

# Pull Tha Cars Out

Ghostface Killah

We make the club jump every time we walk in this bitch  
Yea, we shining. You can tell my niggas is rich  
Rozay and Patron at my throne, women at my feet  
Staring like they want me to beat  
This New York rap, I'm on the other side of the map  
Nahh nigga place rap with a bitch on my lap  
Back to back on the FDR, big cigar  
You can tell there's a star in one of these cars  
She's with Ghostface, yeah a bird on her wrist  
Mask on face, [?]  
Everybody try but they can't do it like this  
This Don Donna it starts I bet I won't miss

Hey yo

Pull them cars out  
We gettin money over here  
Them bottles on the table  
The weed in the air  
Your woman starin at us  
Them haters ice grillin  
Wu-Block, you know we in the buildin

Every little spot they know me  
Loyal females who can't just give me the twat  
They show me like I'm a big stock broker on Wall Street  
I said, "Nahh, I'm that big drug dealer from 4E! "  
A lot of guacamole, know a lot of parolees  
Slung in front of a lot of these delis eatin canoles  
I stayed on the front line like private events in airports  
And live by the code I'm a bust mine  
Word, tunes, start shorty while I got a tongue in my ear  
Don't get a stain on my Porsche  
Light-skinned said she a virgo  
Said she love my roll game and my bird yo  
A baby ghost appeared from the blunt smoke  
It lingered through her hair and settled in her clothes  
Her bag fell, I saw a 38 snub nose  
I stole that and still fucked her when the club closed

Bust honey on your face, hundred stacks on the car  
If I spend a rack today, get that rack back tomorr  
I'm a cash ruler, rulers zig-zag along  
Get my money off the hook like I'm Abdul-Jabar  
Get my money off the book like Steve Paul  
Then fall, act hard, but they livin  
They think like a man, but act like they women  
I never trust a broad with that in God trust only trust in God  
Look at me, I'm what these little haters wanna be  
I'm your man, 50 grand and I keep it a hundred G  
I'm that block on fire, it's like a hundred and three  
Rappers come a dime a dozen but they don't come in tha peace  
I only need a few raps when you comin with cheese  
And the people you come up with, they be comin to me  
We got the city under siege  
Where the tightest ladies

Where the tightest under reach