

# Ghostface Killah, Murda Goons

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, testing one-two, one-two  
Testing, one-two, yeah, one-two

[Ghostface Killah]

I've lived the life of Sonny Carson  
Favorite slacks was the baby blue knitted sharkskins  
Custom made like the ace of spade  
Switching robes when I leave the forum  
In the sleeve is a classic date  
Russian cut, mustard handle, bout the same size  
Of little tight Shawn with his Nikes on, still blamp you  
Vamp you, throwing homo's out they sandals  
Leave your brain all chunky like I'm advertising soup from Campbell's  
Bowl legged old man give me props, all I do is buy 'em a bottle  
Hit 'em off, like "peace, pops!", Fishscale got the streets hot  
All you gotta do is go on the road, with Dipset, Rae & D-Block  
And that's how we take New York back (yeah)  
Flex and the Pitbulls, Heavy Hitters, Kay Slay, Absolut  
Camillo, Lantern, load the wax up, cock and shoot  
Cypha Sounds, DJ Clue, Envy, next, Staten be the scoop

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

We them brick, flippin' niggas with Cash Rule, relax duke  
Doctor bills, funerals, that's what cash do  
Come around here, fronting, we'll splash you  
Staten Island murder goons, cousin, we'll scratch you

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, heard some of ya'll singing like Lou Rawls  
Try to fuck me, you gon' suffer from blue balls  
Tone's a karate champ, shottie champ  
You period niggas be spotting with bad cramps  
Intestines looking like chitlings  
All we need is hot sauce, my pork eaters, go and get rid of 'em  
Kites and death threats, ya'll keep sending 'em  
For every dart you throw, my last one's killing 'em  
Like cancer patients, in the process, losing they hair  
You'll be fighting for life, scratching and gagging  
Panicking, gasping for air, suffocating from no-wind syndrome  
Like somebody cut the neck of a deer  
It's algebra in the third, Alfa Alfa with the gun to the rascal  
Jessica Alba is one of my birds  
Plus AlcaSeltzer's blowing up bursts  
Out to melt you brain cells like Alien herb

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

Get lost in my hood, it's like you lost in El Mira  
You might get poked up, smoked up, throat cut  
Rocking them little fly chains, get yoked up  
Ya'll Boar's Head niggas, ya'll just cold cuts  
Victims of night time street horror, going home with casualties  
The twelve gauge blew a path in your knee  
That's what happens in war, when the high heaters don't eat  
We creep, our stomach growls loud, so we don't sleep, tote heat  
Won't speak, (we them), we them grill niggas, we smoke beef

[Chorus]