

## **Ghostface**

### **"Done Deal"**

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[MURS]

It's the end of the beginning  
So I thought it only right that I bring along the  
motherfuckers I started this shit with  
2003MG Melancholy Gypsys  
MURS, Scarub, Eligh

[Eligh]

To do it right in life is just an angle breakin'  
Make or break myself in the matter of moments under  
discretion  
With lessons upon the forefront, My life is in the breeze  
Makin' my knees squeak beggin' my soul to please  
speak  
Universal guides then listen, trouble sometimes blister  
my vision  
But I've enlisted my mind for the full mission  
Not bullshittin' on a stoop with a stool pigeon  
Talkin' about "What'chu gonna do in the future?"  
"Movin' up the ladder with ass kissin'."  
I'm on my last mission in life  
Dumping through the middle grounds like a junkyard  
dog in a prowl  
Guarding my bow throwin' in the towel when it's right  
Until then I'm walking towards the light with my sword  
drawn from a fight  
Doing everything bad that happens has an opposite  
reaction  
Keep my feet on traction, until my goals in life are right  
in front of my face  
And I can smell, touch and taste what I've been workin'  
for  
I'll be walkin' out the front door

[Chorus 2X]

It's a done deal, do it 'til it's done  
'Cause the movement don't stop 'til the rising sun  
It's a done deal, let's have a little fun  
'Cause the movement don't stop 'til the rising sun

[MURS]

I'm talking done deal, closed case  
Ain't no time for looking back on the road you take  
You gotta claim your spot, nobody hold your place  
Ain't no time to preach about time you chose to waste  
You gotta mold your fate, hold your weight  
All my peoples NY to the Golden Gate  
Who know the rap about the breed and the gold is fake  
How we all supposed to eat when they want the whole  
cake?  
Niggas want all the dough, but never learn to bake  
So they rise too fast and they burn the plate  
But I'm concerned with fate, and watch the turns I take  
Know this world is affected by the moves you make  
So I ain't gotta stop moving just to prove you fake  
Just spit these real raps to get this real estate  
So I can steal your fanbase and steal your date  
Won't have a soul mate until I meet my soul mate

[Chorus 2X]

[Scarub]

It's like I'm type of walking towards heaven through hell  
Everyday it's something new, I'll make it through; so  
many fell off  
Whoever knew it cost so much to clutch a dream  
In between the thumb and the index lies a small space  
for mistakes  
The indication for almost  
Sometimes you hold it until you face to magnify how  
close you came in life to something  
That you measure up to  
I know that pain like my enemy  
Slap my ass when I'm born, and will hold my hand when  
it's the end of me  
The lessons learned in between these two extremes  
feed me energy  
I keep it moving with the force of a crane  
where the steel ball's just swinging at the end  
All it takes is one pen to tap these words out like  
Morse code over your eardrums  
To speak to your spirit  
Intoxicate you with my speech to crash crew like drunk  
driving  
Whether it be freestyling or stage diving I float over  
these weak rappers  
Like volcanic islands, I got a fire in me

[Chorus 2X]

