

# No Face

Ghostface Killah

Yeah

Started in the kitchen

Watchin' Good Times and What's Happening and all that good shit

Eatin' oatmeal, shoutout you Zion Zamir, that's right

They asked me where I get my soul from

Let's go, yeah

Jackson 5 shit

This is it

Yo, uh-huh, right, yeah

Ayo, niggas wanna clap me, monkey see, monkey do

I'm comin' with black gloves to snub his old chunky, too

African gold dentals, iced out medals

I seen niggas get murked by the heels of stilettos

I blam one nigga and watch the other die by the echo

I had dots on darkskin niggas that look like freckles

Pay homage, my Islamic, my wrist timeless

I threw up rhymes in my Campbell's soup, I seen in my vomit

It's a world premiere, 'mere

I limp when I'm draggin' to Saudi, it's down to here, here

Holdin' bricks, where, where?

My man got eighty-five to life and that's years, years

Same day he spit at the judge and threw a chair, chair

Over large cake

You know it's on, checkmate

You can get spun, just like a mixtape

Plus, we take down your squadron, we mobbin', we goblin

Just a kid with a no face

That can take form just like a snowflake

No reusable hammers, they all throwaways

Yeah, we can get blammers and hammers, do damage and-

Me and Ghost in a ski mask

I was chillin' there, layin', Chilean like sea bass

And nobody was askin' her

Pussy, don't even fix your lips like labiaplasty-a

Welfare, got all the bread

I'm sad, I need some head

I might tell you you the one while I'm hittin' it

'Til I post-nut, cum to my senses

I tried to meditate, I tried to medicate

She had two phones, thought she was Kevin Gates

She was lyin' 'bout it, then she came clean

I was so mad, I fucked her so hard, she came clean

Got that new rrrrt, it's a May-bay-bay

She got that new bag, it's a Chay-nay-nay

I take it too far, I take it way-way-way

I pull up Cougar, out a ca-a-age

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I'm like a Nobu Street activist, flooded with shines  
Jackson 5 before Motowns, I get better with time  
Run up in the big gambling spots, cockin' it back  
I'm talkin' Agnes, Agatha, Jermaine and Jack  
VVS's on custom watches that's made from scratch  
My birthstone is like a Easter egg, an emerald fact  
My flawless game, floor seats in the glass, it came  
It's a glass of July sun, beat the odds in Vegas  
We shook the coke for the big lumps and the Pyrex strainers  
Ran up in housing who had work, we disguised as painters  
Pop like bitches with fake asses that leak like drainage  
Our language, too much money, we can't explain it

Over large cake  
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Yeah  
I'd like to thank all the MC's across New York  
Bronx, Brooklyn, Harlem  
Queens, Long Island  
Givin' birth to Pretty Tone out here in Staten Island  
We be wildin', nigga, that's right  
Writin' these rhymes in red ink, nigga, with the red light on  
Cornered back in the days, you heard  
Forty ounce kingpins, nigga, word  
Those were the days and shit, gettin' that money  
Wu-Tang for life, yacht city  
Holla at me  
Call me or somethin', nigga (One)  
Fosho, we dirty in this here  
We done murdered this shit  
R.I.P  
Fuck outta here