

Unpredictable

Statik Selektah

Cashmere pea coat
Fella caught a fortune off a c-note
Wiggin' out I'm givin' out free smoke
Hater love to doubt ace
I live in the kitchen baking poundcakes
Supreme Clientele, never clout chase
Global mogul, ex-lover I ain't tryin' to hold you
Watch me gain power like I changed in the phone booth
Low brim, Soulja Slim, cover me I'm goin' in
Fuckin' with him, they gon' know the fire close as kin
Statik on the track like a old dusty 45
Statik on my back like the old rusty .45
You caught the vibe, that's on Any Given Sunday
Ready with the drum play
I'm heavy with the Feng Shui
I must say, I'm up now
In spite of all my gold they tried to shut down
I'm still worth millies on the bustdown
So savage, total my average that's GOAT status
Addicts fiending for these lines, that's a coke habit

Yo Ghost lethal
Like the diamonds on a handle on a Desert Eagle
I pop like a old record with a thin needle
I got verses in the safe written in Hebrew
Back the fuck up
Or catch a bald head we call Onyx
Once in a while get my dick sucked
Yeah, listenin' to Delfonics
Old rituals makin' it til' it's visual
How you gonna kill a Ghost, knowin' he's invisible
Every time I fly out I'm leavin' my hoes miserable
I'll be back like my money or residuals
Space table, cuttin' everything fatal
Stronger than whiskey, lemon scent in the quaaludes
Had a thousand wallos on the cover of my debut
Daytona Five double-O in them Babe Ruths
95, the first nigga with a Jesús
I jumped ship I chose Titos over Grey Goose

Ayo, what we doin'
We caught up in Chase foldin' up new ones
The chain with the sheepdog on, Breezly Brewin
These individuals who got change and barely knew em
Since my nigga took off the stocking caps to cool em
Yo fire sour with gasoline burners, light up
Any microphone in the mix get lit right up
Get power, everything'll sell for a sick dollar
Crashin' up Cullinans, Royce give me a holler
Yo, the greatness
Sorta like tapes in The Matrix
All butter soft shit on, you know the way bitches
The Pharoahs only rock gold at the galas
Champagne wars with sneaky whores we smell em
Rip rap, any adversary I twist that
All I need a Guinness, a drum thick, and a kickback
You know them niggas, yup, Wu niggas

When it come to partnership
It's parkin' shit, sharks and shit

If I ride with ya, vibe with ya, I side with ya
This is my scripture, next to greatness is my picture
I don't like pictures, my trigger finger just might flick it
Take your life and them guys with ya can die with ya
I'm a fly figure
Net worth in the 9 figures
Like I'm lyin' if ya know ya know when that line hit ya
Draw the line Mr. Get Out Of Line, you line skipper
You get lined quicker, I'm fittin' all you line sniffers
Shot callin' but ya'll triggered, that's ya'll business
In Park Hill and the Slum Village we all dealers
And ya'll feel us, the feelin' feel like we all members
Like we all winners, unless I'm hungry than ya'll dinner
YUM
Finger lickin' sound of the drum
When I'm money hungry, lick my finger countin' my funds
Take a finger from me, well then I'm'a count on my thumb
Our count on my accountant when I'm accounting my ones