

Saturday Nite

Ghostface Killah

[Ghostface]

Yo.

Saturday night, Uptown
Ridin past Kansas Fried Chicken
What's poppin kid? We in the mix
It's chilly 40 below
Gate's closed gotta catch Dr. J's
Blowin my hand, rub on my nose
Tap the glass, stop frontin Duke, fresh pair of jeans
Look I got loot, eleven in the Bass boots
Heard a screech pull up, these Jakes flashed me 5 pictures
One had my man's mug, Semi stepped brother hugs
You asked the wrong guy son
I'm from Melina, yeah we know Mr. Coles
Flew in two days ago to see his fam'
But we been watchin you, crazily
The whole Staten Island shittin on you
Wisdom Bird's pregnant out in Baisley
Hold up snow in your ear, fresh baldie tried to change up
Not trunk today, still lookin fly, still slammed up hung
Your mom pop in your trunk, slow your pace
Starks fixed your face, copped out the 6, five years probat'
You dealin with a lot of science, motherfucker we're watchin you
Make me wanna lick shots at you
You disgust me, screwin me down, grab my gun
Go 'head bust me, heard you hate Jake that's what it must be
Hands behind your back, spread your legs
Just found a roach in your tray
It's not mine fucker, what I said
You met the 13th nigga
A multimillion dollar operation is based upon it yo
Where in the Hell's the RZA?
He's sellin mics, wildest joints
Special made to go up in your hand and which went out on point
Switched to the next scene, I'm at the crib buggin out
on how po' live, hatin plus harassin the kid
Park the truck in the double face garage
Dial 1-900-Raekwon, tell the God shit's mega
Reel flashin me on BET, Planet Groove, Rap City News
NAACP committees. { *abruptly ends* }

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>