

Done It Again

Ghostface Killah

Hey miss lady, maybe you can have my baby
Nice long flight, first class, out to Haiti
Even bake you cookies, throwin' frosting on that cakie
Get your Gucci bag steppin' outta Macy's with mad flavors
La-la-la-la la-la-la, ooh, ooh

Hey, excuse me
Excuse me, love, can I have a word with'chu?
La-la-la-la la-la-la, ooh, ooh
Not to be rude though, you know, I mean I just seen't you
I just... you know

Miss lady, how you feelin'?
Can I have five seconds of your time?
I know this gonna sound like a line
But you the most beautifulest thing I seen all week
And I don't even know your name or how you speak
I won't forgive myself or cook me dinner
But I'll do it all for you if you give me a chance, boo
Come on now, we can spend Arabian Nights
I could take you to my mosque and we can pray all night
We could speak for hours, I admire your beauty
Smell your scent from across the room, it's so fruity
That Bath and Body Works, that hazelnut vanilla
I could fly you from across the country to Coachella
Couple massages, glass of wine in the sauna
I could walk you through my farm with trees of marijuana
We can laugh 'til the sun go down at dusk
All you gotta do is be honest and love our trust (Love our trust)

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Even bake you cookies, throwin' frosting on the cakie
Gucci bags, mad flavors, steppin' outta Macy's, yeah
These fake niggas like to talk about it, yeah
Celebrate, we could pull a cork up out it
La-la-la-la la-la-la, ooh, ooh
Beef? You know we gon' walk up out it, yeah
Swagger, don't let me bring New York up out it, yeah

First class to the Bahamas, we was last at Benihana's
Sippin' Sake, sippin' properly while laughin, "Hahahahaha"
Girls don't bring no drama to my baby mama, uh-uh-uh
The entourage awaited while I ate it like a Baklava
Sometimes you my psychiatrist, others my philosopher
Feelings in my heart as deep as Phantom of the Opera
Heal me with'cho cookin', you can be my doctor, herbalist
But I'ma be the one to keep you calm when it's turbulence
We was buyin' hella houses, we was territorial
Give you a tutorial, teach you somethin' historical
Tourin' through the Matrix, we was Neo and the Oracle
Watchin' sunsets on the beach, that's adorable
But oral deep and she was wetter than the coral reef
Scuba dive up in her raw and then she'll snore asleep
You my wavy lady, but really, you make me crazy
If we stay another day, we gon' make another baby, yeah

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Hey yo, I'm laid back, peepin' honey she doin' the most (Uh huh)
My headphones pumpin' that "Cherchez LaGhost" (Yeah)
My eyes all red from the garlic I smoked (Smooth)
I move, grabbin' her by her waist, I'm kissin' her cheek (Uh)
Yo, I was savage with my shit, nah, I ain't even speak (Yeah)
She with' me right now, she been with' me for a week (Week)
And ladies love 'Donna mic, the way that I teach (Teach)
Other cats give 'em dust and be feedin' 'em Anthrax (C'mon)
I cuddle with' 'em, cook for 'em, buy 'em they land back (Yeah)
Hold 'em by the hand, kiss 'em and walk with' 'em (Uh)
I love 'em up, I sit down and I talk with' 'em (Yeah)
Travel 'round the world then I'm back to New York with' 'em (Na'mean?)
Now all the fly ladies hold me tight when I'm fuckin' (Fuckin')
They hold me tight and suck my neck when I'm bustin' (Bustin')
My game is good but my rap is disgustin' (Disgustin')
I'm fuckin' chicks while I'm trapped in production (Production)

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Right about now the subject is the real hip-hop
You know what I'm sayin', yo, why y'all comin' bum-rushin' my spot, homes?
Know what I'm sayin'?
And thank you because now it's star time
Introducing, ladies and gentlemen, the young man that's had over 35 soul classics
(Big Daddy Kane)

I remember when I first tried to holla
When I was a just a shorty and I always tried to follow
You out the park gyms on a hot summer day
Never thinkin' you was gonna ever run away
You ran with a lot of cats, solo to a crew
But the whole thing about it, no one told you what to do
Independent like Destiny's Child but just in a while
I started seein' everyone addressin' you foul
Watch 'em all take a piece of, lyin' then deceit ya
A routine procedure of a musical geisha
And now you got accepted, it's runnin' your life
And got you turnin' tricks, minus none of 'em wife
You don't wanna be trife, you just tryin' just to be
What you like a mystery 'cause he don't know your history
It's kinda sad to see what money did to ya
I wish that we could take it back to the way I knew ya

Baby, I've done it again

Ooh baby, I've done it again