

Pour Tha Martini

Ghostface Killah

"Fourth quarter time..."

Clarks is lighty scuffed, need a new pair
Jacob Javits Center, Wu and Snoop there
D-Block pull up, olive green drops
The interior suede, cuz that's boss crock
Air fresheners hang, the joint is sold out
To capacity, this young bitch keep asking me
"Can I suck your dick?", "Not now, shorty"
"Maybe after the show, just hold fast for me"
Ferocious bangles, birds on both arms
I'm jew-eled out like a box of Lucky Charms
On stage, two treadmills, a pull-up bar
Involved with the lights to give it that red feel
Feeling like Bruce Wayne, making up for never making the prom
Ma, you chilling? The belt glow in the dark
Where my aunt stays, batteries gone
That's when I pull a forty out for Ason

Wu-Block, I'm from a gun play habitat
Let me run into Nicki, I'm smashing that
What you know about the ratchet in your mother mouth
Killah banging the neck, with two rubbers out

(Man, that's murder, you fuck with Wu-Block, now that's murder)
Shout out to Ason (yeah)
Aiyo, Ghost, I'm going in, family (go 'head, get 'em)
Feel me, son (yeah)

Sheek and Ghost Deini, aiyo, Cap, pour that bitch a martini
Loosen her up, fuck it, pour Goose in her cup
Tell her chill, cuz the Gods is here
Big money in this place, I'm balling when I'm leaving out of Chase
Red diamonds on a Freddy Kruger face
I don't get pat down, you know what's on the waist
I don't mean jazz when I say I count base
Fly Louis sneakers, Purple Tape coming out the speakers
Bumped into my high school teachers
They said I wouldn't be nothing, sitting on the bleachers
Now I'm sitting in the Phantom, trynna figure out the features
I'm a big fish now, I watch for the leeches

Aiyo, I jump on stage with my dick in my hand
I'm a Park Hill nigga, straight from Shaolin
New York is the borough where I pump my rocks at
Bitch ass niggas where I dump my glocks at
I don't have to get dip, I'm known and flossy
I'm known everywhere like Remedy Rossy
Never say shit, I'm hard and cocky
Too hot for these tracks, wash this summer
Go hard for the hood from Arlington to Sumner
Yeah, nigga, what, I'm just one of us
For all my jail niggas, that feel wondrous
Fuck a fat bitch, with a thunder butt
Mad groupie love, too caliente
Mahogany, polly with Sin Jay

My nigga Ghost Rider, King Sheek Louch
I'm in the fly spotlight with that Papoose