

Soul Thang

Ghostface Killah

Yeah

'Bout to tie my sneakers on this shit
Yo, wiz, what up? (Yeah, uh)
We about to eat this, word (Fire, nigga)
Y'all know what it is, nigga
Need a hundred candles for this cake (Uh)
Back in this bitch (Who got matches?)
Uh-huh, let's go (Who got matches?)
Uh, one (Staten Island shit)
Yeah, uh, what? (Supreme Clientele)

Batman capes, Egyptian shines on the scale
Medallion smothered in Frosted Flakes
Traphouse, baggin' up nothin' but halves and eighths
Powder, we're raisin' cuts on a porcelain plate
Fentanyl, sixty CCs be the death of y'all
Burn like ethanol, fiendin' for omeprazole
Plug pulled the patterner down and took his weapon off
Get behind him, ain't that his man? And let seven off
Yeah, bark money, gold piranhas, shark money
Bust 'em open, shoved all the work right in the shark tummy
Arabian Arabs say, "Fuck the tariffs"
Your wonderful yacht, I made sure it docked in Paris
In a Millennium, slanted-face killers are Sicilian
Throwin' nothin' but bald-heads, Wallo and Gillie 'em
Automatic airborne whips take off wheeliein'
Melt niggas, watch they soul rise like helium

Yeah, rock your baby pops in the mouth and now his teeth gone (Baow)
Bitch, how the fuck is you bougie? You drive a Nissan (Get outta here)
Sittin' at the The Last Supper table, I get my feast on
Bing-bong, pickin' out diamonds to put my piece on (Cha-ching)
Your shit ain't hittin' like this, so don't even bother (Nah)
Shit, I blew shawty back out, went home and did fajr (Yup)
Twenties for the kids (Ooh), a hundred to the barber (Ah)
I see your whole style in my shit, call me your father (Daddy)
We the dons of all dons (Yup), all my bitches love to fuck
Mike Tyson hooks, plus a duck, uppercuts (Hah)
All these fuckin' diamonds in my chain, that's a clusterfuck (Bling)
You on your man's bike nuts to butt, what the fuck?
Keep runnin' your mouth, I might fuck you up (Ah)
I get ignorant quick, but I'm a genius (Yup)
Up north, they ate your food, now you bulimic (Ooh)
I seen it, like a twenty-seven-inch Zenith (Yup)

Uh, you worth what you got
I want it all, you gon' serve it or not?
My man staged the whole shit, then we circled the block
We sold it back in fishscales like we work at the dock
I told my bitch to stop playin' 'cause she twerk with the pot

I been pinned it, tell my GPS circle my opps
I shoot around 'til every shell come out the box
We top tier, see, a lot of niggas fail when they drop
Spur of the moment, I'll probably Wemby on your block

They used to call me for a quarter every time they need the pick-up

Fiend hit it once, see the vomit, hear the hiccups
Everybody runnin' through the crevices and curse us
Then you see me follow behind like it's a stick-up

I hop out gettin' money, slightly trimmed on the rugby
Watch me spin, do the dougie, cash rules, I'm gettin' money
Ain't a damn thing funny
To the point that I clear it out, fuck around leave everything fuzzy (Yeah)

Bear-skin rug by the fireplace
Nice auntie, Pam Grier body with the Maya face (Fire)
Nigga, the K hold a ladder like the fire escape
My man had a good year, movin' birds out the tire place (Uh)
We the elohims, the gods of the flows, nigga
That Medellín'll knock the smell out your nose, nigga
I promise you, try to run down on the bros, nigga
You will come face to face with defeat like, "What are those?" nigga

I'm the type to cook a bird in the crockpot
My supreme clientele had the fiends doin' pop-locks (I swear)
Feds rush the crib, Mama Love hit the top lock (Mama)
My guns go "Boom, boom," never "pop, pop" (Shoot your lil' shit)

I'm a mastermind that mastered mine, flash the nine
Yappin' shine, you asinine, he dead man, casket time
Nigga, it's Huey Reek Newton, nigga, barely sell
Fuck the sub, say how you really feel if it's really real