## Ghostface Killah, Motherless Child

(feat. Raekwon the Chef)

(Sometimes I feel... like a motherless child) (Yo yo guzzlin forties, let's get it on fella, no doubt) The wiley Wu-Tang comes back, Iron Man strikes back (Lou Diamonds, Tony Starks) Raid your whole empire No doubt!

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef, AKA Lou Diamonds]

Rich man, poor man, read the headlines Nigga getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes Jobs and drug wars Living by gun law Jailcats come home and want to take yours As the young one, growing up broke me and my people as the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat Think it, plus drinkin that 90-proof Playin' on the roof sayin' we need a next man to shoot...

(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child...)

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer, AKA Tony Starks]

Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks Showin off his 850 plus, what a nice whip Young blood guzzlin' fourties hussled in a rain Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins He never had it all, the kid loved basketball Had a favorite song, " I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders from Staten, where crazy clips be clappin Slept in his principal spreads, threads, made of satin Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and Latief But he fucked up, he should a kept it real and went for kill cuz if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will But, shit will never calm down, one day downtown He dropped an ounce off Money had slept like a nightgown He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in there Two kids was beamin him, them niggaz from the movie theatre One had all Guess on, lookin like he had a vest on

The other felly pell tucked with a firearm Movin slow, baseball hats, crazy down low Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go

Oh shit! Bookhead, just bought a 5, G headed King Tudpea

About the size of Little Maurice

We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten

I'm runnin in my first instance, is to return em the time is now Warfare and pull delf

Remember me, the nigga from the UA and you pulled out Don't move don't even flinch

Fix em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the tux He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin him Had to hit him ten more times make sure I got him Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash Then he shot my man in the ass and broke mega glass

Damn, had to go out with a blast I shot my way up out of the Albee fast (Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child) Oh shit, what the fuck? This shit is horrible.