

# Motherless Child

## Ghostface Killah

(Yo yo guzzlin' forties, let's get it on fella, no doubt)  
The wiley Wu Tang comes back, Iron Man strikes back  
(Lou Diamonds, Tony Starks)  
Raid your whole empire no doubt Rich man, poor man, read the headlines  
Niggas getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes  
Jobs and drug wars living by gun law  
Jailcats come home and want to take yours As the young one, growing up broke me and my  
people  
As the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat  
Think it, plus drinkin' that ninety proof  
Playin' on the roof sayin' we need a next man to shoot  
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child) Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks  
Showin' off his eight fifty plus, what a nice whip  
Young blood guzzlin' fourties hussled in a rain  
Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins He never had it all, the kid loved basketball  
Had a favorite song, "I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall  
Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals  
Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the  
Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders  
From Staten, where crazy clips be clappin'  
Slept in his principal spreads, threads made of satin Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef  
Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and Latief  
But he fucked up, he shoulda kept it real and went for kill  
'Cause if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will  
But, shit never calm down, one day downtown  
He dropped an ounce off  
Money had slept like a nightgown  
He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in there  
Two kids was beamin' him, them niggaz from the movie theatre One had all guess on, lookin'  
like he had a vest on  
The other felly pell tucked with a firearm  
Movin' slow, baseball hats, crazy down low  
Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go Oh shit, Bookhead, just bought a five, G headed  
King Tudpea  
About the size of Little Maurice  
We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten  
I'm runnin' in, my first instance  
Is to return 'em the time is now warfare and pull Delf Remember me, the nigga from the UA and  
you pulled out  
Don't move don't even flinch  
Fix 'em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the tux  
He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin' him Had to hit him ten more times make

sure I got him  
Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy  
Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty  
I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash Then he shot my man in the ass  
And broke mega glass  
Damn, had to go out with a blast  
I shot my way up out of the Albee fast (Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)  
Oh shit, what the fuck?  
This shit is horrible  
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)  
No doubt this is how we dope  
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)  
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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