

Supa GFK

Ghostface Killah

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? (no it's Ghost, no it's Ghost)
What did y'all discover?
Is it a bird? Is it a plane? (no it's Ghost, no it's Ghost)
It's a Superman lover... Yeah, yeah, yeah
Aiyo, I'm coming up the block, got my hands on the ratchet
And these fucking little faggots don't believe it's Ghost
Well, surprise mothafucka, Starkey Love got breakfast
Got some steaming hotcuits, you can eat this toast
Shots blow through ya meatloaf and lace ya back
Turn you over like a pancake and take ya gat
That's not damn near the half of it
Cops came, said the Killahs ain't risk
game and the flow's so accurate
Anything's possible, black, you mad profitable
Waste no time, breath, air on popping you
Put you on the guest list, go dance with death
The club's dead, yeah, you right, you the last one left
See the spooks in, goths in, devils in, fire's in
You dwelling in hell where them snitch niggaz lyin, friend
Ya skin start bubbling from in the hot oven
Say peace to my man down there, K-Dozen
It's Ghost, pressing y'all clowns on the regular
Dead you on a five pack, then take ya cellular
Don't get it twisted, black, cuz I'll bury ya
This is just weed money, the more, the merrier
They call me the Superman lover
Said, they call me the Superman lover
Yeah, plus I'm wrong... Aiyo, G4 jets with like three and four pets
Sex, Beck's, chicken and hens, all the same sex
Walk through the Amazon, spilling Dom, Moet To find my way back I gotta leave a trail of
bagettes
My tongue's like a four-pound, my game is ill
Twist a chick like a Rubik's cube, now what's the deal?
Chocolate, light skin, meet Mr. Excitement
Got my D.D.L. on me, that's my Dick 'em Down License
Never wife 'em, strike just like lightning
I stay piping, hype just like Hype is
Bitches wanna see me and my rindstone drawers
Call in sick at work, then they take off
For me, spread 'em out for Starky
My mouth may drizzle like BizMarkie
I get it in like any car key

My stroke is on, I'm never rusty
Uh-uh, but if you wanna play, this is what you gonna say
That I got the best D, he could hit it all day
Something like a rising star that's on Broadway
Sex real live with a Illmatic foreplay
Oh shit, it's that Bally, it's that slick Bally
'88 material, little niggaz don't know
nothing about this though
Check it out y'all (look) come on (look) yeah, come on
(Up in the sky) When I'm at the bar,
or in a rented car (look)
(You'll see me flying by) Ya see the
jewelry truck, don't touch
Yeah, yeah, come on, when I'm in the streets
Might show you the heat (look, flying straight past ya) Toney Starks Radio (something ain't
wrong with me)
Mama got a big butt, mama got a big butt
Toney Starks Radio right here
Mama got a big butt, mama got a big butt
Smooth FM, you know how we do, come on
Wave ya hand in the air like this
Mami, wave ya hands in the air like this
Put 'em up if you trying to get rich
Put 'em up if you trying to get rich
Uh, that's right, get rich
Let's go, that's right, get rich
Ghostface, Ghostface...
Staten Island, New York, what up

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