

## Ray Gun

Ghostface Killah

Yo, yo  
Back in Black, it's your local superhero from the hood  
Ironman Starks got the good  
Not that good good like Snoop  
I bulletproofed the Coop'  
Polished up the suit and gathered the troops  
Got a brand new ray gun  
Me and DOOM heading down to the range  
To shoot in the matrix  
Catch bullets with my hands and teeth, I break faces  
Wild car chases, don of all ages  
I saved the world that's fucking history pages  
My Wu crescent signs in the sky at night  
Watch how my eagle on my wrist take off into flight  
All my might, white glass teeth that write  
Ain't a bird or a plane it's a ghost on the mic  
Two hammers and a diamond blade sword  
Thicker than the Ford F1-50  
Niggas couldn't lift me

As if, stance mad stiff  
Metal Face DOOM, beware, he bear gifts  
Gab for the shift, overwork, overtime  
Jerk you been warned, go for mine  
In the dance hall play the wall like handball  
Till his pants fall, brawl till last call  
Loose cannon, squeeze a drip  
Off to rip this one for the Gipper, get gypped  
That nig' ya dig don't tip the strippers  
Foamposite mask, matching slippers  
Yo where's Starks? Backpack of ammo  
Warriors said let your flags blow, camo  
These dudes is toys like Wham-O  
Damn though, chip paint driving on the gravel with the Lambo  
Blamo