

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

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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