

Meth Ghost Rae f/ Solomon Childs, Streetlife

"Smooth Sailing"

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[Ghostface Killah] Yo, behind those mahogany walls
Indoor pools with steel doors, flipping eggs over in my
silk drawers While I'm charging my cell, sparking the L
Baby mother reading my mail, just that they switched
seats To another jail, and his banger is old fire He's
locked up with them dudes from the fucking Wire
That's when I passed her the bone, started to cough
And flossed all through the house, robe on, ruger out
Homebuyers see the sign, yeah ya'll, I'm moving out In
front of the crib, niggas flipped, I had to shoot it out
Thirty G, living room sets, porcelain plates With big
giant wall units, even the front grass Saw your boy
doing it, Tone Stark he'll never fall I even put work in,
under the floor In the box with the ox, and my skeleton
jaw Tell 'em soldiers I'm in the bush if the President call
[Chorus: Solomon Childs] Get 'em, the'll be nothing but
smooth sailing When the heat shot, now your crew's
bailing I refuse to bow down, refuse to lay down Go five
and turn, to let the biz, all I found [Method Man] Man I
thought we told ya'll niggas before, Wu-Tang is for the
children P.O.'s violate your dirty urine These dealers in
the lobby of my building, ice grilling I don't catch cold
to catch feelings I put in that work, then catch millions If
that don't work, back to stealing Snatch me a purse,
and stack real in Meth, I'm that dealing, millionaire,
slash chameleon I mastered the juks, one of my niggas
"Masta, killing" Spray shots, clap civilians at the
dealing table Off of the love of crack dealing Once
again the fatal, flying guillotine, the millions Paper rob
me able, my woman is all pre-matut I got mouths to
feed, nigga, and I'm the hand that rocks the cradle Just
like Hova, but I ain't trying to 'roc' the label I'm a
soldier, I stay on job, me, eye a coka Honey's wanna
fuck and the industry fucks 'em over [Chorus]
[Streetlife] I got my Ghostface on, cuz I'm a Killah I live
the Streetlife, why, I'm that nigga Label me a beast, call
me U-Godzilla When I rumble in the jungle, I go gorilla
Step on the set, Inspectah Deck you Dead in your face,
straight RZArect you You highly mistaken, I'm hotter
than Satan Catch me in the kitchen with blood on Chef
apron I'm known to, Cap a Don, big gun in my palm I'm

like my arm is gone, plus I Masta the Kill Give you
something, you can really feel Got many Methods to kill
a Man, if it's real, you real The world's worse like Dirt
McGirt Fuck a bitch raw dog, then dig in her purse Yeah
that boy's a Genius, I stay fresh like I'm straight out the
cleaners I walk hard like a criminal, holding my penis
[Chorus]

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