

# Purified Thoughts

Ghostface Killah

"Am I a good man? ..."

Take my hands out my pockets you can see my thumbs  
Both of them turned green, from countin the ones  
Memorized by the glory, word life  
Cut off niggaz who killed Bill but couldn't do nuttin for me  
Shout 'em out every once in the blue and kid too  
I never rocked with, laws they keep away we cool  
I devised my own stimulus, plan I'm niggarith  
I'm tired of eatin those crumbs and black licorice  
The frame of mind so {?} like cleansin the mic  
Let the imam pray over my head and wash  
Thoughts, sterilized, purified, Godly  
Watch us gift men and fetch the green like barley  
If that shit happen I'll feed his whole army  
Talkin 'bout the angels and peeps in Somali  
Try to stay humble, and swallow my pride  
In God I trust, now talk about the ones on your five  
Crisp dollar billin, catch me in a little hut in Beneen  
Village style, feedin the children  
Big pots of jasmine tea with Mandela  
Africans chantin me on like Coachella  
Ghostface bom ba ye, kumbiya my Lord  
My death day, 24 karat tomb I lay  
Wishin they could bury me, next to the prophets  
Nabi, Lut, Is'haq, Musa, Harun, Muhammad  
Ibrahim

"Am I a good man?" (I don't know)

"Am I a fool?" (We'll see)

The Lord takes me, gathering speeds before winds  
High currents, places we formin wings  
Kings offering, thrones was there  
Man with the 7 crowns on his dome was near  
Feet walked over rose petals, song from the ghetto  
Face froze in gold like the pharaoh  
A dawn in glory, robe of light, a powerful cherub  
As he passed the path, white doves cost the eyes of thugs  
Eternal heartbeat, in the dark fire in his blood  
700 books were opened  
It breaks to right, they threw the crooks in the ocean  
Scared, brass hair like it grew from goatskin  
The chosen has spoken, tablets were broken  
The smoke hand grabs an omen  
Gravity grabbin me gradually draggin me through hell's cavity  
This is blasphemy, I fell where the jackals be  
God felt bad for me but cast me into Caspian Sea  
Satan draggin his key, Wu-Family's the faculty  
K.P., K.P.

"Am I a good man? Am I a fool?"

"Am I?"

He used to sling in the stairwell  
Fast to put the rap on thinking cap, ignite your hair gel  
No such thing as a fair sale  
He'll put the bullet out same day, delivery airmail

And on this level a thug'll sell you garbage  
No refund, the only exchange from the cartridge  
Where the youths is kept comin back with they life earnings  
Ready to make a deal, soul and pipe burning  
The outcome tragic, household dramatic  
Living rooms to {}, basements to attics  
Support from the B, hit the courts from a fiend  
who betrayed one, who had lit the torch for his team  
So they sent him gifts, body parts per diem  
in a box that held prints but too dark to see 'em