

The Battlefield

Ghostface Killah

Ayo, I'm back after nine years, that's 36 seasons
Shit is changed up for all types of reasons
Staten Island ain't the same, shit is lame
No familiar faces son, I'm dodging the game
I want a clean slate, but these cops stay screwin'
Snatching me up off the block, what am I doin'?
Oh, it's officer Dingle and his sidekick Berry
Driving me around the hood so I could worry
See how fucked up it is there's crackheads on every corner
Kids in the schoolyard smoking marijuana
I ain't feeling it, this ain't the way I left these blocks
And my name's faded out like some old damn socks
I want respect, these streets was my playground once
I was the Mack across 110th on these stunts
Not once would a nigga test me or gets zesty
I would walk down the street and sneeze, they all blessed me

Been on the battlefield for a long, long time
I can see life closing in on this old body of mine

Yeah, homie, I'm the kingpin called Future
Make a killin' in these buildings in the millions
Got 'em feeling like Brewster
Shit hot as Fallujah
Kids grown now, they cock rugers
Welcome back to the sewers
Where new whips maneuver
No kids playing, no safe and sound havens
There's tre pound cases on the playground pavement
No more dudes with 22's in their sneaker soles
Kids tote shit that leave your body with a heap of holes
I'm that neighborhood blizzard flooding these streets with snow
Heavy iron on the ready, my shit'll crease your clothes
Keep a flock of sweetest hoes, yeah, I sleeps with those
Little slum young Keisha Coles with cheaper clothes
Undercovers all around the gutter, they creepin' low
I stays ahead, kid, I toss bread like pizza dough
I keep the tef around my torso with the piece below
That bulldog short nose, G be at peace with those, you know

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Mama Bear was a church woman, pop's skated off
I was impaired, an introverted youngin', a lot changed my course
From nowhere to my first onion then them cops came across Flashed the badge,
took my stash, told my little ass get lost
Threw me off when my grind was prime time then
You could step on and stretch mine's to a nine times ten
I was gone, remembering though that fine line's thin
So I studied that chessboard and we were all blind men
Dealers ran the streets, but the D's ran them
I was a killer underneath, but needed expansion
Something to constitute being high in a coupe
The cries from my youth so I applied for the suit
Salute to the enforcer, call me officer now
Supporter of paraphernalia, I toss it around

The link to the cartel, costs is down
It's that Denzel in training day shit, caution my grounds

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