

# Ghostface Killah, Saturday Nite

[Ghostface]

Yo..

Saturday night, Uptown

Ridin past Kansas Fried Chicken

What's poppin kid? We in the mix

It's chilly 40 below

Gate's closed gotta catch Dr. J's

Blowin my hand, rub on my nose

Tap the glass, stop frontin Duke, fresh pair of jeans

Look I got loot, eleven in the Bass boots

Heard a screech pull up, these Jakes flashed me 5 pictures

One had my man's mug, Semi stepped brother hugs

You asked the wrong guy son

I'm from Melina, yeah we know Mr. Coles

Flew in two days ago to see his fam'

But we been watchin you, crazily

The whole Staten Island shittin on you

Wisdom Bird's pregnant out in Baisley

Hold up snow in your ear, fresh baldie tried to change up

Not trunk today, still lookin fly, still slammed up hung

Your mom pop in your trunk, slow your pace

Starks fixed your face, copped out the 6, five years probat'

You dealin with a lot of science, motherfucker we're watchin you

Make me wanna lick shots at you

You disgust me, screwin me down, grab my gun

Go 'head bust me, heard you hate Jake that's what it must be

Hands behind your back, spread your legs

Just found a roach in your tray

It's not mine fucker, what I said

You met the 13th nigga

A multimillion dollar operation is based upon it yo

Where in the Hell's the RZA?

He's sellin mics, wildest joints

Special made to go up in your hand and which went out on point

Switched to the next scene, I'm at the crib buggin out

on how po' live, hatin plus harassin the kid

Park the truck in the double face garage

Dial 1-900-Raekwon, tell the God shit's mega

Reel flashin me on BET, Planet Groove, Rap City News

NAACP committees.. [abruptly ends]