

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]