

Bust Shots

Ghostface Killah

Pretty Tone, I got you, fingers
Morphine flow, lean on the brass gold
I can see your snake eyes without the crap roll
Bust the mack stroll, laughing at you assholes
Sticking thorns in my pride like the Black Crowes
Cracking your dome for breakfast, Deck spit
Lava, fresh like the produce section
Repping, there's no use testing, you know who stepped in
It's Deck bitch, for those who question
Like Serena on the swerve, I swing hard
Main event, bad broads with ring card
This shit here, niggas get the fiend nod
On the wreck, though, these cowards never seen yard
Head boss, you scavenge off what Deck toss
I don't fall for petty talk I check the source
Flex force with army arms, I lets off
Bomb threat, blow both your stanky legs off

[ID]And make you bust shots in the air and scream yeah
[SL]Or, try and learned it from the mental shit, son
[ID]And make you bust shots in the air and scream yeah
[Method Man]Blaow, bang, cuz
[GK]Cuz I write, and blast and slash your whole level
[SL]Or, try and learned it from the mental shit, son
[ID]And make you bust shots in the air and scream yeah
[GK]Yeah, kid

Pay attention, gun shots, fuck what you benching
Big chains on my neck, my wrist is Clinton
Presidential Rolex, coming out the projects
Seat back looking mean in a foreign object
Three for twenty in Japan, with American money
Get back home, get head from American bunnies
My Iron Fists, my platinum wrists
My cook up game is chemists, fuck my nemesis
Fly birds like Tyson do, had to switch
From the car to the cargo on board Jet Blue
Bodies drop from the Liquid Swords, been making hits for years
But I'm mad I ain't got no awards
I'm a real OG tho', swag like James Bond and 'em
My white tee is my tuxedo
Belts on the track, Sheek and Ghostface
Got the hood on smash, RZA leave it like that

We be jammin', I grill on the track just like salmon
I don't play no games, baccarat or backgammon
I'm Supreme Cliente', rawer than sushi
And if your girl got my number, means I beat that pussy
Sword slayer, dick slinger, I got the stroll
Of an R&B singer, Wu-Tang ruckus bringer
36 different dialects, we call spot checks
My homeland security, is up in the projects
Shaolin, Stapleton, Bricks on Broad Street
That's where niggas get chopped up like raw meat
Fuck that, started off rocking a stocking
Over my face, now my face is what gets it popping

Donnie had the wave voice, beeing blowed through the mic
The definition of TRU TV, fuck SPIKE
I'm the realest Akeed that ever wet these blocks
Too black for BET, too wild for Cops