

Ghostface Killah f/ MF Doom

"Chinatown Wars"

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[Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah] War, we run these streets like a renegade Get that gwop, til the rent is paid Hunt my pray, in the calvacade Revenge is got, when the boss is slayed [Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, what up homey, it's Toney, revenge is so sweet And I move with artillery, roaming the streets My guns is ginormous, bullets is heatseeking Big brother got the eye on me, I watch how I'm speaking And I move like a porn star in charm school I stick everything I see, but I only take jewels And Cash Rules, pills and that cocaine powder I ain't a man, I'm a Killah, obsessed with power And revenge, I don't need friends and shiesty activities Move alone through the City that they call Liberty And trust nobody but my bullets and my shotty Carjack a fool twist his limbs like pilates Ox' him, buck 50 stitch him, Chinatown Wars I chop 'em up like rice in the kitchen It's a, bad decision, starting beef with the butcher He ain't a bleeder, I pop him son, your man is a gusher [Chorus 2X] [MF Doom] Clap on, clap off Fake ass street thugs, either need to ax off or cough Feel 'em, Metal Finger steel drum Clean inside walk with him, talk shit to real scum Of the earth, take it with a shovel, fool Main character, super villain, lovable And don a mask like a clown, of thorns Blow your horn and get pounded out by the boring (I take your order) let me get one wing Any king that bring this sting for Chung King No change, no stranger to gats Took notice, what so strange is no cats Dogs is wars, dud luck, draw straws Fuck the boss, drowned on blood and duck sauce Stuck the enemy, a wack deal caper For racks of fake Fendi and stacks of real paper [Chorus 2X] [Ghostface Killah] Yo, it's a manhunt, my mentality's militia If my four-fifth had lips, I'd make it French kiss ya Cuz no mission's impossible, I carry my Wu-Tang sword On my back, and attack all obstacles Burnt down buildings, avenging my father's death A store for ransom, and snatch your crystal meth I pillage, my warpath is unpredictable Leave 'em dead on arrival, broke up or critical [MF Doom] War nine, frying swine to pork grinds For trying to walk the fine line, thoughts flying Had more fun with a crooked

rookie Went for his gun, cracked his skull like a fortune
cookie A mind reader, find out, speak, freaks bow With
the nine heater, beat feet and smile now Ten paces,
about face, chase me We make it sound crazy than a
case of M-80's

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