

Charlie Brown

Ghostface Killah

Yo, hand me my surfboard, I'mma surf on these niggas real quick
You know what I mean, show these niggas out
See whose real and see whose fake
Youknowwhatimean, it just seem like you niggas float on water
Check this style out... I've never used this shit before (yo, yo)

I got them Beefsteak Charlie's on, size 12, medium
Shy top wallies on, straight from England
I got taps on mines, ya'lls is leaning
Fuck ya star pussies for real, ya'll just dreaming
Wake up, mothafuckas, shape up, feel the pain
What up, stand the fuck up, pull ya cup out for change
Now who wanna step through my backyard?
When this go double platinum I'mma flash hard, like
Oh boy, Toney's the Don, know
With so much paper, call me Enron, so
My peeps blow, check my peacoat
She holds, throw it back, nigga I keep those
Just in case ya'll wanna see a freakshow
Barnum & Bailey's, night of the deepthroats
Dirty mouth niggas, may ya'll eat soap
Shoot one of ya'll, touch my cheese toast

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This is real hip hop on the line today
It's worth more than any label, on what they pay
I'm here to save hip hop, cause it's dying away, come on

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Fiber optic, microscopic
Bulletproof. Yo, I'm glad you copped it
Sony stop it, Def Jam gon' do the opposite
Hov' gon' keep on top of it
I'm real positive, my prerogative
Socrates, mockeries, Betty Croker kids
Go broke, I'mma fucking rob ya crib
And I'mma kill him if I get on top of him
With crazy hammers, nothing but grown man taste
With bandanas, right in front of cameras
Parents planning, feel the cannon
Tanning yogurt niggas, like Dannon
Stretch, yes, I go to war with a banged up vest
Teflon, that was made by Guess
Even my girl got a bulletproof dress
J.Lo shit to runway, laid Prego crisp
Diego, Killah wave-oh, Play-Doh fifth
They ain't no, nigga like Ghost, play those chips
We dying from the guns shots, fatal licks
From yae yo bricks to Adolf spits, we paid off it
The Wally Don, done ate off it
Throwing stones at a glass house, front and get mashed out
My gun turn heads, like bitches with they ass out

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Yeah, uh-huh, nigga, ya'll like that shit huh, youknowwhatimean
This is real hip hop and shit, youknowwhatimean
This is a huh, I'm a true MC, ya'll niggas know how I get down
Ain't none of that commercial shit, youknowwhatimean
I'm stuck in that, back in the days, '95
'88, '86 era, of real hip hop and shit
You know what I mean, word up, it's the great Ghost Deini, nigga
I got too many styles, I juggle this shit
Ya'll little niggas out there need to take heed