

Revenge Is Sweet

Ghostface Killah

Blades of glory, things remain the same
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain
Cycle in the rain, with the span of time
Through the frame of mind, all wins be mine

The feeling (by me) through (the time) it took to (show me)
In the {time, will never start a new}

Aiyo, revenge is sweet, that's why I take my time with it
Like good pussy, I just stay when I'm up in it
Evil plan, my mind functions well off spite
I don't do that tit-for-tat, I blow your shit up like dynamite
Take my life, I take everyone you love
Have your kids thrown out of a plane, look up cuz
My plots are like movie scripts, they're well planned
Snatch you off the land and drop you off in the Sahara sand
So don't stand, don't try to double cross me
My Tennessee goons'll nail that ass to the cross, B.
Revenge mode, I live life by the sword
And if you live by it, die by it, I still kill your whore
Set me up, I'm coming back like a thief in the night
I have a suicide bomber pop up on your flight
You couldn't take my life, my mask been resurrected
And I'm Ghostface Killah, way more then you expected

Those, who, fear, his return, must face, the catastrophe

Yes, but what they didn't expect, a hundred goons from the projects
Armed and masked with flame throwers and gas
I blast anything, hung him by his tongue ring
Until he game the info, on how he find his kinfolk
Made him sign the ransom, then gave a note to his grandson
Bust a shot, and made him run fast, back to his family
News of his discovery, would set off a chain of events, that would then lead
To members of DeLuca's to bleed, with no acception
They sent the wrong message, so kill everything, no exception
To the media, they will not be able to retire or cease fire
Til every Luca has expired, in entirety, wishes of the Don
Tone Stark to eternity, respectfully

Cutthroats, murder sprees and killings
Were synonymous with this gangsta life before his passing
So it only seemed fitting, that it would become the embodiment
Of his new life

I, keep having flashbacks of blasting at you bastards
Cutting acts out from bitches, got convicted of the gun charge
And laughed at my sentence, four years, five flat, post release supervision
For niggas spitting in the wind, but that's what I get for missing
So soon as I hit the bricks again, niggas is finished
Ninja mode on a mission, out to end your existence
Think I'm sitting up in prison with a tender L, in the cell, sick as hell,
listen
Every day is like Christmas, I miss my seed and my misses
But I see them on visits, I ain't stressing over pussy, beat my dick to her
pictures
When they free me, I'mma see you, leave you food for the fishes

Whole DeLuca crew is hit for the fixing, I get the henchmen
Line 'em up, tommy gun them down, the muzzle extension
Tear they flesh off if one of them flinching