## Ghostface Killah, The Hilton

(Raekwon)

This Nigga just bought eleven machine guns And he brought them in my crib

(Ghostface Killah)

Glittered out, stout face, teck, Rae up in the Hilton

Heard Nia Long is in the building

Penthouse fashion, ordered out room service

It looked bugged cause the waiter looked nervous

Lift off the lid, seen two shiny thirty-eights aimed at the kid

What I do, duck!

Rae up in the shower singing

Son don't know that it's real

Coming looking like he about peel something

In a tight jam, red down, matching like santa

If I could just reach my hammer

He bust two shots, I played mice

Ran to the spot were the sun was at, quickly he was blinded by the ice

That's when Rae ran out of the back

Towel on, soap on his arms, spit duke around, fell on my lap

(Raekwon)

Yo, what the fuck happened?

(Ghostface Killah)

It was a set up to get wet up

(Raekwon)

Starks your bleeding

(Ghostface Killah)

Nah, his blood fucked my white leather up

Ten G's down the drain

Yo hurry up, we got to get him up

Get the sheets son, let's fix him up

Lock the door, turn the TV off, your kicks is near the light switch

(Raekwon)

Just give me two minutes to iron my shirt, find my ices

(Ghostface Killah)

The hit came quick

Hit the jack, star six

Ghost

(Raekwon and Ghostface Killah)

Put down the phone stupid

Wipe off your prints

(Ghostface Killah)

Rae ran hysterically

Slipped on soap

Landed on his back, with his gat, now that's dope

We got three minutes, nobody seen shit

Somebody might have heard shit

Singing on some Martin, were my momma bird shit

Fuck your socks, that's when we heard the door knock

Everything all right? Partying son, balloons popped

Threw this dude under the bed

A half dressed Raekwon, swallowing diamonds

Had money in juice up on his wedding day

The phone rang off, the tea kettle blew, wifey hitting me,

What you want sweaty, lima beans and kidney

Trashed the beeper, slowly I reached for the reefer

Throw a Costa, peep oh son the house keeper Soap suds dripping from his nuts, cut up gut Praying how me make it out the telly and touch

(Chorus - Ghostface Killah)

Fuck it, a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda

We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer

Caught up in the grimy shit

Finding two days later a murder and we got to make this flight shit

It was a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda

We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer

A Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda

We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer

## (Raekwon)

Ayo, the pressures on, sonny got murk

Its time to move fast

Ayo, Deini it's on, check out the news flash

Flew out the next day, back to the Tony estates

Blew on the first class flight to L.A.

It ain't take long, I pulled a few strings on the horn

So were it came from?

That nigga we stuck and took the caine from

We should have killed him when we had him

Yo I was holding a Magnum

Yeah we bagged him, but we let him slide in the wagon

His bad little brown ho, from out Chicago

She move his cargo, good at handling Roscoes

We had our eyes closed God, we should have seen it coming

He should have seen me coming, running out the shower gunning

Now that I figured it, she put the waiter on

It all came to me, in back of my mind, just like my favorite song

Dawned on me later on

By then the day was gone

How dare this nigga even think that he could take us on

Smoke the Cee Allah

Sent the kite through the Pens

Him and big Dan

Known to split wigs, with razor sharp gems

Giants from Attica riots

Halls is quiet

CO's with babies on their arms look tight

And this nigga from down state got shipped up north

Stocky young fella, running his lips on how he set it off

Then heard that shit, plus got that kite

Money got murdered in his bunk that night

(Chorus)