

# Ghostface Killah, Be This Way

[Intro: Ghostface Killah w/ Billy Stewart samples]

Aiyo... aiyo, what up, yo

What up, ya'll, this that Pretty Toney shit

Aiyo, I know there's a lot of hoods and shit out there

A lot of niggas done got bodied

A lot of niggas done got robbed and shit

You know what I mean? We love a lot of things in the hood

But time goes on... and if we don't change a lot of shit

Shit always gonna be this way, and that's a muthafucka fact!

True gangsta shit, ya'll, yo, yo, yo

When ya'll turn my mic up in here, bareback shit

Knowwhatimean? Tired of ya'll muthafuckas and shit

One-two, fuck around and clob on one of ya'll muthafuckas

Yo Spidey, put that reverb shit, on

Come on... "Can you feel it? Can you feel it?" Yeah

"Can you feel it..." Let's go, fuck it...

[Ghostface Killah]

Live from Staten Island, where the gangstas kill

Only place on the map, that got the 30 dollar bill

And we front like we got millions

Our specialty is how we willie, niggas

That's how Buck brought the building

And the police is pussy, they protect and serve

They connect, with baseheads then they frisk our birds

Smack DVDs, blowin' herb, I'm in the room

Bonin' these two white bitches, Ice baggin' up work

That's how we get down, fuck Vegas

The black Carlo Gambino, rockin' the walla's

Blow his diamonds in Z-No's, spicey, verses is jalapeno

Best to leave, when I'm in the big Escalade, I'm sittin' on Dino

Tone Stark, a poet's art, kiss the girls

And bake them pies, clean up, some are old darts

This that real live don' shit, you heard!

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, they lick forty rounds, today

Okay, plus the shit is mad hot around the way

Niggas don't give a fuck on any time or day

Or if he dyin' today, or could he find a way

Blow niggas over 'turt, bitches, dimes and trays

Blow a nigga a jewel and watch him slide away

It's like that, in the hood, he in the grimy say

But what we try'nna say is gonna "be this way"

It don't have to... it don't have to... "My God!"

[Ghostface Killah]

With big carrots and static, with that leaves the bad habits

Drugs layin' in buildings with great big automatics

Anonimos' in the hood, it's a fact, we could do magic

Splatter faggots in lobbies, the heat burn off his eyelashes

Don't try to pass this, back up or you'll receive something

Real tragic, them hollows'll race through your jacket

Semi gangstas with weak tactics

Forensic scientists called in to display graphics

For square inch to his back winds

They brain is spleen, it's left all over a fiend's mattress

Bastard, we cock and squeeze after we leave our ratchets

We keep the hood cryin' for massive havoc

No Trix we take from silly rabbits, yo feed them lead carrots

The little mans'll connect and they touch that fabric

The only thing that can stop 'em is that tephlon phat shit

Maybe artillery's heavy like a bunch of fat chicks

Brrrr.... baow! Ain't no comin' back bitch!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Billy Stewart samples]  
"Ways... be this way!" [3X]