

# The Drummer

Ghostface Killah

I don't want the horns, blowing...  
I don't want the streets to play a melody... (yeah, it's hip hop, it's hip hop  
The mic needs to be a little bit more crystal).  
I don't want to hear the good time is coming...  
Don't want to hear the voices in back of me... (you know what I'm saying? 'Cause I'm bout to go in)  
I'm not gonna hear it! I don't want the drummer...

Awwwww, Meth Tical, yo, you stepped on my corns and shit  
Got the charm lit, bomb wrist, what type of arm is this?  
I seen you at the Grammy's with a triple Bar Mitz',  
Can I kick it? (Hell No!).  
That's why she got hair in her elbows and she real slow,  
And a, every two weeks she gotta see her P.O.  
She's a disgrace to signs, she fuck it up for Leos,  
Method Man (Tony Starks) the most important M.C. in the whole wide world.  
Is you and you hardly even know it, know it, know it...

Watch me shock the world, move the masses like a landslide,  
It's a lyrical stick-up, everybody's (hands high).  
See the bigger, picture, I'm out for the grand prize,  
I'm not a role player, senior, I'm the franchise.

A yo, with Trife sweating, every bullet is life threatening,  
And you could get a chest full of slugs in a slight second.  
Yo, my nine milli' pistol's really official,  
So you can Analyze That like DeNiro and Billy Crystal.

A yo, it's Ghost with the sky blue cuffi, smashing groupies,  
Leaving them fiend out, like New Jack's Pookie.  
Every line is like ninety nine dimes,  
Shrine auditorium rap, aquarium's in my wall in the back.

Now that you know my name, niggaz know my game,  
If you feel me, then you know my pain,  
I seen you rap dudes done stole my slang, trying hold my fame.  
Ain't even strong enough to hold my thing,  
Want to flow, fuck with me though, baby, I'm a trying see dough.  
My squad got them caught in the yard screaming for C.O,  
Every time we blow, it raise the prize on the padrico.  
Ya niggaz shoot your guns like Shaq shooting a free throw.

Spark the fluid, hop out and park the Buick.  
I got fiends blowing CREAM like Martha Stewart,  
We on that up north jail shit, harder than steel chips.  
Ya'll niggaz better bail quick, before you inhale clips.

Ya'll better get low, before I let the Tec blow.  
Streetlife, I'm trying get more dollars than Kreftlo,  
The whole hood echoes, every time my nine let go.  
Get out of line or steal your life like a klepto.

When Biggie died, they came out with Biggie fries,  
Big biscuits got me over, in the streets wide,  
Prada gloves, laying for thugs, praying.  
Drop a bronco buster, G-37 on the rap patient.

I'mma leave the shit this summer in that H2 Hummer now,  
Mami gotta call your bean ass ay caramba, now.  
Eh boy el loco, oh no, I ain't Yoko,  
My hoes, I keep 'em looking good, right, but no dough.

I don't want no horns blowing...  
I don't want the... I don't want the drummer...