

# Ghostface Killah, Metal Lungies

(feat. Sheek Louch, Styles P)

[Intro: sample]

World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere  
World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere

[Ghostface Killah]

What these clown niggaz hollerin'?  
What they need to be hollerin', is "There go Theodore!"  
Put the ball down, we can't score  
They pen shit to blackboards, make queens out of wack broads  
You see us comin'? Fuck that Fam shit, just pass off, you bitch  
Crystal' Dana Dane's wrapped around your neck  
Lookin' rich, baow, you fucked up now  
See my gun, nigga? This baby got stuffed uptown  
Shouted out, made a whole safe with the pump root pounds  
My buddy, keep my gun, right next to my tummy  
Ask the click, yo, they spit metal lungies  
Detach wigs, kill flunkies off contact, sonsee  
Didn't mommy tell y'all niggaz to wear clean undies?  
See y'all should of listened to her  
She knew her son had a big mouth, and some day death would occur  
Please for Ms. Gale's sake, and her seeds  
Pass the flurry, ain't fuckin' around, they knocked to her weave

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-oh... (word up) This still... (what you talkin' bout, baby?)  
Real kids spit that shit..

[Sheek Louch]

Let's go, let's go, let's go, yo, yeah  
Me and Starks clear projects parks  
With our '93 shit, army coat green and light tan Clarks  
Niggaz think I'm lucky, bitches wanna fuck me  
And put me in the tub with them like I'm a rubber ducky  
I got a revolver in the pump about the size of Chucky  
I remember faces easy as I tie my laces  
Here, put the metal in your mouth, like you was rockin' braces  
I spit an iron lungie, yeah, I'm old school like the Iron Monkey  
My shit powerful enough to lift a fuckin' donkey  
I got heavy chrome, niggaz don't care if you live to die  
They happier than Marbury home  
Ya'll niggaz better kill me, my street niggaz feel me  
Louch gotta eat, ends gotta meet  
The hard shit you kickin' bout is on beat as Tweet  
This is Theodore, D-Block, the year adore  
It's son who fall, with the four-four, niggaz like..

[Chorus]

[Styles P.]

Yeah... nigga this is Ghost with Ghostface  
I don't sell millions but I get millions from the v's who smoke base  
Somebody leavin' out with a poked face  
Tone, you burnin' to kick his teeth out, and sware don't catch no case  
I'mma make you look like you smoke taste, and we don't leave no trace  
These rap niggaz sware that they so safe  
I don't wanna talk to you holmes, I don't communicate  
My guns they in my hand, one in my palm  
And I could dial your number, like a smile off the face  
With the H.K. 9, I'm the all black hummer  
Metal lungies'll spit the grungiest shit  
Hungriest shit, seventeen dummies a clip  
Tell them rap niggaz to suck my dick, fuck the industry

And shift, shut down the store, bust my shit  
I got some hustlin' ass niggaz that'll pump my bricks  
And some dust head niggaz that'll dump my clips, what?

[Chorus]