

Mighty Healthy

Ghostface Killah

INTRO:

-My God, so they are killers.

I've heard lots of people say once a man's a killer, they just keep on killing and killing; they sort of develop a taste for blood.

-Yeah, that's right. They kill one man, or kill ten, it's all the same (yes). After all, THEY CAN ONLY HANG YOU ONCE.

VERSE 1:

Both hands clusty, chillin' wit my man Rusty low down
Blew off the burner kinda dusty
The world can't touch Ghost, purple tape Rae co-host
Monty Hall expo, intellect you red pro
Son triflin fuck, wildflower on the cyclin
Pick up the brew thought I was Michael an'
Mics are writin' pool, now, I'm into Iron Duals
Turn-ons the Earth's whoopee, she out of law school
In hale break beats of hell A-Alikes propel parallel
Duracell night, you flash a burnt cell
Snap out of CandyLand, kids the old rumor is
blacks become immune to shit, we never did like
eati' dead birds chose the pharmacy over herbs
Men marryin men, ill they got the herbs pulsar
Scissor hand wig vanished in the winter
Livin' off land you god damn right I fuck fans king me
Check checkmate props like the micro chip founder
Neck to neck stocks with Bill Gates now

CHORUS:

When we hug these mics we get busy
Come and have a good time with G-O-D
Make you snap your fingers or wiggle
Scream, shout, laugh and just giggle
Shake that body, party that body
Don't fuck with Ghost you'll feel sorry
That's word, I'm not the herb

Understand what I'm sayin' (echo)VERSE 2:

Hit mics like Ted Koppel, rifle expert
Let off the Eiffel, burn a flag in the grass it's spiteful
Ringleader set it off, rap Derek Jeter
Culprit, prince of the game wish you could see us
We lay low glitter wax full bangles
Priceless rolls, lay around the God get tangled
Woolly hair, eyes firey red, feet made of brass
Twelve men, following me, it be the God staff

Move, every script's like Miramax
Smash the big boy totalled it, will shot fear effects
Son beamin' wifee on the beach, sippin' Zima
Wu 'binos, to latinosaurs, we bust Selena
Over night, God schedules, fed ex
Pretty soloette velvet nice DNA scroll genetics
Too hot, to handle one thought scramblin the mandolin
Hundred game Wilt Chamberlain, smack em, say when
He rollin up, face wrinkled up, hands is on his nuts
Yo kid stop frontin' on the ground before you get touched
It's Canada Dry sess, obsessed with Allah's sun
We want rye, we want it so bad we might cry
-What we do, depends on breath control, so it's the first thing you must
learn. Fortunately it's easy. You'll soon learn.
- My God so they are killers
- Killing and killing, they sort of develop a taste for blood

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