

Here I Go Again (Instrumental)

Ghostface Killah

Yo, I've seen Raj
He been a friend for years
Now your boy in blue, how he switched up gears
He said how I been?
I got a ear full of bad news
Your blood is corrupt and it's time to choose
We got some niggas running drugs that can't be touched
Unless you wanna' handle the dirt, it'll mean so much
I said I got this, message received
I'mma clean up the block like you wouldn't believe
Call me Mr. Clean, aka Starkiano
Nine years later slid across the Verrazano
Clean sweep, apply pressure to the scum
This is my town, Stapleton is where I'm from
Third shot slapped in the head with a juice box
Grenade with no pin in his mouth, this is my block
And Bamboo fucking with this is absurd
I'mma handle my bee's wax, that's my word
Came up out the darkness, searching for light
I know home is where my heart is
And now nothing seems right
I tried to make peace and cut my losses
And carry on somehow
But I've come much too far, man
Too late to turn back now, here I go again
Here I go again
Here I go again
Here I go again
Now I'm exposed, my nigga, you haulin'
Streets is different
Yeah, yeah, welcome home Starks'
Remember us? At the jams in the parks
All gold guzzlers, Wallabee Clarks
Young cold hustlers, obviously sharp
Voom with the purpose to bloom, so in tuned
Dialogue like the Disciples in the circle of goons
My ace boom, then you got sent to the tombs
And shit went left, had to pinch my flesh
And figure some other scheme to get cream, reign supreme
You know everything ain't what it seems
So I switched up size, had switch up lives
And now I can fuck life and rip her thighs
A badge and a gun that's legal, it's more lethal

Than any local dealer that's evil leave you peoples
The sequel
Me and you both could split a loaf
Just need you a little closer
You could squeeze that toast
And knock off targets, starting with the hardest
By next year my nigga, we be the largest
Felonies done with no charges

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