

Candyland

Ghostface Killah

Ladies and gentleman, it's the man of the hour
You have entered the dimension of Candyland
With Mr. Supreme Clientele himself (Yeah)
Give him a round of applause

Ayo, my wiz play the flute, niggas ran up out the bakery
Quick, grab the cupcakes, get the gold, jakery
Cocaine spots, the block's lookin' like Candyland
White-white, purple haze, beige dope, tan-tan
Damn, I dropped my chef hat, whippin' like Boyardee
Ravioli bags of weed for keys, y'all should honor me
Tootsie Roll coke blunts is rolled to perfection
Now and Later eight-ball, sell without question
Known for my Skittle gang, pills like a hospital
You can taste the rainbow, Dutch joints'll follow you
Everything's possible, stash house, hash house
Whole house made of hash, Hershey bars blacked out
Yeah, there's a heaven suitable for like Charlie Sheen
We put liquid heroin inside jelly beans
Gummy bear cars (Cars), candy cane dope sticks
Xanax twigs, we got treats baby, take your pick
Downers, uppers, even pure eggs
Viams, MDMA, TAC wet
Thai stick skunk, crystalized red-haired bushes
Forests, when it comes to trees, we breed all type of kushes

Is it me? (Is it me?)
Is it really me? (Is it me?)
Is it me? (Is it me?)
Is it really me?

Yeah
Ayo, the reverend got caught in the church with a box of Percs
His lil' brother ran through the forest, it stashed a lot of work
Marshmallow CBD Jell-O, the weed case is thorough
One-point-five on the scale, we floodin' every borough
Bit-O-Honey, slabs of hash, Pop Rock, mesc' tabs
Mushrooms, caps and stems, we got fresh bags
All these pharmaceuticals, all this work is movable
Nigga sniff so much murder, it's in your cuticles
Strawberry Tootsie got 'em playin' with they coochie
Bill Cosby, K.O. roofies, this for the groupies
Pharmacies, we put 'em in droughts, all the noise is us
Saran blunts, we lace all the shelves just like Toys"R"Us
Best sellers be the Adderall razzle-dazzles
Ativan, mollies canned like it came with cashews
Yellow, green, and pretty purple promethazine
Ketamine, old-school Ritalin, got the amphetamines
Lemonhead balls of kief and crushed up Klonopin
Jolly Ranchers made out of lean, got 'em online again
I'm floatin' through Candyland, Sugar Babies made of bees
Yo, Lord, tell me I'm buggin', or is it just me?

Is it me? (Is it me?)
Is it really me? (Is it me?)
Is it me? (Is it me?)
Is it really me?