

Beat Box

Ghostface Killah

Oh, man, let's go, baby, we gon' take it
We gon' take it uptown one time
Yo, Ghost, I need you to take it uptown one time
Hahahaha, come on
{Ah, one-two, ah, one-two} (New Ghostface)
{Ah, one-two, ah, one-two} (New Ghostface)
{I'd like to introduce myself} (Uh-huh)
{My name is a big star} (Come on)

Ayo, shawty got a fatty (Fatty)
Love gettin' cream (Cream)
Party out in Brooklyn, Staten, she from Queens (Queens)
Neck on aqua, stay shakin' the block up
Smellin' like Kayali, that's from the top up (Top up)
'88 Billie Jean braids, all boxed up
She's livin' her best life, lookin' to get rocked up
Big door knockers with her name in the middle (Middle)
Sweatpants, ass like jelly, it's all jiggle (Jiggle)
Certified groaner, wrestlin' over pickles
The dick don't fit, they callin' in an acquittal
She about 5'4", 5'6" paired with dimples
She ain't with that arguin' shit, she mad simple (Simple)

Nothing, nothing
She get fly like it's
Nothing, nothing
She hold it down like it's
Nothing, nothing
You can't really tell her
Nothing, nothing
Let's go

{Ayo, Ghostface, where the mall at, baby?}
I know the big shit, the third floor is crazy
{I need that new MCM bag, cream and navy}
{Can you buy that for me, pretty Ton'?}
Bitch, you crazy
I got that red devil dust phone, 116
Stepped off the D train at 12:15
Saw a pretty girl (Girl), so I slid beside her
Said, "Yo, that Polo red rugby's on fire"
Hey, you passed me, that's a tall mistake
The way you're jingling, baby, glass floors'll brake
These lines is not swine, that's Hostess cakes
Plus, my name Ton' Starks, not Frosted Flakes
Yeah, Gucci bracelets, Salt-N-Pepa rope chains
Rock a baseball hat with a cold bang
Gold French cream honey in her own lane
Straight off the bloc, shawty made her own name

Nothing, nothing
She get fly like it's
Nothing, nothing
She hold it down like it's
Nothing, nothing
You can't really tell her
Nothing, nothing

Let's go

Nothing, nothing, no-no-nothing

Now we went all over the five boroughs, we went all over the five boroughs

Ghost, I need you to bring it back to Staten Island, man

I need you to bring it back to Staten Island, man

Nothing, nothing

Nothing, nothing

Nothing, nothing (Uh-uh)

Oh, it's that vibe right here, hold on

{James Moody, you can come on in, man}

{And you can blow now if you want to}

{We're through}

Feel like I'm in a time machine

I wanna take it back to like '88, '86, somethin' like that