

Brandy F/ Tamia, Gladys Night, Chaka Khan

"Older Gods"

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Verse One: Ghostface Killah

Aiyyo I roll like a bat out of hell
Evil acapell's fly spittin out of my grill
Before I hit the sky with springtime colors
Juicy as a Sunkist, certain broads double dutch this
They carve it in they wrist, pales berry blazes
Straighten the crumbs left on the stove, clothes in my
lady hair
Plus yours the look gold God, the old tainted bald
technique
Got these vestibules designer niggaz in they whips
jumpin out they seats, eighteen, Bronzeman Part II
We like Dorothy Hamill on ice
We in your hood we might circle, hats down low in the
Range
Switch lanes, change my tire, peel out
Real loud on the stage yo, I shitted on your hood kid
I shitted on your hood, got to your burner too late
I'm lookin real good, draped out
Shinin like a fresh fifty cent piece, your girlfriend,
c'mere
Oh shit, you my man's niece, the gourmet pocket
twenty
bombs made of clay, Sexcapades take place
We fucked in forty-eight shades might walk up in your
studio
time slap your engineer, it's lighter fluid to that style
Hand me the matches now

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Aiyyo rainbow Roley on the wrist, now what's this
Niggaz bless this, eight and a half, Bally banana twist
E shakes, puffin on lye, feedin the seed's plate
Pullin out, old dirty eights to rob gates
Major wake up, the kid telltales, make a nigga head
wake up
Beats break, the nigga would take off his time
Honolulu status, gladdest
the rich rock cabbage and dollar vans grands

That nigga mad savage, stationary Hall of Justice
Niggaz came clumped out
Just came home, now they bunked out
Money be longer than triple life
til the sun burn out, that's my word
Move it with the burner out
Fidel way of thinkin, roll with the Mac bent Ac-10
Most of my team, Five Percent check what the live said
Rollin with Guess vests pedestrians yo
holdin my nuts, fuckin thousand dollar lesbians

[Ghost] Yo, the Older God put me on and had to rock
this
[both] Maintain Three-Sixty Lord live prosperous
[Ghost] It only takes a lesson a day, just to analyze life
[both] one time in the respectable mind
(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: The Genius/GZA

Let the shot spark, soon as his pit bull barks
Tire scars from skid marks leaves from jams in school
parks
Witness, forget his, original statement
Even in protection programs there's no escapement
Gunned down, we in town, hit king from seven crowns
Spent rounds catch him while he rhyme in the Zebra
Lounge
Wounded, back in the eighty-three summer heat
Up in three-oh-nine park, rhymin off the drummer's
beat
I stalk the city streets demonstratin mic wrecks
All lookin stank, I ain't playin wit a full deck
And as they nervously stare, I know they scared
They saw the coming of Wu, the neon in Times Square
Household name, assassin, killa bee
Mill to the grain, that possess the Wu, trilogy
Quick to spot those that bite camoflounge and blend
Those that got styles, they got identical twins
Don't stretch the small thing, copycats are finnick
without skills, they master the art of mimicry
But I go line for line on the whole page
Your unspotted life on the mic is old age

*rocket fired, whistles off and explodes, breaking
glass*

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