

# Ghostface Killah, Be This Way

[Intro: Ghostface Killah w/ Billy Stewart samples]

Aiyo... aiyo, what up, yo  
What up, ya'll, this that Pretty Toney shit  
Aiyo, I know there's a lot of hoods and shit out there  
A lot of niggas done got bodied  
A lot of niggas done got robbed and shit  
You know what I mean? We love a lot of things in the hood  
But time goes on... and if we don't change a lot of shit  
Shit always gonna be this way, and that's a muthafucka fact!  
True gangsta shit, ya'll, yo, yo, yo  
When ya'll turn my mic up in here, bareback shit  
Knowwhatimean? Tired of ya'll muthafuckas and shit  
One-two, fuck around and clob on one of ya'll muthafuckas  
Yo Spidey, put that reverb shit, on  
Come on... "Can you feel it? Can you feel it?" Yeah  
"Can you feel it..." Let's go, fuck it...

[Ghostface Killah]

Live from Staten Island, where the gangstas kill  
Only place on the map, that got the 30 dollar bill  
And we front like we got millions  
Our specialty is how we willie, niggas  
That's how Buck brought the building  
And the police is pussy, they protect and serve  
They connect, with baseheads then they frisk our birds  
Smack DVDs, blowin' herb, I'm in the room  
Bonin' these two white bitches, Ice baggin' up work  
That's how we get down, fuck Vegas  
The black Carlo Gambino, rockin' the wallo's  
Blow his diamonds in Z-No's, spicey, verses is jalapeno  
Best to leave, when I'm in the big Escalade, I'm sittin' on Dino  
Tone Stark, a poet's art, kiss the girls  
And bake them pies, clean up, some are old darts  
This that real live don' shit, you heard!

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, they lick forty rounds, today  
Okay, plus the shit is mad hot around the way  
Niggas don't give a fuck on any time or day  
Or if he dyin' today, or could he find a way  
Blow niggas over 'turt, bitches, dimes and trays  
Blow a nigga a jewel and watch him slide away  
It's like that, in the hood, he in the grimy say  
But what we try'nna say is gonna "be this way"  
It don't have to... it don't have to... "My God!"

[Ghostface Killah]

With big carrots and static, with that leaves the bad habits  
Drugs layin' in buildings with great big automatics  
Anonimos' in the hood, it's a fact, we could do magic  
Splatter faggots in lobbies, the heat burn off his eyelashes  
Don't try to pass this, back up or you'll receive something  
Real tragic, them hollows'll race through your jacket  
Semi gangstas with weak tactics  
Forensic scientists called in to display graphics  
For square inch to his back winds  
They brain is spleen, it's left all over a fiend's mattress  
Bastard, we cock and squeeze after we leave our ratchets  
We keep the hood cryin' for massive havoc  
No Trix we take from silly rabbits, yo feed them lead carrots  
The little mans'll connect and they touch that fabric  
The only thing that can stop 'em is that tephlon phat shit  
Maybe artillery's heavy like a bunch of fat chicks  
Brrrr.... baow! Ain't no comin' back bitch!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Billy Stewart samples]  
"Ways... be this way!" [3X]