

# 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 your 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