

## Jay Electronica

### "The Ghost Of Christopher Wallace"

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The game ain't been the same since B.I.G died  
and Wu swarmed on New York from out that beehive  
Don't talk to me bout MC's got skill  
Don't talk to me bout whose the king of the hill  
Don't talk to me bout whose the best alive or whose in  
your top 5  
Cause he's not ill  
Real recognize real, stick to your deal  
Try to make a cool mill off the sin-gle  
With that ringtone to appeal  
In 3 years, you'll be nil  
Meal by mouth, my appeal down south  
Is like the nation of Islam's when Ali knocked Liston out  
A universal change from what appeared as just a bout  
All aboard, It's the last train, soul train  
A bottle of ciroc could turn a private jet to soulplane  
Put your seats back, your tray down and feet up  
Cause we about to heat up

From Baton Rouge to Jerusalem  
Rap crews we bruising em  
Crooked mouth, flat footed  
Cops man we losing them  
Let me see some ID, nigga fuck a ID  
You been getting head from crackheads in the lobby  
Mr. Officer, please observe my skintone  
Please observe the prophecies of hurricane and  
brimstone  
The flow's so Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoy  
Half oyster, half shrimp, fully dressed po-boy  
Lyrically I'm unfuckwitable, unforgettable  
One tough miracle, competition's none  
I leave em dumb stuck critical, that some luck, pitiful  
Better luck next time  
We young, black, and restless  
Hung, black and wreckless  
My name's on every guestlist  
I bang on every setlist  
Went to London town, tore it down and threw my  
necklace  
Even twitter said that Jay Elec be on that next shit

I should be arrested

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