

## Shirley Temple

### "The Drummer"

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[Intro: sample (Ghostface Killah)]  
I don't want the horns, blowing..  
I don't want the streets to play a melody... (yeah, it's hip hop, it's hip hop  
The mic needs to be a little bit more crystal)  
I don't want to hear the good time is coming..  
Don't want to hear the voices in back of me...  
(youknowhati'msaying? Cuz I'm bout to go in)  
I'm not gonna hear it! I don't want the drummer..

[Ghostface Killah]  
Awwwww, Meth Tical, yo, you stepped on my corns and shit  
Got the charm lit, bomb wrist, what type of arm is this?  
I seen you at the Grammy's with a triple Bar Mitz'  
Can I kick it? (Hell No!)  
That's why she got hair in her elbows and she real slow  
And a, every two weeks she gotta see her P.O  
She's a disgrace to signs, she fuck it up for Leos  
Method Man (Toney Starks) the most important M.C. in the whole wide world  
Is you and you hardly even know it, know it, know it..

[Streetlife]  
Watch me shock the world, move the masses like a landslide  
It's a lyrical stick-up, everybody's (hands high)  
See the bigger, picture, I'm out for the grand prize  
I'm not a role player, senor, I'm the franchise

[Trife]  
Aiyo, with Trife sweatin', every bullet is life threatenin'  
And you could get a chest full of slugs in a slight second  
Yo, my nine milli' pistol's really official  
So you can Analyze That like DeNiro and Billy Crystal

[Ghostface Killah]  
Aiyo, it's Ghost with the sky blue cuffi, smashin' groupies  
Leavin' them fiend out, like New Jack's Pookie

Every line is like ninety nine dimes  
Shrine auditorium rap, aquarium's in my wall in the  
back

[Method Man]

Now that you know my name, niggaz know my game  
If you feel me, then you know my pain  
I seen you rap dudes done stole my slang, trynna hold  
my fame  
Ain't even strong enough to hold my thang  
Wanna flow, fuck with me though, baby, I'mma trynna  
see dough  
My squad got them caught in the yard screamin' for  
C.O  
Every time we blow, it raise the prize on the padrico  
Ya niggaz shoot your guns like Shaq shootin' a free  
throw

[Trife]

Spark the fluid, hop out and park the Buick  
I got fiends blowin' CREAM like Martha Stewart  
We on that up north jail shit, harder than steel chips  
Ya'll niggaz better bail quick, before you inhale clips

[Streetlife]

Ya'll better get low, before I let the Tec blow  
Streetlife, I'mma trynna get more dollars than Kreftlo  
The whole hood echoes, every time my nine let go  
Get out of line or steal your life like a klepto

[Ghostface Killah]

When Biggie died, they came out with Biggie fries  
Big biscuits got me over, in the streets wide  
Prada gloves, layin' for thugs, prayin'  
Drop a bronco buster, G-37 on the rap patient

[Method Man]

I'mma leave the shit this summer in that H2 Hummer  
now  
Mami gotta call your bean ass ay caramba, now  
Eh boy el loco, oh no, I ain't Yoko  
My hoes, I keep 'em lookin' good, right, but no dough

[Outro: sample]

I don't want no horns blowing..  
I don't want the -- I don't want the drummer...

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