

# Ghostface Killah, Be Easy

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah... what's happppening New York City?

It's ya boy Ghost in the muthafuckin' house tonight

(&quot;Don't fuck with Ghost, you'll feel sorry&quot;)

Nahwhatimean? We about to get it popping, let's go!

Yo! Yo!

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around

With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay

Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's

In the house, put the record on replay

[Ghostface Killah]

Get your nose blownd off by the fifth, uh

You wanna be there, layin' all stiff, uh

Everytime you go uptown, you get jipped, uh

That's karma, boy, running your lip, uh

You be fronting like you got a bunch of chicks, uh

You be at home, nigga, beating your dick, uh

I'm in the club with the chipped up wrist, uh

You at the bar, whoadie, drinkin' my piss, uh

The yellow shit, and the bottle ain't Crys', son

You turned your muthafuckin' head, nigga, we switched 'em

You just mad cause I'm hittin' your sister

You in the other room, huh, you couldn't sleep, uh

Pop a lotta shit without that liquor, yup

We mind seat up, so take our picture

I'm like the boogeyman, nigga, I'll get ya

Whether now or later, afterlife, or switcher

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, oh shit, aiyo Tone hurry up and get 'em, nigga

You knowwhatimean, it's about to pop off!

Ya'll niggaz clear the fucking floor

Get the fuck out the way, come on!

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God (Ghostface Killah) {both}]

Yo, it's Tone in the building (the teams in the building)

Niggaz wanna beef {what up, what up, what up}

We packed to the ceiling (we constantly chilling)

We can cause {we could, we shoot, we slice, we cut}

[Ghostface Killah]

Shimmy shimmy ya, shimmy yam, shimmy yea, now

Yes, my birthday, landed in nay, now

Peace to Dirt Dog, I'm back like deja vu

Leave your girl around me, I will bag your boo

Ahh, you bitch niggaz better listen up

Anybody front, paramedics gonna pick 'em up

They try to save you, sware to God, I hit the nurse up

Like &quot;Nah, doc, he look better in a herse truck&quot;

I tried to ignore it, his people saw it

I ain't the type of dude you go to war with

My polo gun yo, will crack the floor shit

When the heat's on, you know I draw it

I had his number down, Toney just called it

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, aiyo, Pete Rock, good looking nigga!

Staten Island, yo Theodore! What's the deal

Slap me one of the ratchets, I'm about to go in! Yo!

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

Gotta get that cheese, gotta pimp that V

Gotta burn those leaves, and uh

Pretty Tone make the girls say please

Daddy work that d, put it in and be eas' and uh

So what, come on, now some of y'all people

Might know me from my wallabies  
Pretty bitches got my number, y'all can dial me  
I stick it up like an iced cake robbery  
And when I'm done, y'all can finger nail file me  
Floss the ill robes since Criminology  
Supreme Clientele, put the world on top of me  
Yo babe, hurry up, with those collard greens  
I represent S.I., ain't as wild as me  
They lousy, I'm phat like a pound of cheeba weed brownies  
Tone got the powder squeeze, don't surround me  
Quick to pick a honey up, shit, the flow's Bounty  
Ya'll can just crown me!  
[Outro: Ghostface Killah]  
Yeah, that's right  
I like to thank y'all for coming out tonight  
How y'all like that shit? Youknowwhatimean?  
You really run New York  
This is that Theodore shit, muthafucker!