

Break Beats

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, we gon' take it to Staten Island right now (Yeah, uh-huh)
We gon' take it to Staten Island right now
Yeah, we about to shoot this shit up
New Ghostface, baby, come on (Yeah, here we go, yo)

Dodgin' bullets while I'm guardin' the base like Steve Garvey
Alkaline chips in the bezel, a cold body
Calculated snipers, Eastwood vision, crispy assault rifles
Army of twelve, I call 'em my disciples, bustin' off the Eiffel
I don't know what's wrong with these killers, they so spiteful
Navi rails grippin' the terrain in the rains
Click, bang, yeah, we flip lanes and we switch planes
Butane, spit blue flames, Bruce Wayne, new stain
Camouflage down on some low frames, Hussein
My new chick, a cute bitch
Got the bitch bouncin' off the walls like acoustics
Opened up the safe in the floor, we use toothpicks
A bomb on the VI floor, my man boofed it
Shanks and hammers, a hitman with manners
Blood on his hands, still held the door for Nana
A hole in his arm, he knotted the bandana
He live, blew a bogey and smiled right in the camera

Oh man, let's go, Supreme Clientele part two
Supreme Clientele part two (Yeah, yo, yeah, yo)
New Ghostface, come on

Ayo, fish scale, red snapper, scales in the Cullinan
I can get right with God and go back to Hell again (Uh)
Play Operation with your bones like a skeleton
Bust fifty thumbs, then slide back in my cell again
Yeah, I'm in the air like a fly cologne
Rub two rocks together, give birth to one stone
Line you up like a chakra, nigga, a silk doctor
Fermented like Asian teas and French vodka
Scrolls, calligraphy, scriptures written in gold
Bitin' is forbidden, hittin', sittin' in glass bowls
We wore graffiti jackets, I miss Mr. Magic
Imagine hearin', "Fuck you, nigga," from Clark Howard
Get my jewels from Jason, you get it from Jared
Every kiss begins with K and then I blast it
Headline, "Paisley Starks has been captured"
Woke him up dead in his drawers with one ratchet