

Ghostface Killah, Heard It All Before

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yes, yes, we like to thank you

You are the 77th caller

You know you just won a pair of Theodore drawers and all that

How do you feel about that? (Oh my God, that is good daddy I love ya'll)

Yeah, that's right baby, no doubt... right now, his name is Ghostface

Check this joint out right here, it's new, word up

[Ghostface Killah]

I'm the Mighty Joe Young of rap

Live off of mighty gold, tongue and yack

Ya'll be amazed how I brought it back

Two porsche's, big ass ranch with twelve horses

Scarface breeze when I speak, the all bosses

Plus the jewelry so truck, the cuffs get you nauseous

Two years, been through like six divorces

Now the talking put my business in the street, but

I'm like cement, I rock when I step

Kill music with no hands and leave with no weed stuff

Like my bitches better when they wore Reebok's

See hot, let's have a toast, I verbally bomb deacons

Have the whole church praying for Ghost

When we speak we give sermons, and switch our names over permits

The big shit, you might get burned with

God-body fly automobiles with grills

Two thousand, fifteen, nigga, we can take off the wheel

A Georget Jetson, so ya'll sit still

Chill, peace to Queens, so the God Allah reel's reel

It's the takeover, breaks over, make something

For funny ass package, who want, and a cake over

Monster bangels, bojangles got the forty cocked from all angles

Fuck a rope nigga, my gold chain'll hang you

Danish darts, language arts, slanger banger you

Punk motherfucka...

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

All you talk is poor...

All of your fushu, I got gats, Ghostface that

But your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now

I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

[Ghostface Killah]

Welcome to Saturday Night Live, write rhymes

Glide on beats, and we high from the police

The dogs bark funny, in fact, when I'm clean

They can smell mark money, truck and mad bummy

Off the peter, grab shoots, Cerebel Paisley

Gats, pull out the mack on cancer, the oo-wop

I bag down AIDS, word to the U.S.

There's no need to panic, yo, we been through a phase

Like, namebelts, got the fronts in Alfa Romeo's

Tent the patrol niggas, that we had on a payrole

I play on niggas like stop and go

And tell the other liquors that Don pop more

And Venus told Mercury she a hot ho

Me, I'm just thinkin' bout what's next for Ghost

The Enterprise worth billions, delay America

To Africa, home away, the six text-tillion

Turn, Siskel and Ebert givin' two thumbs

New York Times call it my best work, bump to it

You can Rolling Stone every bone, and kill 'em at the Grammy's

Have 'em sit down, polly with the top five families

Blocka-blocka, boom, now they all dead

Now I'm the only one gettin' that bread, that's right

And the only one rockin' those threads
See these cowards let the fuckin' lead go to they head

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

I needed to scream on all ya'll bitches, birds
But the more you bite my style, the more I learn
Your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now
I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

God, yeah, party people
You are now listenin' to the sounds of Ghost Radio
777 F.M. and all that, no doubt
It's real right about now, yeah
The dance floor is packed and all that
Everything lookin' glory, I see asses
I see glasses in the air, yo, put your hands in the air
Come one, let me hear you see Theodore, "Theodore"
Theodore, "Theodore", yeah, yeah
That was chunky and all that
No doubt, but yo, where Staten Island at?
Where ya'll at? Make some noise, yo, yo, come on
Yeah, check-check-check-check me out
Check-check-checkin' me out, come on
Take-take-take-takin' me out, whose take-take-takin' me out
Come on baby, take me out, uh-huh, yeah, no doubt, no doubt