

## 6 Minutes

Ghostface Killah

Ay, ay, Ghost-dini, wassup, nigga, ya heard?  
Where them Killa Bees at?  
When y'all was screaming Killa Bees I was running around with killer B's  
Wu-Tang, throw them W's in the air, ya heard?  
Wassup, nigga?  
Ay, Chef, wassup, nigga, when you had that Purple Tape, I was cookin' up every day to that shit, nigga  
Me and Cam, whip it, whip it, whip it, whip it

VIP, thirty bottles and a bad bitch  
Smoke, coat heavy, that's the ratchet  
Russian diamonds, the wrist sparkle like chandeliers  
Photo shoots on glass roofs, come pull up a chair  
I turn cameras out  
I'm harder than steel luggage  
Catch a flick of me  
On your droid, the film won't develop  
You heard?  
I said the fuckin' film won't develop  
Talkin' like you got style  
I just came to sell it  
Gray Clarks and plum robes, unexplainable  
Got the club at a certain Fahrenheit, drainin' you  
See me mean muggin'  
I'm thinking 'bout flaming you  
Even when I don't speak, I'm still entertaining you  
Back of the club is where you find me  
Surrounded by killers, with a bunch of women with very big heinies  
Back of the club is where you find me  
Two stepping, feeling like DeJ Loaf, dare you to try me

Six minutes, hit a lick  
Six minutes, sold a brick  
Six minutes, made it flip in six minutes  
Six minutes, took your bitch  
Six minutes, got you hit  
Six minutes, my niggas rich, keep a stick  
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Six minutes, microwave shit, I'll cook a brick up  
Shorty jumped straight in the whip and ate my dick up  
Bullets hit him straight in his chest, that made him hiccup  
niggas think they catchin' us slippin', we staying gripped up  
She said "Oh, he got the cherry-red 8-50"  
Shawty saw the ride, she decide that she gon' skate with me  
Let Bobby know we in the drop, playing the late Whitney  
Pardon me, y'all  
You know I mean the great Whitney  
Six minutes, Doug E. Fresh, you're on  
Young lil' nigga just as fresh as the Fonzy  
I'm blowing up like a Saudi with a vest full of bombs  
Well bitch, I'm feeling lucky, got a neck full of charms

Let me take you back to a place Five Eighths, where we sold birds  
I'm talking after the Purple Tape, Ghostface with the gold bird  
Sitting on his arm, and I was sitting on the bomb  
Now the fiends know we got it, somebody ring the alarm, fucker

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Pretty Tony, I got them done  
Six minutes, my niggas rich, keep a stick

Yo, ayo  
No jewelry but six houses and six tenants  
You clown niggas, how's that for my six minutes?  
I don't like to chill, I get the bag and keep steppin'  
Pistol license, nigga, I ain't gotta throw my weapon  
That nigga ain't ya man, y'all ain't talk in years  
His mom passed away, where the fuck is your tears?  
You still live in the hood, where the fuck is the deers?  
You on the 'Gram all day like, who the fuck cares?  
And I'm smart enough to know that these hoes ain't loyal  
You leave it out too long, all that food is gon' spoil  
Your whole town is dry, I just came to sell the oil  
Drop it in a pot and keep whippin' till it boil  
Fuckboy, my bars got bonkers  
Say what you want, but them niggas nice from Yonkers  
It's all jokes until somebody get shot  
Ayo Ghost, how much time they got?  
Six minutes, nigga  
Six minutes