

Ghostface Killah, Miguel Sanchez

(feat. Sun God, Trife Da God)

[Trife Da God]

Uh, thirty thousand feet up in the air, up in the lear
Dressed in a black tux, forty cal. tucked, strapped to the chair
Half asleep, hopping out of my seat, caught in the daze
Turned around and seen a white man's face, covered in shades
I must of passed out, can't remember shit before I blacked out
Three more niggas approaching, holding they mack's out
One spoke, gave me the keys, to a boat
Reached in his trenchcoat, and pulled out a yellow envelope
Which contained twenty thousand in cash, a photograph
Of a Colombian nigga with a long mustache
Miguel Sanchez, keep a gun hidden in his pants leg
With armed bodyguards, surveillance around his land spread
He runs a billion dollar organization, under investigation
Plus he's wanted by immigration
Now I'm stuck, crazy look on my face, shocked in amazement
How the fuck I get involved with these federal agents
They knew my background, knew about what happened down in Sac Town
They knew about the wrap down south, they laid they backs down
Said I had two decisions, take out Miguel and his cartel
Or spend the rest of my life in prison
A classified mission on some James Bond shit
007 style, love to get some straight convicts
Now I'm pondering, my thoughts wandering, got my girl on the phone
Told her to kiss little Jay cuz I'll be gone again
Honey, I can't sleep, she sucking her teeth
If everything go good, baby, I'll be home in a week
Pinching myself just to see if I'm dreaming, call up my team and
Meet me by the docks in Miami, I'll fly out this weekend

[Sun God]

I got you nigga, four-four pop two niggas
That drug lord that we want, got a spot for niggas
And if we kill 'em, it's back to the block, my nigga
He carried rugers, thirty four shots I figure
He only holla at the kid, when there's money involved
They pack shotguns, hollow tips, dummies and all
When me and Trife doing right together, got no choice
But give us ten, like we selling white together
Left side, four-five, right, black beretta
Taking trips over seas, flipping packs for better
Every flight a hundred stacks and better, so grind hard
Get ya money up, get on your grillies, don't mind odds
Fuck a cop car, throw on some chumpers, and drop charge
Hit the block hard, it's kinda hard being G-O-D
If he owe Trife, he owe me
Load up the mack grounds, M-I-A, call that the jack town
Tell niggas I'm on my way, coming back down
Miguel, Mr. Sanchez, it's a wrap, now
Theodore extorting your shit, handing out packs, now
I used to listen to 50 and jam "Back Down"
Now I slang fifty kilo's where I'm at now
Fifty a wop, purple top, nigga, I'm back, clown
Crystal bottles, Grey Goose for the chat lounge
Channel seven news, older dude, murder gat found