

Guest House

Ghostface Killah

"We're sorry, the number you have reached is not in service"
Fuck... fuck is these niggas at, man
"Please check the number or try your call again"
(Aiyo, hello?) Aiyo, bring that shit (what happen, son?)
That's my word, yo, these niggas is fronting out here
(where at, where you at?)
I'm in Jersey, you know where the fuck I'm at, nigga, I'm in Jersey
(Aight, so, what happen though, man, what happen?) I need that shit
I tell you when you get here, don't even worry about that shit
(Aight yo, I'll be right there, man) Just hurry the fuck up, bring
that big joint
(That's my word) Yeah (one) Yeah

In the crib on this rainy day, I'm chilling
Glass pianos and Portuguese drapes, hang from the ceiling
Persian rugs, Moroccan sofas
I walk to the house in paisley robes and Ferragamo loafers
And Iron Chef just season the salmon
It's coming down pouring, he watching BBC, eating a salad
I'm on the couch hitting the chalice
Checking my textes and out of nowhere, my dick is hard as a callus
I stood up, pulled back my sleeve, checked my watch
Where the, fuck is my wife, it's 12 o'clock on the dot
Very impatient, I'm getting nervous, can't stop pacing
My heart's racing, her Nextel don't get no service
Damn, all this over a gallon of milk
Something, happened to her, somebody wig'll get peeled
Okay, let me calm down, maybe she at Keeba house
Her birthday's today, we both bought her jeans and a blouse
Since 7 o'clock, she been gone for Owls
Jetted up the steps to the master suite, checked the shower
Nope, all that is there is towels and soap
Stomach is nauseous, caught a big lump in my throat
Found a phonebook with mad names, looked down
Bow, there go Keeba, tying my shoes, I put the bitch on speaker
And bluntly adressed her, 'where's my girl?' (Yeah, she ain't out here)
(Last time I seen her, Ghost, she beat it on an old nigga)
Yo, Keeba stop playing, yo (Nah, we took a shot of Henn')
(Lately she work out by 10, I told her, bitch, buy a Benz)
(Or even shot a car, I'm getting me some Advil)
(Show these muthafuckas, how Keeba love to drive stick)
I snatched up my raincoat, the grass was soaked
Under the bed in the guest house, where I keep my toast
I yelled to the Chef, yo, watch for Kayla,
check the pool and the bowling alley
If anything, just hit my cellular
Hopped in the go cart, the yard is dark, I'm bugging
Few feet from the guest house, is where I parked
Hope she's OK, is what I say in my heart
But something don't feel right, so is what I'm saying to God
As I got closer, something ain't kosher
I heard a bunch of squeaky sounds from the house,
I don't think I'm suppose to
Is this the end, of the Starks regime?
Let me find out somebody on my ground, yo, is pounding my queen

Yo, I'mma kill, yo! (Hold on, cuz)

{Baby, let me explain, you over reacting, that's not what it was}
Shut the fuck up, you got caught moaning with your legs up
Eyes all red, what? Did ya'll just blaze up?
Then froze for a sec, so I dipped quick, lift the mattress
Aimed the biscuit at both of them bastards
What ya'll excuse now (Yo, cuz, she said she live with her pop)
(Her dude mad strict, that's why we up in the spot)
(And yo, this little trick of yours, bought me a ten G watch)
He reached down for his drawers, thats' when I let off a shot
Back the fuck up, snatched his covers
Had 'em looking like the black Adam & Eve, some sinful lovers
(Chill, Tone, put the gun down) How you know my name, son?
{Hold on, let me explain} Yo, ya'll two is done
(Just let me put my drawers, get dressed, before I get rocked)
(Cuz real talk, is looking like you trynna let off that glock)
Yeah, you right, you look familiar, you put my cable in, right?
The FiOS nigga, and you fucking my wife?
(Yeah, I put that cable in, nigga, we both got caught)
(And she a triflyn ass chick, don't act like it's all my fault)
{Baby, no} Mind your business
(Now Kayla, don't stop him, let the sucker do what he do)
(He touch me, and he finished)

What, nigga, hold that, eat it
(Oh shit, what the fuck) You forgot your drawers
And your little tools, nigga
You FiOS mustache wearing muthafucka, I got you nigga
(Fuck you, nigga, I'mma see you nigga)
(Fucker, fuck) That's why you dive out the window
On some Jim Kelly, shit, nigga, fuck that
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