

Cocaine Central

Ghostface Killah

Rain drops of water that turn into hard glaciers
Bob Barker microphones, I get paper
My block is cocaine central, eat your food
With ancient or new, crew utensils
Turbaned up like a royal prince from Medin'
With emerald green birthstones in my bling
Rolex goggles, some of my best side bitches
I ever had, I kept in a bottle
Sniff that girl, whiff that girl
Feel the rush from Cuban, no cut, that's pearl
An oily base, extract from green leafs
Set out to dry, becomes white from the heat
Package stuck, to retails on the street
Yonkers all through Brownsville, ask Sheek
With my connect I may be the next Steve Jobs
My best cousy a nurse with college degrees, God
Triple black bags, and Champion cone hoods
Blending in with killas that visit the wrong hood
Pardon self, never the wrong hood
I'm safe, and I ain't gotta knock on wood

Cocaine central, sniff city heater park
Fish scale mental, hustle, get the weed to spark
Niggas outside, all day, even after dark
Niggas hustle hard, like the Gods don't believe in God

Coke in my blood, weed in my lungs
Barely staying up, bout to get some fried chicken from Wong's
She laying there, ass all fat in the thongs
Hand me my gun, shades on, blocking the sun
Whip fresh out the dealer, think tonight gon' be fun
Coke connect already calling, I told him I take 'em, but
We can do better when his prices start falling
Nowadays I feel it's no need to be greedy
Cuz you can make the same money off of pills and weed
Shooters indeed, jail system taught him to read
Streets taught him how to kill, wolves taught him to feed
Just like everything you learn, you gon' teach to your seed
Yo, but I don't give a fuck, I clap off, try me, nigga
Keep that featherweight by me, nigga, yeah

Aiyo, Vel, call this nigga, man, what the fuck, B?
We sitting here forever, yo, Lorne, give me my phone, fam
Fucking call him, myself, hello? Pretty Toney?
Wake the fuck up, man, we gotta leave, man
We going on this fucking European tour, what the fuck, we leaving or what
We sitting at the airport and shit, you left with them bitches last night
You ain't that sick, nigga talking bout he got the flu and all that, come on
, man
And that bitch got a big fucking head and shit, man, what the fuck, man
Aiyo, Ghost, look-look, check it out right
I need to know if we doing this shit or not, man
I'mma chill for like, another 40 minutes and then I'm going home, aight
And then, then, then, yo, yo, but give that bitch my number when you done, m
y nigga
Yo, but yo, hurry up, man, and don't wear them fucking skinny jeans to this

airport, God
It's a No-Skinny-Jean Air zone, aight?