

# The Hilton

Ghostface Killah

This nigga just bought eleven machine guns  
And he brought them in my crib

Glittered out, stout face, teck, Rae up in the Hilton  
Heard Nia Long is in the building  
Penthouse fashion, ordered out room service  
It looked bugged 'cause the waiter looked nervous  
Lift off the lid, seen two shiny thirty-eights aimed at the kid

What I do, duck, Rae up in the shower singing  
Son don't know that it's real  
Coming looking like he about peel something  
In a tight jam, red down, matching like Santa  
If I could just reach my hammer

He bust two shots, I played mice  
Ran to the spot were the sun was at  
Quickly he was blinded by the ice  
That's when Rae ran out of the back  
Towel on, soap on his arms, spit duke around, fell on my lap

Yo, what the fuck happened?  
It was a set up to get wet up  
Starks your bleeding

Nah, his blood fucked my white leather up  
Ten G's down the drain  
Yo hurry up, we got to get him up  
Get the sheets son, let's fix him up  
Lock the door, turn the TV off, your kicks is near the light switch

Just give me two minutes to iron my shirt, find my ices  
The hit came quick  
Hit the jack, star six  
Ghost

Put down the phone stupid  
Wipe off your prints

Rae ran hysterically, slipped on soap  
Landed on his back, with his gat, now that's dope  
We got three minutes, nobody seen shit  
Somebody might have heard shit

Singing on some Martin, were my momma bird shit  
Fuck your socks, that's when we heard the door knock  
Everything all right? Partying son, balloons popped  
Threw this dude under the bed

A half dressed Raekwon, swallowing diamonds  
Had money in juice up on his wedding day  
The phone rang off, the tea kettle blew, wifey hitting me  
What you want sweaty, lima beans and kidney

Trashed the beeper, slowly I reached for the reefer  
Throw a Costa, peep, oh son the house keeper  
Soap suds dripping from his nuts, cut up gut

Praying how me make it out the telly and touch

Fuck it, a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda  
We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer  
Caught up in the grimy shit  
Finding two days later a murder and we got to make this flight shit

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Ayo, the pressures on, sonny got murk, it's time to move fast  
Ayo, Deini it's on, check out the news flash  
Flew out the next day, back to the Tony estates  
Blew on the first class flight to L.A.

It ain't take long, I pulled a few strings on the horn  
So were it came from?  
That nigga we stuck and took the caine from  
We should have killed him when we had him

Yo I was holding a Magnum  
Yeah we bagged him, but we let him slide in the wagon  
His bad little brown ho, from out Chicago  
She move his cargo, good at handling Roscoes

We had our eyes closed God, we should have seen it coming  
He should have seen me coming, running out the shower gunning  
Now that I figured it, she put the waiter on  
It all came to me, in back of my mind, just like my favorite song

Dawned on me later on, by then the day was gone  
How dare this nigga even think that he could take us on  
Smoke the Cee Allah  
Sent the kite through the Pens

Him and big Dan  
Known to split wigs, with razor sharp gems  
Giants from Attica riots, halls is quiet  
CO's with babies on their arms look tight

And this nigga from down state got shipped up north  
Stocky young fella, running his lips on how he set it off  
Then heard that shit, plus got that kite  
Money got murdered in his bunk that night

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