

Meth Ghost Rae

"Miranda"

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[Intro: Raekwon] Miranda *speaking Spanish* Yo, man, just let her live, man, stop playing, man Oh, shit, B, where's Miranda? (She with Chef) [Raekwon] I dreamed it, Chef out in Cuba, a ruger Thirty thou' on him, out in Mr. Chow, blew a cloud on him Seen a Latin chick, laughing, clapping Like your style, homey, tell your proud, hit the Crystal Now we chatting, coebers and klickos, who do this a size six She split up, had a brick, I peeped those Her jeans was fitted, hair twisted, long as a fuck She looked Indian, titties was plump Had juicy lips, dimples, imprint on her pussy was mad thick She grabbed my dick, hopped in the window We in the Monte Carlo, bravo, uncle named Pablo Gun connect, and he had his poke in Los Cabos Good money, honey was strung, playing Luther in the background Spanish version, my bunny was horny as fuck Working the kid, we burst later, lay in the bed Duvet sheets, my face hit the spread Then time me, I'm not the kind of nigga, I was cool down at night Drop my gun, shorty, my nigga Body was sexy, "Lexy, come here, nigga, take off your drawers Let me suck your dick, nigga, it's yours Got real watery, Corey, damn you got good dick You forty" spit on it, position your jaw Call me 8-Ball, this pussy like China, climb the Great Wall Then she came like volcanos in the late fall [Ghostface Killah] Lady Miranda, she half black and white like a panda I met her at the BET Awards, in Atlanta Glamour girl, shopping in Bloomingdale's, skin pure Keep a fresh manicure, hands with the cutest nails Wall Street banker, hold accounts with Jewish now Big businessmen, who own stocks in computer sales Meanwhile, I'm checking her jeans out, imagining Her fat bubble, riding my dick, making her scream out She got a mean mouth, her lips is like soup coolers Hotter than niggas riding around with six rugers Miss Beaulah took a day off with a rich jeweler When she came back she had a suitcase full of Fig Newtons I met her at a villa in Vancouver, blowing her man's buddah Bumping Mary J. and that Grand Puba Check the 411, from a smooth operator Got some pictures of her naked, I'll send them to Un later [Method Man] Ay Dio mio,

mamacita ass bonita Remind me of the nights of Del
Rio I met at the Cotto fights, playing my seat though
That night, the linen was white, me and my hijos Live
from Puerto Rico, San Juan, where niggas sniff pedrico
Look at your man wrong, finito Girl you know how we
go, you getting my grown man on Fuck with you primo,
maybe I'm hands on, I'll massage your ego And be the
love of your life, you know your people, a thug and his
wife Gave a look, she was touching my ice, so I looked
at my dick Like don't worry, we fucking tonight She
boricua, cinnamon skin, sign is Libra She like wife
beaters and men that like to eat her Then I meet your
feet up, meet me in room 112, light this reefer You act
right, and after tonight, I might keep ya

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