

Mongolian Beef

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yo, ayy, yo

36 Chambers, peace to Osiris
You can see the weakness of a man right through his iris
You can see the weakness through your coke right through the Pyrex
You should speak to me instead of speakin' interdirect
'Cause me no understand that stupid doo-doo, do your dolly
Put the toodle to your noodle, 'fore I shoot you, you say, "How, Sway?"
Bust a basset over my sir, put his casket in the casa
Explain the passion of the dud and kill his daughter in the process
Comin' out the world like I was wrestlin' a Loch Ness
Ice drippin', sammy bull leather in the motley
If it's beef, I'm Mongolian, you jelly like petroleum
Body in the kitchen gettin' rolled in linoleum
Clean clear the whole block, call me a custodian
Might want an echo chamber every time I'm on the podium
Aw, sucky sucky now
Empire thinkin' 'bout fuckin' Cookie now
Aw, sucky sucky now
Empire thinkin' 'bout fuckin' Cookie now

You know the CZAR
Fallen rocks, you know what I mean?
Hazmat

Hip hop hero, the rest to be low
Robert Downey style, treat 'em less than zero
Streets know, void more raw than Perico
Soul brother rock a Knick hat with a peacoat
Livin' the G code, green like Rico, Harlem
Official bomb squad, folk on the weed smoke
Murder he wrote, behold, he quote
Truth, swallow it hard, that's a deepthroat
Shine brighter than the diamonds on your wristwatch
Spit the seventeenth shot before the clip drop
I'm in the gridlock, red dot a big shot
This shit is hot, buyin' bullets at the fish spot
Where the grits pop for the bread
Givin' split tops, and you can't do shit, I'm like your strict pops
And the flow stays wetter than your chick box
Hater kick rocks, this rocks

Yo, your bones are brittle, I'll have you livin' in the hospital
You garbage, your best guess and I will laugh at your vigil
I'm bringin' a skud vision, I'm thinkin' it doesn't tickle
You speakin' of, blood'll trickle, get hit with a Russian sickle
Flash the bat singal
If you are ever found of guilty of bein' a shill you can look forward to you
r acquittal
And Pharrell, you the fake of the year
What you quote unquote curate, that don't cure aches of the ear
Yeah, the flow more night than a kid's mind on Fortnite
I spike like a Guardian ward fight
The type short-sighted like a four-eyed dwarf height
They wanna rap, I show 'em the steps like a porch light
They don't want it
Engage all defenses, get this man a shield

You gon' need it when I spit crazy bars like a stand from steel
Lone wolf for the ounce, it's '96
Only child 'less you count the brothers I rhyme with