

Different Times Zones

Ghostface Killah

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