

The Catastrophe

Ghostface Killah

Clouds of glory, praise remain the same
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain
Cycle in the rain, with the span of time
Through the frame of my knowing, it's mine
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If anybody knew that time would sit to show me
Then the time would never start a new
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Hey yo, 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'll take every one of y'all
Have your kids thrown out of a plane, look out cous'
My plots are like movie scripts, they well planned
Snatch you off the land and drop you off in the sahara sand
So don't scam me, don't try to double cross me
Like Tennessee ghouls, I'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'll still kill your horse
Set me up, coming back, like a thief in the night
I'll have a suicide bomber pop up on your flight
You couldn't take my life
My mass done resurrected
And I'm ghostface killah, way more than you expected

Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe
Yes but what they didn't expect
A hundred ghouls from the projects armed and masked
With flamethrowers and gas'll blast anything
Hung him by his tongue ring
Til he gave the info on how we find his kinfolk
Made him sound the ransom then gave the dope to his grandson
Bust the 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 DeLucas to bleed with no exception
They sip the raw muscles so kill everything, no exception to the media
There would not be a retire or cease fire
Til every Luca has expired in entirety
Wishes of the god Tone Starks to eternity
Respectfully
Cutthroats, nosebleeds, and killings were synonymous
With his gangsta life before his passing
So it'da only seem fitting that it would become
The embodiment of his new life
I keep having flashbacks of blasting natural gats, cutting outside the
Benches
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 bridge again, niggas is finished
Ninja mode on a mission out to HH sisters

Think I'm sitting up in prison
With a tin of L, in a cell, sick ass hell, listen
Everyday is like christmas, I miss my seed and my missus
But I see em on visits, I ain't stressing over pussy
Beat my dick to her pictures
When they free me I'mma see you leaving food for the fishes
Hope the Luca crew is in for the fixing
Now get the henchman, line em up
Zombie gun em down the muzzle extension
Tear they flesh off for one of em flinching

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