hit Quaran

It blows extreme, mean stream be the theme  
Supreme team, America's Cream team, redeemed  
Vidal Sassoon, chrome tones hear the moans of Al  
Capone  
Gun POW to the dome

And split the bone, wig blown off the ledge  
By the alleged, full-fledged, sledge RZA edge  
One dose of my ferocious hand held trigga cuts  
Acapella spittin' shell paralyzed when you get touched

And critical, mic cords, hangin' like umbilical  
Cords, dope swords, five star general  
Raw be the quote rap style sore throat  
Through the fully operational, hand held tote

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More than thousand times one, snatch up, my styles  
get done  
I hold a title, enhanced how my belt was won, check it  
Slick majestic, broke mics are left infected  
Germs start to spread through your crew, drew like an  
epic

You asked for it, shot up the jams like syringes  
My technique alone blows doors straight off the hinges

Masked Avenger, I appear to blow your ear like wind  
With a freestyle, sharper than the Indian spear

Sit back and let the king explore  
Describe me, the kid's nice and he holds swords  
And his name, black attacks the nerve like migraines  
With more games than beggars on trains, livid sharp  
pains

Poisonous Rebel like Deck, you can't destroy this  
You get ambushed, skate, try to avoid this  
Side effects of, hot raps and hot tracks  
A duffel bag full of guns son, dipped in black  
My culture, slides and attacks like a vulture  
Ghostface and Madison Square is on your poster

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Be on the lookout for this mass murderous suspect  
That throws more body bags than apartments in  
projects  
And as far as the coroners know  
The autopsy shows, it was a Shaolin blow

Put on by my family brought to the academy  
Of the Wu and learned how to  
Fuck up your anatomy, steadily, calm and deadly  
Spatter-head lyrics I lick through your transmit

MC's submit to the will as I kill your  
Juvenile freestyle, civilize the mentail  
Devils worship this like an icon  
They're huggin' mics with the grips of a python

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You heard of the rasp before but kept waiting  
For the sun of song, I keep dance halls strong  
Beats never worthy of my cause, I prolong  
Extravaganza, time sits still

No propaganda, be wary of the skill  
As I bring forth the music, make love to your eardrum  
Dedicated to rap niggaz, beware of the fearsome  
Lebanon Don, Malcolm X beat threat

CD massacre, murder to cassette  
I blow the shop up, you ain't seen nothin' yet  
One man ran, tryin' to get away from it  
Put your bifocal on, watch me I'm comin'

Into your chamber like Freddy enter dreams  
Discombumbrate your technique and your scheme  
Four course applause, like a black dat to dat  
You're stuck on stupid like I'm stuck on the map

Nowhere to go except next show bro  
Entertainin' motherfuckers can't stop O  
In battlin', you don't want me to start tattlin'  
All upon the stage because y'all snakes keep rattlin'

Bitch, you ain't got nothin' on the rich  
Every other day my whole dress code switch  
So just in case you want to clock me like Sherry  
All y'all crab bitches ain't got to worry

Can't get a nigga like Don dime a dozen  
Even if I'm smoked out I can't be scoped out  
I'm too ill, I represent Park Hill  
See my face on the twenty dollar bill

Cash it in, and get ten dollars back  
The fat LP with Cappachino on the wax  
Pass it in your think, put valve up to twelve  
Put all the other LP's back on the shelf

And smoke a blunt, and dial 9 1 7 1 6 0 4 9 3 11  
And you can long dick hip-hop affection  
I damage any MC who step in my direction  
I'm Staten Island's best son fuck what you heard

Niggaz still talkin' that shit is absurd  
My repertoire is U.S.S.R., P.L.O. style got blown out the car  
And run over, by the Method Man jeep  
Divine can't define my style is so deep

Like pussy, my low cut fade stay bushy  
Like a porcupine, I part backs like a spine  
Cut you like a blunt and reconstruct your design  
I know you want to diss me, but I can read your mind

'Cuz you weak in the knees like SWV  
Tryin' to get a title like Wu Killa Bee  
Kid change your habit, you know I'm friends with the Abbot

Me and RZA ridin' name printed in the tablet

Under vets, we paid our debts for mad years  
Hibernate the sound, and now we out like beers  
And blunt power, born physically power speakin'  
The truth in the song be the pro-black teachin'

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