

# Ghostface Killah, Blue Armor

(feat. Sheek Louch)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-huh

[Ghostface Killah]

Greasy, razor blades, shots spray, military  
Armor, keep blaze packed, all day, dog's day  
Groundhog Day, ya'll bitch niggas got sweet hands, word  
I know why, why? Ya'll all gay, pop off head  
Get your top rocked, way across state  
The pamphlet read, from seven to nine, don't hold that weight  
Ya'll just bait, I'm a fisherman, I own this lake  
When I catch fish, I fry 'em, to they back I flake  
I smash ya'll muthafuckas like a seedless grape  
And hang niggas like some ceiling fans in K-Mart plates  
Feel me? Shake double earthquakes, give thanks, give shanks  
Word to my momma, I cut the grass on you fucking snakes  
Expose, don't tell, use a mo', round the way  
Go-Go down, gone with the wind, he's a he-she  
Bitch ass nigga for sale, like Magilla  
Standing in the window, with a sign, "Yes, I fuck men, though"

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah (Sheek Louch)]

Aiyo, Sheek (What up, dog?)  
Stab one of them niggas, nigga, word up!

[Sheek Louch]

Aiyo, my niggas is wetted, they drunk and they trying to eat  
The hammers on 'em, and they ain't out looking for meat  
I'm jumping out cars, I'm giving you permanent stars  
Your hardest nigga, you can't compare him to ours  
I'm sitting on crates, I'm missing probation dates  
I'm stuck with this weight, my wifey period late  
I'm hot as fuck, my truck keep getting tailed  
It's like every week, one of mines getting jailed  
Forgetting bail, piss test failed  
Got parole on us, then wanna roll on us  
I'm at my momma crib sleep, who told on us?  
I'm sick to death, I'm on fire in the streets  
Like in Back to the Future, when the car left  
Ghost'll clap for me, fuck, rap for me  
Yo, tell them niggas on the Island, get strapped for me  
Het wet ya, and throw the stocking  
On his face, like when he first met cha

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, me and Sheek drug heads like a bottle of Goose  
I had my road dogs follow your troops  
Gorilla game, African tribe, Somalian crew  
With a flow so sick, my high temperature'll body the flu  
Crack heads get knocked out, right in front of the school  
Slap 'em Sheek, wake his ass up, he can't even move  
Cereal box is crack and ratchets, in the cocaine spot  
My fiends'll box filled with coke head classics  
Dope money, flood me rags of kush, heavy drags  
Bodegas, I'm mad, my older sister Patty's a butch  
Guns come out like my mother's teeth, watch how I'm throwing heat  
The leg gravy be steaming over smothered beef  
From eight-ball jackets to cops and robbers  
My last drug run, I threw in two bricks to garbage  
I wash my money in Woodlife, dunyy, sippin' on Folgers  
Black jewels trucking, still come through bummy