

Conditioning

Ghostface Killah

You could throw me in a lineup, rough beard
Thick knot and my shines up
Mediterranean bezzle rocks planted like saltines
Worth about 600, 000 in the auction
I still jog in the hills of Brazil
12 eggs and my conditioning coach is Anderson Sil
He's a prize fighter and me I'm a prize writer
Time ya'll industry niggas recognize fire
Boric acid mixed with ricin
Don't stand under a tree cause my flow is lightning
Some say I should be prosecuted, death by lethal injection
Electrocuted or Malcolm X'd em
Or send a Chinese bitch in the club to stretch em
And if that don't work then it's on to the next one
Beef, we could let it cook fry it to perfection
Got the bulldog snub that'll cave your chest in

Ay, o my moms never knew that she was nursing a wolf
And I wrote this on 9-11 covered in soot
Spitting tobacco out my mouth with Claiborne fatigues
Posted under a Brinks truck, waiting to squeeze
Stay on point like a nose of a marlin, Spartacus brawler
Pressing you pussies in public, nigga, you stalling with
Nowhere to run, faggot, ill grab your ear
My shooting arm stay fresh like a bag of gear
Goose coats yachts diving off of big boats
My bitch pedicured up with a sick throat
So cold making u stutter
I, I, I can't believe Ghost is still gutter
Everywhere I go I'm plugged up
Cohen's optical frames of Breitling, dipped with a crisp cut
See me on a Jackson 5 cover, next to Randy
They had black fros, mines was sandy
Buckwheat Jackson