

One

Ghostface Killah

(feat. T.M.F.)[Intro: Ghostface, (Big Trife)]

Yo, yeah {"New Ghostface!"}

Yeah, to glorious days {"one"}

Yeah God, check it out y'all

We back, yes yes y'all {"one"}

(Fake roller derbies)

Yeah, masked avengers

We're here to sharpen your sword {"one"}

All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan

Scream on it, Ghost

[Ghostface]

Aiyyo, we at the weedgate, waitin for Jake

We want eight ravioli bags, two thirsty villians yelling bellyaches {"one"}

Heavyweight rhyme writers hittin the grass

Stash the right bitch, pull out his kite from this white bitch {"one"}

Talkin bout, "Dear Ghost, you the only nigga I know

like when the cops come, you never hide your toast" {"one"}

Guests started mashing, CVL, Ice Water battlion

Past tense place to gold caskets {"one"}

Dru Hill bitches, specialist loungin at the mosk

Suede cufy, Rabbi come dig up a dentist {"one"}

Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target

when the NARC's hit, rumor is you might start to spit {"one"}

You nice Lord, sweet daddy Grace, wind lifted

on the dancefloor, mangos is free followed by Ghost {"one"}

Dug behind monument cakes, we never half-baked

Alaskan, cess-capade, pushin new court dates {"one"}

Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice

The branches in my weed be the vein {"one"}

Swimsuit issue, darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I miss you

See daddy rock a wristful {"one"}

Moder-en slave God, graveyard spells, fog your goggles

Layin like needles in the hospital {"one"}

Five steps to conquer, Ax Vernon debt, big ass whistle

Ziploc your ear, here thistle {"one"}

[T.M.F. - both]

To my real bitches take your drawers off

To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off {"one"}

Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face

and tell her Ghost said, "Take your clothes off!" {"one"}[Ghostface]

Aiyyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies

Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}

Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"} Aiiyo, crash thru, break the glass, Tony with
the goalie mask

That's the pass, heavy ice Roley layin on the dash {"one"}
Love the grass, cauliflower hurtin when I dumped the trash
Sour mash surgeon, heavy glass up at the Wally bash {"one"}
Sunsplash, autograph blessin with your name slashed
Backdraft, four-pounders screamin with the pearly hats {"one"}
Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes
Mrs. Dash, sprinkle wit her icicle eyelash {"one"}
Ask Cap or Pendergrass for backstage passes
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mattress {"one"}
Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress
Distract the cat while I'm high sugar get a crack at this {"one"}
Dickin down Oprah, jumprope, David Dinkins
Watch the Black mayor of DC, hit them open
Tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover
Hit the sport's bar, tell a young lady to bend over {"one"}
Meditated yoga, powder ball, dancin with the vulture
Castor Troy layin for Travolta {"one"}
Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy

God glow, seven-fifteen, fall be heavenly {"one"} Aiiyo, the Devil planted fear inside the black
babies

Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin crazy {"one"}
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all, and GROW UP {"one"} [Outro: Ghostface, (Trey-Mack),]
Aiiyo, Wu-Tang Clan, T.M.F. in the motherfuckin joint
We all connect as {"one"}
(Aw shit, baby) Straight up and down y'all
(Staple-town, y'all) Yo, how many girls you gotta fuck, yo? {"one"}
(Ah-hah, know I'm sayin? Trey-Mack, what?)
How many nuts you might bust? {"one"}
Haha, straight up and down
{"one"}
(How many shots?) {"one"}
{"one"}
(That's it) Word up
How many cakes we bake, y'all? {"one"}
(Yo, yo, yo) {"one"}
(Aw shit, haha) {"one"}
{"one"}

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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