

# Yolanda's House (feat. Raekwon & Method Man)

## Ghostface Killah

Ay yo I'm skinned up, Nike's is scuffed  
Still buggin' earlier around four how I escaped the bust  
The way I fell cracked the face of my watch  
My mans chantin' me on like "Run son! Don't go up in the spot"  
Jettin' through bushes and backyards, neighbors is rattin' me out  
Dogs is barkin' all you hear is the car's sirens  
I'm tryin' to think and toss the iron  
Bomb in my sweats got me runnin' funny, you think I'm lyin'  
May God strike me if he don't like me, I'm tired and I'm out of breath  
The weed got me paranoid, my heart's poundin' through my chest  
Tryin' to focus up and make progress  
That's what I get for slingin' in them projects  
Next thing you know I'm in this bitch's crib chillin'  
Told her my story and like this I had her legs in the ceiling  
Cookin' me fried fish sticks, hot side of them biscuits  
While she doin' this, the bitch still slidin' on lipstick  
Now I got the fat stomach on, she crackin' a dutch  
I'm playin' with her pussy on the couch, I'm ready to fuck  
Like come here miss lady wop, where you put the condom box?  
She finished off the last one, oh shit I hear the cops  
Handcuffs and talkies, I mashed her white Yorkie  
Jettin' up the stairs, them pigs want revenge like Porky's  
So I slid, hid behind the wall, opened the door  
Like ooo I seen my man Meth goin' in raw  
So he jumped up balls out, I hid in the closet  
I'm dyin' laughin', he said "Yo Starks be quiet! "  
Now let me put my drawers on, nigga what kinda dope you on?  
Should've knocked before you came in the spot, Ghost you wrong  
Bustin' in here on the government shit  
Got this chick screamin' grabbin the sheets tryin' to cover her tits  
She's asthmatic and you laughin' son  
I bump my toe on the nightstand just runnin' tryin' to grab the gun  
Shit's real man, you spazzin' dun  
There comes a time in a man's life, he gotta toss his pack and run  
You know we family like Crack and Pun  
But Mr. GFK, state your business after that be one  
Now can it be that you hot lord?  
You did some shit on the block that the cops tryin to lock you for?  
Can't believe you blowin' the spot lord  
My chick is buggin', she trippin'

My dick keep slippin' out my boxer drawers  
Now I'm caught up in the drug sting  
Niggas is callin' my horn, police is hittin' every corner we on  
Can't understand it, it's a thug thing  
And in the moment of thought, I'm interrupted by Shallah Raekwon  
I need my money Meth, gonna by them hundred birds  
Tell Tone get at me, all them little clients want work  
He know we fresh out, tell the kid meet me, matter of fact beep me  
Word to mother lord, son he got me hurt  
You still fuckin' shorty? I knew it  
The big mouth broad that be yolkin' my balls out  
Her little brother wanted two bricks  
You know the nigga licks, a Maybach on twenty-six  
All he do is get money, hustle, he's a dick  
He told me foul shit, wild shit  
That nigga wear a lot of loud shit, no that Steve Rifkind style shit  
Hit me with some other talk, him in New York  
They robbed the Venezuelan niggas, stabbed his son with a fork  
That was Jesus' rooster's little niece, little nooses  
Father's homeboy, that's the kid who gave us a boost  
He gave them things on the arm, said for us to be calm  
And if some beef pop off, go ahead and ring the alarm

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