

Scar Tissue

Ghostface Killah

Uh

Bottles of sangria
Mobsters jumping out of trucks like a consigliere
Pasta, prawns over lobsters
Oysters, diamond chips, smothered all in the fish into cold boxes
Tractor trailers, old drug dealers
Got me feeling like Gotti the way they bug the ceilings
One rogue came in to box my appearance
You frontin' takin' everything off it's straight clearance
Jewels, cash, couple nigga from Nebraska
You soakin' in epsom salt the day after
An ill murder game is what they told me
Keep reaching when it's not on me, we ain't homies
We ain't partners nigga, you's a target
So much gun clicking they kick us out of apartments
Everything steaming Yapp City mode
You ever seen coke rocked up on a pretty stove

Stop beefing with that nigga, you could talk to me
If you really like that, you could walk with me
You could spar with me
If you take two to the head, by mistake, pardon me
Paybacks a bitch ain't it
Thats why I don't talk to niggas I'm good, I ain't gettin' acquainted
Middle finger to the judge, we still killin' the plaintiff
We Staten Island niggas we don't got to explain it, nah
Harlem Shake niggas for they pockets, stay tuned
For more faggot niggas coming out the closet
Rockin' fake Dior
Any change made on this ground
Out of respect, you should break me off
Word, I stay stylin' silks, Ballys, and raw denim
Get your head wrapped in plastic, I'll Boars Head em
Read niggas up and down like the court's read em
Spit acid on everything, strong venom

Sheesh
Ghostface Killah!
Staten Island QB
This what we doin!

Indubitably some niggas are stupid to me
Or should I refrain from calling some brothers out of they names
Cause a king only qualify for some
You can't call us all kings not everybody is one
Yo this verse is like shrooms and rum
Levitating out of my body or something
Woke up uptown in 67
At Smalls Paradise, candle lights
Where I saw my man Bumpy Ellsworth and his wife
Queens representer like Prince, Gerald Miller
Free that man, plus LO, nothing bigger
Than Ghostface and Esco
Legal Mexican cartel money
Call me Arnesco
Guzman, Lopez, Garcia
Gold plated AKs, lethal when you see us

Between the fingers
Smokin on a thousand dollar blunt
Tell these suckers I got everything they want