

The Zoom

Ghostface Killah

Yeah
Yeah, okay
Mhm
See, this that type of shit that feel good
I love this shit, this shit touch my soul
You know I got an old soul and shit
Yeah, yo

Ayo, I'm sittin' by the pool, sippin' on Baileys
Readin' a big thick novel by Alex Haley
One chick cleanin' my stones
Other's on the phone paintin' her nails and start givin' me dome
It's Pretty Tone
Billboard wardrobes
Hand-knitted case made from drapes with a hint of gold
Stood trial, but I never told
I'm not a rat, so I couldn't fold
Writin' a ten-minute dart before it got dark
Tuxedo gangsters orderin' sharp
Thirty thousand the tag, straight from the start
Shark meat so delicate, keep fallin' apart
Trips to Africa, frame of mind, Nas in Belly
No Wi-Fi, only landlines and tellies
I need a queen that can match my frequency
Tell her communicate softly, frequently

Woah, zoom
I'd like to fly far away from here
Where my mind, oh Lord, is fresh and clear (Zoom)
And I'm by the Lord that I long to see
Where everybody can be what they wanna be (Zoom)
Hmm

Her soul glisten
Shea butter on skin, the sun look crazy over duvet covers
Romantic beachfronts, Gucci ottomans
Stars aligned, show me a sign like it came from Solomon
Oh, Cleopatra, gift me a few words
Calligraphy love letters and wine over dessert
Grant me love, feelings of a new birth
If I were captured, I'd pay whatever you worth
From different angles, she sent my angel
And when I was lost, she played her part
She drew on my soul and traced my heart
Electric currents was flowin', we ignited a spark
Drenched her mind in a bowl full of rubies
Covered in crystals, beautiful spirit, clean as a whistle
Big house on the water
Maybe a son or a daughter

Woah, zoom
I'd like to fly far away from here
Where my mind can be fresh and clear (Zoom)
And I'm by the Lord that I long to see
People can be what they wanna be (Zoom)