

## **Ghostface Killah f/ Malice of The Clipse, Raekwon**

### **"Kilo"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah] Yo, Oh, Yo Rae... I can't feel my face My heart pounding and shit (audible heart)  
Paranoid as a motherfucker right now, who the fuck?  
Close the blinds and shit! Who that? Captain Kirk? The Stark...enterprise, enterprise I was on and some shit? ..I need some pussy though I'm ready for a Catwoman or something f-fuck it, lets go! Aiyyo Shareefa go to the store for me. I need some razors and a fresh box of baggies, the ones with the tint in them! Aiyyo son turn that water down a little bit, just a little bit..Thank You I need two waters, a dutch, and a cranberry Snapple)  
[Chorus: sample (Ghostface Killah)] All around the world today, the Kilo is the measure (Whoever got the kilos got the candy, man) A kilo is a thousand grams, its easy to remember (You never catch the kid going hand to hand) All around the world today, the Kilo is the measure (Once you got the funds you got the panties, man) A Kilo is a thousand grams, its easy to remember (Throughout the 9 to 5 I'm the Handyman)  
[Ghostface Killah] Racing through the hood, ski mask off Criminology hustle, when goons play the heat, blast off And every direction, protect ya babies, your moms Late night like Carson Daly, Theo Bailey, we stay armed Grits box, vacuum tight, concealing the powder Five fake cans of blow to throw them off wit the flower Red dots on me, big scopes, bullets the size of nickels Got Starkey coming out of his coat I gots to jet, don't look back, my cardio's killing me Old ladies is like 'Hold ya head, Tone, literally' All this, for a thousand grams? I'd rather be a con artist scheming with a thousand scams [Chorus] [Raekwon] Aiyyo peace to those cooking that raw, powder white Get your sniff on, scarface niggaz, we getting right some call it bricks, some call it birds how many niggaz get they lives taken playing with shit, then catch a curb You would go to jail get caught with this, niggaz'll grow to fail Stop playing, pot slaying, baking soda and scales They lived like brothers, word life, connects discovered most niggaz get hard, from fucking with them pipes and hustlers Kilos is one thousand grams You know your ammo better be heavy 'cause soon kids is coming in

camo Protect your land daddy, I'm an announcer you  
get caught with an ounce and its over matter 'fact they  
takin you down, son [Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] Bricks,  
Tar caps, powder, cooked up crack Phones is tapped  
over franklin's stacks Kingpins put in bullpens, old  
connects get paro' Break out of town when the Jakes  
take down the Pharaoh Reason, He was moving that  
peruvian white blowing coolies into hoopties ,  
slamming cuties and ice big heavy pots over hot stoves  
Mayonnaise jars of water with rocks in them got my  
whole projects out of order A Kilo is a thousand grams  
Beige, gold, brown, dirty, fluffy, tan, extract oil cut  
from cuban plants The chemist is brolic, pyrex scholars  
Professors at war over raw, killing partners for a million  
dollars [Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] Some say a drug  
dealers destiny is reachin the ki' I'd rather be the man  
behind the door, supplying the streets A hundred birds  
go out, looking like textbooks when they wrapped and  
stuffed four days later straight cash, two million bucks  
strictly powder, no cut your coke is viald in, whats up?  
Y'all beefin over little shit, we sniff, the balance split up  
In a plane or a penthouse, office or a warehouse Tony's  
got it nice, we never heard of any big droughts A Kilo is  
a thousand grams A pile of sand is equivilant, to the  
eye It's nice to have a thousand fans Coke buyers,  
some be liars therefore, you check for wires dedicated  
dealers, during holidays we give 'em lighters [Hook:  
Ghostface Killah] Red tops, blue tops, green tops,  
yellow tops Purple tops, beige tops, white tops, grey  
tops Black tops, clear tops, gold tops, pink tops Silver  
tops, tan tops, aqua tops, orange tops Salt tops, long  
tops, short tops, 12 12's 58 58's, weed bags, ziplocks  
Big rocks, coke spots, big glocks, one OT's Crumbs  
chopped, hot pots, one plate, crack Spot [Chorus]  
[Malice] Thirteen getting it, pyrex whipping it Like UPS,  
pack it up, shipping it Whether base or sniffing it, I got  
your fix The story's foretold like apocalypse It was me  
Michael T.T., handing out freebies Taking over blocks,  
telling niggas to be fee Where big brother 'Vine'll leave  
the body in the street Something kinda like how I be  
bodying the beat We was 300 deep like the Persian  
soldiers Word spread fast, we was serving boulders  
Ten crack commandments, holy Moses If you don't fit  
must equip icer toners Never grip they holders, fingers  
to the snitchers The New York niggas be taking all our  
bitches But we be God damned if taking all our  
business Duct tape, hard tops, C.S.I. forensics [Chorus]

