Buck 50 (feat. Cappadonna, Method Man & Redman)

Ghostface Killah

(Method)

Who I'm is? We ain't got shit, somethin got to give
Y'all done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the crib
Die and live for my nigs and my bad-ass kids, freeze
sniff Lookin at your ice like GEEZ!
I'm plottin on the mousetrap, about to snatch the cheese
I heard y'all kids is bout that, psychotherapy

You buggin where the couch at? Wu, til they bury me Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree

Now it's cherry pie - if it's not broke, let it be Ain't nuttin nice in - New York

Stick you for your cake and your icing

That tough talk? Don't mean nuttin when you're up North So keep them hands where I can see em like you want freedom

You know that saying - if you can't join 'em, beat 'em and push your way in

We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion Pick the pace up, pants saggin pull your waist up Niggaz rentin slums usually Jacob, FOOL!

You're like, "Dude! I don't like your fuckin attitude Frontin on my Clan from the Stat' when we ain't mad at you"

(Ghostface)

Yo, yo

Starks flippin cheesyface measly paced of ays Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste The joopy look, my main bitches call me lazy

Educated birds say, "Ghost you so crazy!". "There's no love to be found" (Cappadonna)

Cappa' slide through with the Ghost

Post up like paint on walls Drip jewels, big heat ruffle inside the bubblegoose

It's the Odd Couple

Hollow points follow you home, Staten Island playin with the big toys that make noise
Echo in the hall, a scared voice
Niggaz start to act choice, but Duncan Hines didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines
Made the club moist, shattered the windows

Dustheads runnin (yo)

The rap kingpin bust the Black Jesus is comin

(Redman)

Yo The words you talk, that'll be the words you walk Body you in the bed where the nurses are Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart til it plagues from Bricks to the Persian Gulf Light circuits off, thirty-third of my brain is off That explains why my language off My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl Y'all more like in trainin bras Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared for the project flow, with extra stairs I pass out a vest to wear (bullets, FLYIN) Yo, the hard wire, startin barn fires Pullin mad, so you know it's me and your weed got more seeds than ODB Can't smoke witcha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya Def and Wu will open ya(Method) . eat a dick like (HUH) Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like (HUH) Gettin rich like .. "There's no love to be found" (Ghostface) Word. it's me y'all. We in two-six's flirtin with bitches Check out the grays on the side of my waves

Dime plus takin pictures, how you doin baby? My name Ghost Don't get caught up in my chains, or the way that I speak Seek intelligence, slickest nigga goin since "Grease" I grew those on Riker's Island Stretched out, balled up in the caves Pull a boot out on Jimmy Jam, text takes jam Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come Biggie's Versace's, snow white rabbit Hands is like photographic magic, funeral love Movin when we hug, don't make it a habit Hit the gym for two weeks, come back all chiseled Elbows unique now, meet the new me Ghettofabulous, Ton' Atlas Zulu Nation in the 80's in front of Macy's I start my own chapters Tyco nightglow velvet pose, special effects High-tech armors merc you at the shows Supercalifragalisticexpialidocious Dociousaliexpifragalisticcalisuper Cancun, catch me in the room, eatin grouper.(Method) Shoe fly shoo, Wally Don Clark crew Fuck y'all wanna do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two And flip like (HUH) Killin for the whole click is sick like (HUH)

You and your stank bitch eat a dick like (HUH) Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like (HUH) Gettin rich like (HUH) Yeah.. "There's no love to be found"

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