

## Good Times

Ghostface Killah

Allah himself  
Man, woman, child  
The book of life  
Starks Enterprise!

Take out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus  
I know a few niggas sniff coke and caught seizures  
Peace to ten thousand seaters  
And all y'all pretty ass Libras  
My Tommy dick'll blow y'all ass to pieces  
I love fuckin with y'all I got the George Jeff walk  
Look how I dance, favorable robes, bows and all sorts  
Hold on, who turned the lights on?  
Word to my microphone and preach on  
Brother, that's that bullshit in my right arm  
Crackhead stop it, dope pusher stop it  
The father sent me a message and I came to drop it  
The prophet is to love each other  
Michael Jordan/Jackson, Cosby money, Oprah  
They got our love by go get Africa

Harmony, grits, welfare cheese  
Whips, cheque data first in the fifth  
What Ghost?

Fuck y'all niggas an' fuck y'all bitches an'  
Fuck the pictures y'all takin, fuck the whip you in  
Starsky bring home the dough now the show is over  
(It's over) It's over? (It's over) It's over?

Timberland, crack snorkels, jewels, cash insurance  
Tai hold, fly clothes and El Deramo  
5 plus 5 O's, one plus 9 O's  
Save our self, reach our goals

What if the BIBLE wasn't good?  
And good was bad, as bad as it should  
It matters, feed em power food  
The wonders that Allah will do  
Maybe he'll discover you  
Look 'em like a couple of jewels  
Ticket traum' was old, that plus the God ain't loved the way I move  
People see me, G. Deini  
He beeny on the cell, seen me?  
You need me, you read me  
Captain over, get that weed to me  
The champion, the vigilante  
Ask me what the surface could be  
In me like Marcus Camby  
Hear me, I fuck with family  
Dons, chew on this, the hit list got  
All of your names, so y'all lames is hist'  
I kissed the bangin-est bitch (all night) that's famous for her tits  
Not that tall doofy chick in your hood called Snitch  
Come on!

Bentleys for sharp shoes

Similac, Huggies, big Shizam jewels

Infrared shootin at niggas  
We back execution niggas  
Markin it mummy, he money, he fly bummy  
Super wizzers, look like Luther bitches  
Still catches ill inventions  
Strength, real niggas holdin blitz as real as ninjas  
So illable, wheel of promotin like Benz dealer  
Instiller, get real for hugs, lets chill feel I'm ill with colour  
Yo bacon, straight cake, layin on my paper aces  
Fuck all your under statements  
Battle us? Battle gauges

A big mansion, real product of the strip scampy  
Cell boat, big yacht, and beige Hummer  
Summer home, big stones and cologne  
Remember heroes? I guess them corner days is gone  
Mommy got a house, Daddy got a house  
Granny got a house, we moved out  
That's right, we moved out  
Now that's what I'm talkin about

Smackin all y'all stars and chumps  
Gettin cash in the larger sums  
Shootin dice in the church with nuns  
We come with the biggest guns