

Ghostface Killah, Belt Holders

(feat. Raekwon)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, uh-huh, yo, yo

[Ghostface Killah]

Portable DATs, Sony headphones
El Dorado's, thousand dollar bottles, get blown
Diplomat Willie's, Millie Jackson chicks, dusted out Blondie
Slide me, we wrote the bowl, we take the magnets
Man handling mics, wool scarves, Evil Knievel bikes, I like eggs in my rice
Circus money, read the Staten Island funnies
Eighty seven, Shallah rock, lotto's and the gummy
Tri-boro, fly negro, rap for Glaciers
Do it for cee-lo games, cases, battle for bitches
Million dollar cribs, grandfather gamble those wit ribs, yes he did
Life is wonderful, fly living rooms, brass brooms
Catch me in the city of Watts, dusted out with Doc Doom
Slide you, thirty six to the hip, you need Neo
Sock it to me G.O., the block we spot V.O.
Live at the handball session, white Wimbledon's
Send them, my throat is the top session for men
Rap graduate, seen through the needles that was used by dopes
Fuck around and get rocked for three notes
And fuck your bitch ass alligators
When I see you on stage, throw out the gauge, my man's dough made us

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, elephant guns, mad ounces, colorful whips
Slapped up bouncers, pouches
Ball like a unit, fly fragrance, faceless
Rarely out of spaceships, many fakes got lynched
We all pornographic, taylor made mortals
Leanin' on suede walls, leather's on, ballers
Maybe Benz lenses, sprayin' out of sixes, Christmas money
Vicious consolidated drama rip bitches
The rich version of black, skyscraper paper
Wu belt makers, show & prove that all my shit match
Tri-colored diamonds, foreign color five
All kinds of iron, Swiss cheese, yea, big boy, we giants