

Box In Hand

Ghostface Killah

Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones
All of em
Lay em a death warrant
Ah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo

Blend wine, who want to win mine
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin
With the richest, huh
Flexed out, Flinstone style
Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the
Mosyin, posin for them niggas up in Poland
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em
Them richest niggas bless this
Like Russian cut VVS's
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this
Them niggas over there know, Gazelle goggles
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)
Murderin' cats is like that real

Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, granola rap
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Fotomat
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town
We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed chases
Porno stations, drinkin violations, godly nations
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks
Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hissin

Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggas, scrapin niggas
Takin play from niggas, hate fakin niggas, yo you hear me?
The whole shit's like wrestling
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned
Pull your plug, now you can't function
There's no to-tal or sum to this equa-tion, you fro-zen
Many may come but few are cho-sen
Pretty niggas want to play the war po-sin
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their shine stolen
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin
It's getting deep in this mud
Cats heat seekin, for one blood
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin at these stank bitches
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches
From the lamp I grant three wishes
Johnny be parlayin, I Blaze britches, then I roll
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body
One hundred percent soul, individual
Assholes tend to run

From this PLO extortion to the one
The next chamber, you fuckin with the star spangler
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger
Boogie, represent this shit fully
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, free Willy!
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine
Niggas wastin time worryin about me and mine
Get your own shit