## Ghostface Killah, Box In Hand (Remix)

(feat. Street, Method Man)

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, assorted flavor Clarks No doubt The beer champ Yeah, curly head kid Yo, yo, yo

From Gators to blazers, low fades and razors Big dick saloon, I contact the womb; the black asian Which location keeps circulating I want the twin power after day shit on his mason A God steam represent the gummy with the green who walk fiend stand up on your block and burn a bean Sir Ballentine, lookin at this bitch walk behind The thing that's fucked up appeal us that's wine They turn around take my last pull off the L these niggas on the block keep looking at me well But they want the jewel it ain't hard to tell I'm recognize his face, he actin like Denzel But fuck him, I went to check low for chop on a ball gone the size like faith up top Now it's a whole new ball game, strategic mind frame My dialogue's rebellious raid and razor fame Glass out a red light, see Killah get on a ninja bike Show my love to the God he peeled out and made a right [Sound of speeding motorcycle]

## [Chorus:]

When you walking down the street with your - Box in your hand and you bringing the music of the - Wu-Tang Clan And you hear Ironman on your - radio rapping Your feet start the dancing and your - hands start the clapping

[Verse Two: Street]

Street's running through your dancehall gunning like Lee Harvey Oswald stunning slapping MC's with summons for pumping - that watered down substance Beef there's slugs finger creeping making moves like Crying Freeman Prince of thieves, earth's third seed Heavyweight like golden fleeces homicides stroll the street If Luther preached it, look at the thugs holding heat In the city beef got me plotting trilogy To the smoke enemies sneak attacks I'm beyond and above that Seen that done that, respect black I catch a slug to your hardhat lounging in the everglades, surfing the airwave Catch a buck fifty where the razorblades swiftly Shaolin cats be shiesty, strictly drunk off the Irish whiskey

## [Chorus]

[Verse Three: Method Man]

Rest your headpiece on this one sun cough up a lung
Sleeping on my murderous type ones I get you done I'm looking at these cuthroat kids and how they live

It's like we was partners in spades and you renege Can't fuck with no nigga like that he get me jack Or sent back, meaning whole life fade to black I'm looking in the half of right and roll tight fool me once but can't fool me twice, I'm 25 To life on this mic device ain't nothing nice a mixture of long wild rice and no spice Inflicted, rap addicted, track I stick it, flip it daddy long dick-ed, slide A little bit beyond twisted, mind in stitches You thought weak but meant wicked Niggas choke off my second hand smoke lifted everyday is like my birthday I'm mad gifted, dead calm Hit me with the eighteen bronze, buddah palm About to blow like Napalm, before your arm Prepare for the warfare, or buy a share Oh what the fuck we dealing with, yeah Johnny about to go there need another year Bust a shot for my sons that didn't make it here

[Chorus]