

## **Meth Ghost Rae f/ Inspectah Deck, Sun God**

### **"Gunshowers"**

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[Method Man]

Another day, another dollar  
I got mines, ain't got nothing to father  
Fuck a role model, never had one to follow  
Lot of cotton mouth rappers, I'm a hard one to swallow  
Here's another hard one to goggle, fuck your life,  
that's the motto  
I'm nice with mics, Cus D'Amato  
Drug related, blunt guts all up in your condo  
Hate a noisy woman, why you all up in my convo

[Chorus: Method Man]

Let me hold something, look at you killas, like you owe  
something  
Stole something, give me my paper, 'fore I blow  
something  
Right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-blaow  
I want it right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-  
blaow  
Shady niggas hiding the loot, you see my baby needs  
shoes  
And the record label trynna recoupe  
I want it right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-  
blaow  
And I mean right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-  
blaow

[Ghostface Killah]

Gun battles, so many chains on the neck  
Hands and feet, niggas say I'm Shaq  
Sky blue, terry cloth, low pullover  
Hit ten like a 2010 new Hova  
Movies on, never ran it, call me a don  
Been shitting everywhere, cuz niggas can't stand it  
Terminate faggots who violate us a square  
Goon therapy, S.I., we don't fight fair  
Beef? We can get it on, right here  
And that includes ya'll low niggas wearing tight gear

[Sun God]

Sun God, and that's your target, aim right there

My money long and green like Buzz Lightyear  
I'm all right here, the way I move the blow  
Fuck a show, you would think it was an all white affair  
Been fuego, more fire here, then you seen me  
Getting money off the water like a pall bearer there  
No Newports, Marlboro's here, go smoke that  
The smoke in your face, bitch, I ain't never cared  
Get shot down when the Ghost smell fear, let me hold  
something  
Look in your face like you owe something

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]  
I'm playing for the 'bucks' like Hakeem Warrick  
Nickel bag in the park, my team on it  
They want it like that and the street, is dry as a well  
Hell, that's why I sell crack on the beat  
I ain't trynna just happen to eat, I'mma make a nigga  
dance  
Even if I got to clap in the street  
This is something like lock up, murder behind bars  
A warrior, my story defined by my scars  
Seven thirty verbal, my word work circle  
You a jerk, fool, I burn you like your birdds do

[Chorus]

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