

**B.B. King F/ Eric Clapton****"One"**

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[Intro: Ghostface, (Big Trife)]  
Yo, yeah {"New Ghostface!"}  
Yeah, to glorious days {"one"}  
Yeah God, check it out y'all  
We back, yes yes y'all {"one"}  
(Fake roller derbies)  
Yeah, masked avengers  
We're here to sharpen your sword {"one"}  
All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan  
Scream on it, Ghost

[Ghostface]  
Aiyyo, we at the weedgate, waitin for Jake  
We want eight ravioli bags, two thirsty villians yelling  
bellyaches {"one"}  
Heavyweight rhyme writers hittin the grass  
Stash the right bitch, pull out his kite from this white  
bitch {"one"}  
Talkin bout, "Dear Ghost, you the only nigga I know  
like when the cops come, you never hide your toast"  
{"one"}  
Guests started mashing, CVL, Ice Water battlion  
Past tense place to gold caskets {"one"}  
Dru Hill bitches, specialist loungin at the mosk  
Suede cufy, Rabbi come dig up a dentist {"one"}  
Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target  
when the NARC's hit, rumor is you might start to spit  
{"one"}  
You nice Lord, sweet daddy Grace, wind lifted  
on the dancefloor, mangos is free followed by Ghost  
{"one"}  
Dug behind monument cakes, we never half-baked  
Alaskan, cess-capade, pushin new court dates {"one"}  
Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice  
The branches in my weed be the vein {"one"}  
Swimsuit issue, darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I  
miss you  
See daddy rock a wristful {"one"}  
Moder-en slave God, graveyard spells, fog your  
goggles  
Layin like needles in the hospital {"one"}

Five steps to conquer, Ax Vernon debt, big ass whistle  
Ziploc your ear, here thistle {"one"}

[T.M.F. - both]

To my real bitches take your drawers off  
To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off {"one"}  
Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face  
and tell her Ghost said, "Take your clothes off!"  
{"one"}

[Ghostface]

Aiyyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies  
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}  
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts  
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"}

Aiyyo, crash thru, break the glass, Tony with the goalie  
mask

That's the pass, heavy ice Roley layin on the dash  
{"one"}

Love the grass, cauliflower hurtin when I dumped the  
trash

Sour mash surgeon, heavy glass up at the Wally bash  
{"one"}

Sunplash, autograph blessin with your name slashed  
Backdraft, four-pounders screamin with the pearly hats  
{"one"}

Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes  
Mrs. Dash, sprinkle wit her icicle eyelash {"one"}

Ask Cap or Pendergrass for backstage passes  
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mattress  
{"one"}

Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress  
Distract the cat while I'm high sugar get a crack at this  
{"one"}

Dickin down Oprah, jumprope, David Dinkins  
Watch the Black mayor of DC, hit them open  
Tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover  
Hit the sport's bar, tell a young lady to bend over  
{"one"}

Meditated yoga, powder ball, dancin with the vulture  
Castor Troy layin for Travolta {"one"}

Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy  
God glow, seven-fifteen, fall be heavenly {"one"}

Aiyyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies  
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}  
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts  
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"}

[Outro: Ghostface, (Trey-Mack), ]

Aiyyo, Wu-Tang Clan, T.M.F. in the motherfuckin joint  
We all connect as {"one"}  
(Aw shit, baby) Straight up and down y'all  
(Staple-town, y'all) Yo, how many girls you gotta fuck,  
yo? {"one"}  
(Ah-hah, knowl'msayin? Trey-Mack, what?)  
How many nuts you might bust? {"one"}  
Haha, straight up and down  
{"one"}  
(How many shots?) {"one"}  
{"one"}  
(That's it) Word up  
How many cakes we bake, y'all? {"one"}  
(Yo, yo, yo)

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