

# After the Smoke Is Clear

## Ghostface Killah

ghostface killah, the delphonics ()(after the smoke is done) yo  
Yeah (tang-o-phonics) yeah, what, what, who wanna do it, what  
(number one)  
Slap fire outcha monkey ass niggas  
(after the smoke is done) word up, big dick, motherfucking house  
Whaddup, bench press these cats  
(tang-o-phonics number one) yoYo, god, show these niggas how we get deep, down, and dirty  
Like keyon, got his wig pushed back,  
Five-thirty  
Yo they gotta hit  
Placed on my head, what should the God do?  
Max out in spain and do business with the jews  
Never that  
Them never look angry out of synch  
The imperial, industrial king got weight  
Don't give a fuck  
Like the poor part, we watch heart to heart  
They used to push me in shuffel cards  
Now I'm writing books like ebinezzer  
The porno teaser  
Sayin words like sheeba  
Educated rapper fouling the teaser  
My team got rocks like six flags, plus the wu lab  
Cameras in nine bedrooms we own tags  
Don't touch this  
Cracklin hot shit  
I snap ya shoulder blade in half,  
Laugh, and pop shit  
Reader's digest, passed my book to l. ron hubbard  
Got bagged that the world government tried to dub it  
But devils love it  
Movie trap raps cover the tracks  
Like ajax  
Sharper than cuts laced on hardly scratched supreme clientel  
My cartel  
Willie star passed,  
Shit his piece, where's the nobel?  
Oh, well,  
Siginin off as usual,  
The arsonist, leavin niggas lost in the stairwell  
Break: ghostface killah, the delphonics ()(tang-o-phonics number one) yeah, yo, yo  
Represent my projects stapelton (after the smoke is done)

He represent that project park hill (tang-o-phonics number one)  
 You represent that project murder west brighton now born  
 Arm bangin into that will (ahhhhhh)  
 Word up, (after the smoke is clear) yeah, what, stapelton  
 (tang-o-phonics and wu-tang still here)  
 Park hill, word up, yeah, yeah, new york  
 The greatest story ever told by me, precisely  
 Roman numeral I be  
 Plus three describe me  
 My son move like the toad  
 Get drunk  
 Speak in codes  
 Throw a fiend in the sleeper hold  
 Got beef with the cold  
 Met my comrad  
 Go half on this lamp down in baghdad  
 Flippin like a mex tab  
 Get money like an a-rab  
 The type niggas snapped  
 Six legs on the crab  
 Now, hush, who wanna do what  
 My click better bust  
 Underprivileged,  
 Grew up in a stapelton house village,  
 Where blood flood the water in the streets like oil spillage  
 When the water was flowin (tang-o-phonics number one)  
 I spot a fifty-five borough  
 A nigga was still flowin,  
 Voice was echoin  
 I rise high like an opera's  
 Procter wouldn't gamble  
 The sample, it shocked her  
 My ninjas run wilder than shaka zulu  
 Some play peace like donny the guru  
 Others live to be wise and old like desmond dutchu  
 Undisputed champion  
 Bell holders  
 Shape and mold us  
 Sole controler of the moon  
 I, solar and polar  
 I blow half smoke through my nasal  
 Bust my ways with thirty words  
 Wu-tang wasn't for children like  
 Cannibals raidin siciliansthe delphonics  
 After the smoke is done  
 Wu-tang-o-phonics number one  
 After the smoke is done  
 Wu-tang-o-phonics number one  
 After the smoke is clear  
 Tang-o-phonics and wu-tang still here  
 After the smoke is done

Wu-tang-o-phonics number one  
Ahhhhh (wuuuuuu, wuuuuuu)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>