

SUGIZO**"Luna"**

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f/ Ghostface Killah, Streetlife

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, six o'clock in the morning

That's right, you gotta get your darts right

Spray ya'll niggas on some marksman shit]

[Ghostface Killah]

I got ready to graze

Took my hat off and the crowd went crazy

Bitches threw their panties, the sound man was fannin'
me

The whole place was standin', G

What they chant, we was family

Jumped in the crowd and I swam to sea

Threw me to the back, surprise, I still had my chains on
me

Dana Dane, front row bitches, I bang all three

Say, yo, Meth, fuck it, throw a Jim Brownski

Versace, banana color robes and my socks be

Them Billie Jean shits and they real Rocky

The fans can't knock me

I bench Coliseums while Genius spot me

Plus I'm cocky, bitch

[Streetlife]

Once I, took off the hoodie, revealed the face

Cop patrol couldn't control the place

I got groupies backstage, lined up at the gate

The signs up, yellin', "We love your tape!"

I'm sorry I took so long, didn't mean to make ya'll wait

But good things take time to create

You can find me, in your studio

Half baked, eatin' ganja cake

Tryin' to make my next release date

With Ghost, Street, GZA, great minds relate

You know a brother bond is hard to break

When we perform we cause the Earth to shake

Ain't nuthin' change, it's still those same niggas you
love to hate

GZA...

[GZA]

I set examples over amplified samples

That's scratched in the club, ducks begin to trample

On those fell victim, body loss they souls

These beats when I picked 'em

Jones played the role, soldiers brave and bold

RZA paid the roll, GZA buries the scrolls

Then months later it was, then years later it was

Written on loose leaf, that old formula

That was stolen by new thieves

The journalist watched it, critics couldn't knock it
A piece of history that they carried in they pocket
With the time factor, speed was the order of the day
What a delay, they were able to, what he would say
Why waste the slot time, of the ridiculous rhyme
That's only excused by a generous mind
I kept 'em stored in the shelters like the goods in cans
'Til I turned rap villes into harvested lands

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