

# Different Times Zones

Ghostface Killah

Sitting in this library, man  
Reading these fucking books  
Britannica Encyclopedias, L. Ron Hubbard  
Tony Robbins, and these muthafuckas, youknowhatimsaying, Sheek Louch

Glasshouse, I reside by the library  
Yves Saint Laurent frames, sipping Ciroc berry  
Burning the big dutch, sweet feet up  
Long ashes, hanging off the blunt then I pluck  
Fell back power napping, stones they cover my bones  
Bricks laying on my pinkie like tombstones  
Unbutton my shirt, unloosen my tie  
Got the fireplace up real high, Cuban maid sliding me cookies  
Tall glass of lemonade, chandeliers hanging over my head  
Sitting like a cloud of haze  
Larry King on mute, they about to bury Wesley for taxes  
Then shot across the two  
Then I grabbed the remote, hit the volume on the big lion  
The screens in his mouth, a ninety inch giant  
Went to commercial, the phone rang  
"Yo, what up Sheek?", "Ain't nothing, Tone, just on my dean"  
"Out here in Queens, I bag me a queen"  
"Fed her all this shit she wanted to hear, she probably want the ring"  
True...

Yeah, different time zones, that's all  
I mean, I'm over here across seas  
You over there in the States, you over there  
But either way we gotta get this money, fam, yo, yeah

On the tenth floor looking over Paris, my neighbors all embarrassed  
Cuz I'm ass naked watching the clock  
He hating, but his wife steady watching my cock  
Different time zones, steering wheel on the right  
Driving down the wrong street, thinking what the fuck I'm gon' eat tonight  
White women laying in my bed, I can make a documentary  
On what race can give the best head  
Rae hit me on the text, told me that he like that new shit  
Last night that he heard on Flex  
Alright cool, hit me up when you get down to Brazil  
If the weather's right, fuck it, I come down to chill  
I got a briefcase of Euros and Indian money  
Every time I'm in customs, they look at me funny, yeah

I'm out in South Beach, first street, Ocean Ave.  
AMG6 with the oak dash  
Live the VIP life, I ain't spend a clam  
I got weight on the spot, that's 'instagrams'  
Pretty boos in Jimmy Choo's with titties loose  
In the mood, getting nude in the swimming pool  
I'm doing my thing, how I'm repping  
They salute king, and they don't even know I'm Wu-Tang  
Name heavy, phone call to my ace Diego  
For anything, what up, man? Connect me  
I snatch bank like four, five, six  
Deuce high, watch a dude ride, I'm on my shit  
Up in Mansion, salute, world famous Inspectah

Click large, homey, put some more tables together  
Wild for the night, I ain't even think about my flight  
I got some bitches and they tripping off that powder white  
Aiyo, yo, yo, kiss each other, yo...