

# She's a Killah

Ghostface Killah

Ether Boy, Def Jam, Ghostface, Ron Browz  
Oh, oh, oh

It's no special when them shots go down  
You can catch one in the gut, and go down  
The silencers work to muffle that sound  
Snuck through tools and on the low down  
Gangstas give it up, what  
Big cups of Goose stay filled-it up, we stay four wheeled-it up  
I would talk to shorty but her ass ain't big enough  
Her friends look like the type that'll just give it up  
From abyss to gecko, stay bumrushing them hoes like Joe Klecko  
It's hard to get a ticket like the Funkmaster Flex show  
Even fat girls get twist into pretzels, Toney Starks special

She's a killer (oh) she's a killer (oh)  
She's a killer, mami, you'se a killer  
She's a killer (oh) she's a killer (oh)  
She's a killer, shorty, you'se a killer  
Oh, hop in my four wheeler, oh, ain't nobody realer  
Oh, you got a man, I'mma steal ya, oh, my ice is iller  
Yeah, we drinking Patron and, put your number in my phone and  
Ain't trying to take you home and, we partying to the morning  
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning  
Oh, to the morning, to, to the morning  
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning  
Oh, oh, we partying to the morning

My co-defendant, her name's Alexis  
Niggas get caught up by the side of her breastses  
She'll murder you while eating your breakfast  
You'll die wanting to try how good her sex is  
Baby's shit wiggle like J-Lo, her thing so good  
Before you hit it, you be having to pray, yo  
Don't wanna bust fast, best be on your J-O  
She strictly dickly, don't go both ways, yo  
She independant and she fly  
Bout 5'5, 5'6, bout yay high  
Button-up pink boss shirt, blue necktie  
Every nigga in the club wanna eat that thigh  
Surprise she stay on her toes like a prized ballerina  
She tight, her stomping grounds is out in Medina  
This pretty thing handle her biz, she carry those things  
Ready to die like she related to B.I.G.

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Everybody's acting like they killing the town  
(Pardon me lord, I was sipping that brown)  
This goes for the rappers, non-gun clappers  
Yo, Wigs, get the cameras these is a bunch of actors (action)  
Yet, my heat sing like Shirley Caesar  
You can come test me at, your own leisure  
I'm ballin', gettin' Arab money and I pop champagne  
And go hit shorty, shaking that thang, cuz

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