

# Revenge is Sweet (feat. Masta Killa & Killa Sin)

## Ghostface Killah & Apollo Brown

Roads of glory, praising me the same  
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain  
Cycle in the rain with the span of time  
Through the frame of mind the winds remind  
Roads of glory, praising me the same  
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain  
Cycle in the rain with the span of time  
Through the frame of mind the winds remind  
(If any) body (knew that) time would  
(Sit to) show me (in the) time would never start anew  
(If any) body (knew that) time would  
(Sit to) show me (in the) time would never start anew  
Ay 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 you love  
Have your kids thrown out of a plane, 'look out cus'  
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  
My Tennessee goons'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, murdersprees, 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 again, niggas is finished  
Ninja mode on a mission out to end your existence  
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  
Tommy gun em down, the muzzle extension  
Tear they flesh off for one of em flinching Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe  
The Catastrophe Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe  
The Catastrophe  
The Catastrophe

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>