

## Miguel Sanchez

Ghostface Killah

Thirty thousand feet up in the air, up in the Leer  
Dressed in a black tux, forty cal tucked, strapped in a chair  
Half-asleep hoppin' out of my seat, caught in a daze  
Turned around and saw a white man's face covered in shades  
I must've passed out, can't remember shit before I blacked out  
Three more niggas approachin' holdin' they macs out  
One spoke, gave me the keys to a boat, reached in his trenchcoat  
And pulled out a yellow envelope  
Which contained twenty thousand in cash,  
A photograph of a Colombian nigga with a long mustache Miguel Sanchez  
,  
Keep a gun hidden in his pants' leg with armed bodyguards,  
Surveillance around his land spread  
He runs a billion dollar organization under investigation,  
Plus he's wanted by immigration  
Now I'm stuck, crazy look on my face, shocked in amazement,  
How the fuck I get involved with these federal agents?  
They knew my background, knew about what happened out in Sac-town,  
They knew about the rap down South, they laid the facts down  
Said I had two decisions, take out Miguel and his cartel,  
Or spend the rest of my life in prison  
A classified mission on some James Bond shit,  
007-style up against some straight convicts  
Now I'm pondering, thoughts wandering,  
Got my girl on the phone, tell her to kiss little J,  
Cause I'll be gone again "Honey I can't speak." she suckin' her cheek  
,  
"If everything go good baby I'll be home in a week."  
Pinchin' myself just to see if I'm dreaming,  
Call up my team and meet me by the docks in Miami,  
I fly out this weekend  
  
I got you nigga, 4-4 pop two niggas,  
That druglord that we want got a spot for niggas,  
And if we kill him, it's back to the block my nigga, he carry Rugers,  
  
34 shots I figure He only holla at the kid when there's money involve  
d,  
They pack shotguns, hollow tips, dummies and all  
But me and Trife doin' right together,  
Got no choice but give us ten, like we sellin' white together,  
Left side 4-5 right black Beretta, takin' trips overseas flippin pack  
s for better,  
Every flight a hundred stacks and better so grind hard, get your mone  
y up, get on your grillies, don't mind odds Fuck a cop car, throw on  
some chumpers and try drop charge,  
Hit the block hard It's kinda hard being G-O-D,  
If he owe Trife, he owe me, load up the mac rounds,  
M-I-A, call that the Jack-Town  
Tell niggas I'm on my way, comin' back down,  
Miguel Mr. Sanchez, it's a wrap now Theodore extortin' your shit,  
Handin' out packs now, I used to listen to 50 and jam Back Down,

Now I sling 50 kilos where I'm at now, 50 a wop,  
Purple top, nigga I'm back, clown, Cristal bottles,  
Grey Goose for the chat lounge, Channel 7 News, older dude murdered,  
gat found