

# Heard It All Before

Ghostface Killah

Yes, yes, we like to thank you  
You are the 77th caller  
You know you just won a pair of Theodore drawers and all that  
How do you feel about that? (Oh my God, that is good daddy I love ya'll)  
Yeah, that's right baby, no doubt... right now, his name is Ghostface  
Check this joint out right here, it's new, word up

I'm the Mighty Joe Young of rap  
Live off of mighty gold, tongue and yack  
Ya'll be amazed how I brought it back  
Two porsche's, big ass ranch with twelve horses  
Scarface breeze when I speak, the all bosses  
Plus the jewelry so truck, the cuffs get you nauseous  
Two years, been through like six divorces  
Now the talking put my business in the street, but  
I'm like cement, I rock when I step  
Kill music with no hands and leave with no weed stuff  
Like my bitches better when they wore Reebok's  
See hot, let's have a toast, I verbally bomb deacons  
Have the whole church praying for Ghost  
When we speak we give sermons, and switch our names over permits  
The big shit, you might get burned with  
God-body fly automobiles with grills  
Two thousand, fifteen, nigga, we can take off the wheel  
A Georget Jetson, so ya'll sit still  
Chill, peace to Queens, so the God Allah reel's reel  
It's the takeover, breaks over, make something  
For funny ass package, who want, and a cake over  
Monster bangels, bojangles got the forty cocked from all angles  
Fuck a rope nigga, my gold chain'll hang you  
Danish darts, language arts, slanger banger you  
Punk motherfucka...

All you talk is poor...  
All of your fushu, I got gats, Ghostface that  
But your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now  
I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

Welcome to Saturday Night Live, write rhymes  
Glide on beats, and we high from the police  
The dogs bark funny, in fact, when I'm clean  
They can smell mark money, truck and mad bummy  
Off the peter, grab shoots, Cerebel Paisley  
Gats, pull out the mack on cancer, the oo-wop  
I bag down AIDS, word to the U.S.  
There's no need to panic, yo, we been through a phase  
Like, namebelts, got the fronts in Alfa Romeo's  
Tent the patrol niggas, that we had on a payrole  
I play on niggas like stop and go  
And tell the other liquors that Don pop more  
And Venus told Mercury she a hot ho  
Me, I'm just thinkin' bout what's next for Ghost  
The Enterprise worth billions, delay America  
To Africa, home away, the six text-tillion  
Turn, Siskel and Ebert givin' two thumbs  
New York Times call it my best work, bump to it  
You can Rolling Stone every bone, and kill 'em at the Grammy's

Have 'em sit down, polly with the top five families  
Blocka-blocka, boom, now they all dead  
Now I'm the only one gettin' that bread, that's right  
And the only one rockin' those threads  
See these cowards let the fuckin' lead go to they head  
[Hook: Ghostface Killah]  
I needed to scream on all ya'll bitches, birds  
But the more you bite my style, the more I learn  
Your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now  
I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

God, yeah, party people  
You are now listenin' to the sounds of Ghost Radio  
777 F.M. and all that, no doubt  
It's real right about now, yeah  
The dance floor is packed and all that  
Everything lookin' glory, I see asses  
I see glasses in the air, yo, put your hands in the air  
Come one, let me hear you see Theodore, "Theodore"  
Theodore, "Theodore", yeah, yeah  
That was chunky and all that  
No doubt, but yo, where Staten Island at?  
Where ya'll at? Make some noise, yo, yo, come on  
Yeah, check-check-check-check me out  
Check-check-checkin' me out, come on  
Take-take-take-takin' me out, whose take-take-takin' me out  
Come on baby, take me out, uh-huh, yeah, no doubt, no doubt