

Ghostface Killah, Tony's Money

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, ain't nothing man

Niggaz, niggaz just should of paid me my stacks, man

You know whatimean, these niggaz sending me tracks

And ain't try'nna not to pay the kid, man

But fuck that, fuck 'em

I don't give what producers -- who produced, what

I'm deading niggaz on they tracks, what

Cock suckers fucking with me..

Yeah, yo, this what happens when niggaz send me shit

And don't pay me my fucking money

[Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo (come on), Pretty Toney should of got his dough

We was rhymin through the brooms and street, with eight years old

Take us back to eighty eight, you couldn't catch our flow

A group of kids, so original, (you heard?)

[Ghostface Killah]

Tony 'Tana with big hammers, for bad manners, who got 'em

We kiss cannons for Scrams and his crew, and his wack dancers

Biting is forbidden, pa, pay that tax

And don't you ever look at us funny, come on, boy, we'll bring rap back

And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men

With dynamites, real hip-hop'll do you in

Floor you like Dyu Ku Kim, I'm loo-looing

Hoola hoop on bitches, cuckoo for brand new pins

Cut Masta Killa, make sure we cut classics

Buck bastards in broadday and tuck caskets

Next to Uday and Qusay, hopped in the coupe, shoot the P.A.

And just lay, whooptie, whooptay

Use to loose spaldings, and snatch a dude's toupee

Since tuning in, to T-La Rock and A.J.

Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of O.J.

Girls you can go cruisin in my O'Jay

[Chorus]