

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