

Ghostface Killah, Apollo Kids

(feat. Raekwon the Chef)

[Ghostface]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, motherfucker, uh-huh
Yeah, I see that, I see that
All y'all fake motherfuckers up in the joint, huh?
Stealin my light, huh? Watch me, duke, watch me

Yo, check these up top murderous
Snowy in the bezzle as the cloud merges
F.B.I. try and want word with this
Kid who punked out bust a shot uip in the becon
Catch me in the corner not speakin
Crushed out heavenly, U.G. rock the sweet daddy long fox minks
Chicken and brocolli, Wally's look stinky
With his man straight from Raleigh Durham, he recognized Kojak
I slapped him five, Masta Killa cracked his tiny form
E'rybody break bread, huddle around
Guzzle that, I'm about to throw a hand in your bag
Since the face been revealed, game got real
Radio been gassin niggaz, my imposters scream they ill
I'm the inventor, '86 rhymin at the center
Debut '93 LP told you to Enter
Punk faggot niggaz stealin my light
Crawl up in the bed with grandma,
beneath the La-Z-Boy where ya hid ya knife
Ghost is back, stretch Cadillacs, fruit cocktails
Hit the shells at Paul's Pastry Rack
Walk with me like Darchy tried to judge these
plush degrees, said the cow, wrap the fees
Gettin waxed all through the drive-thru
Take the stand, throw my hand all on the Bible
and tell lies too, I'm the ultimate
splash the Wolverine Razor Sharp ring, dolomite
student in role holdin it

[Chorus: Ghostface]

Aiyyo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV
Crash at high-speeds, strawberry, kiwi
As we approach, yo herb, the Gods bail
These Staten Island ferryboat cats bail
Fresh cellies, 50 thief up in the city
We banned for life, Apollo kids live to spit the real

[Ghostface]

A pair of bright phat yellow Air Max
Hit the racks, stack 'em up Son, \$20 off no tax
Street merchant tucked in the cloud, stay splurgin
Rock a eagle head, 6-inch height was the bird
Monday night Dallas verse Jets, dudes slid in with one hand
Two culture-ciphers, one bag of wet
Heavy rain fucked my kicks up
Wasn't lookin, splashed in the puddle
Bitch laughin, first thought was beat the bitch up
Mossied off gracefully, New York's most wanted tee-ball hawk
Seen the yellow brick road, lust of pastries
Same Ghostface, holy in the mind
Last scene: Manhattan Chase
We drew the six-eight digit in the briefcase
Rawness, title is Hell-bound
Quick to reload around faces, surround look astound

[Raekwon]

We split a fair one, poker nose money

Gin rummy with glare, spot the lame, bit his ear
Yo, you taste a tea-spoon, 300 goons, stash baloons
Locked in lab rooms, hit with glock, stashed in Grant's Tomb
Clocked him like a patient, his stock's full, hustle invasion
Knowin now, we cocked a block off, the chain tri-color
Freezin in valor, ice-sicle galore
Gas station light gleamin on the wall
Cop WiseGuy jams, James Bond vans
Niggaz flipped Timbs, rock boats under water, watch clams
pose at the stand-off, mad timid
hopin that the gun fall, guess him like lottery balls, yo

[Chorus]