

Buckingham Palace

Ghostface Killah

Hunnid Gs

Bone crusher, I'm like the hood's top celebrity
Long dick ya chick like my rap's longevity
Colder than a glass of ice cubes, I got 'em all in bad moods
Stompin' on shoes, I never lose
I don't give a fuck about how you feelin'
Got the roof on fire, lace to the ceilin'
Sexual healin', we throw on that Marvin Gaye shit
Got two black burners, that'll melt your facelift
Memory foam muffle the sound of the gun blast
My clan bring heat like the summer, check the forecast
We kamikazes, microphone aeronautics
We bounce off of motors like West Coast hydraulics
Narcotics, we keep a stash in the gun box
Right near the mask and the wig and the fake dreadlocks
Bombaklat, box of ammo in the pocket
It's all for the gangstas, your eye's hangin' out your socket

Watch how you talkin' to my goons, it's gorillas
Shooters, ruthless, all types of killers
Hunger Game shit, they fightin' for block space
Box cutters, gemstars'll ox your face
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Hey yo, I got a problem with authority
Lawyers handle problems accordingly
They actin' like they pops wasn't callin' me
I gotta make sure my corner eat
Over the stove pot linked to the side like I'm pourin' tea
Black man in a foreign V, emblem on the door and seats
Either you a hustler or a thief
All I needed was a quarter ki'
In the corner, me and my dog regulated like Warren G
Sold it hot but I bought it cheap
Got it from Miami back to P.A. like Ross and Meek
Huh, borrowed your bitch for a week
She hold my guns and bricks, I give her dick for a storage fee
You talk slick but can't afford to be
And we don't call it beef until I'm sendin' hits where your daughters be
Step on work with foreign sneaks
Everything foreign so my bitch look like Kimora Lee

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Yeah, bandana tied around the nozzle, pop pop!
The nozzle is the nostril of the Roscoe, pop pop!
Possibly I'm comin' across as hostile, you could be double-crossed

By your Apostle, that's the Pentecostal gospel
Black C.O.B. flag hangin' out the left side
Blowin' in the atmosphere, the atlas here is Westside
Ran up in the stash spot when I heard my connect died
His wife is Columbian, got Columbian neck tied
I went from roaches in the cereal to flowin' the most ferocious in your stereo
But culture vultures don't hear me though
Hotter than diseases that overdose the venereal
While bitches out here with a burnin' bush like the Moses miracle
Why the fuck would I touch a THOT with some gonorrhea?
I give her the hammer, I call it a blammer, that's onomatopoeia
Go look it up, you don't read books enough
That's why Crooked's up in your Mamma Mia, I'm a G, nigga
(I'm a G, nigga)