

Meth Ghost Rae

"It's That Wu Shit"

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[Ghostface Killah] Yo, most of the time, yo, I'm flicked up Stepping out the crib like I'm sixed up, don't get it mixed up Even if I'm shaking your hand, I'm still gripped up With two spots left, yeah, we still bricked up Trees pine, gleem no seed, young boys feeling they self, they must be on E's Me? I stay outted out, boating on oceans He banging my old chick, and he mad open Think I smell the goons, they been business since the Tunnel days Shanks out, they ready to move Somebody yelled out 'ballin' In two seconds, lord, they was up on 'em That voice, should of slowed down, baby Now what we gon' tell his lady Jaw on the floor, looking all crazy Alot of vicks been going down in here, lately [Interlude: Ghostface Killah] In 2012, the DJ is still recognized as the crowd controller The record breaking, keep the bottles popping and all the ass shaking [Chorus: Ghostface Killah] It's that Wu shit, it's that movement It's the Wu shit, in the house [Ghostface Killah] Yo, should I talk about all the jewels I wore on my neck While you had to tuck your little shit in out of respect I'm a done, rebel out of Staten Island projects I dare ya'll to come in my projects Leave with no head, no neck You thought I was Flex, the way I bombed the set In the hallway, banger house, smelling like cake Tongueing bitches down, most of them got scraped Watch how I move the crowd, I'mma make 'em, make 'em clap to this No shit, no doubt Two shots of Hennessey, ladies want Goose Earlier them fronting niggas, now they want a truce Mami got a bubble in her Jimmy Choo shoe When I go and kick it, she's a goodie two-shoe? Yeah, right, daddy got bread Like J. Holiday, I wanna put you to bed Tell me your girlfriends, kicks, don't let it go to your head Walking around in your cheap ass threads Get away from me, stinky [Chorus] [Method Man] Yeah, yo, I spit lines from the rubble room Bottom line, I kick mines, like a mother's womb I'm, still in my prime, fuck them other dudes No biting's the rule, but we can eat each other's food Flash a camera at the all time great Single handing increase New York's crime rate That's why I love it in the Empire State The city where your fat ass can still find weight

But ya'll ain't getting it, the game is different And in the
recession, alot of veterans is quitting it Every day I'm
living it, your boy got blunts Fighting after school, alot
of ya'll got jumped Staten Island, bro, ratchet under my
coat, potato salads so And we silencing that, just every
day challenge us Check a nigga out of respect, I'm
spectacular, this the Massacre

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