

## Killa Lipstick

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yeah... we gon' high to this  
(The world's crazy, son yeah.. you know)  
We gon' high to this (just something about her)  
My girl's a killa, my girl's a killa  
(You know, her bag was always heavy, everytime I been around it)  
We gon' high to this (and diners, and restaurants, I don't know)  
Yeah... yo...

Aiyo, I couldn't get enough from the way she smell  
Was it Baby Phat, J.Lo, or straight Chanel  
Her face belongs in a Luther video, Never Too Much  
The way she smile, her face look pretty, though  
Hands is soft, feet, no calysses  
Her father owned six pallets in palaces  
Laying out in New York, crush villas in Vegas  
Greatest designer wear, son, she sport the latest  
So I, pause the smooth talk, made her a drink  
Blew her a kiss, as I sat down, she smiled and winked  
Stood up, grabbed my hand, what up, slid ya boy to the bedroom  
Popped the suitcase, I'm in the lead room  
This check was loaded, equipped, with fifths  
Porcelain handles with horse back kicks, whispered  
"You know what, Ghost, I do hits" But niggas get fooled  
By the sexyness, I'm a real gritty bitch

Killa Lipstick, my femme fatale, with the biscuits  
A hit chick, now I'm number one on her hitlist  
She killing the game, cuz she the business  
Type of chick that love you to death, then leave no witness  
Killa, I call you Killa cuz you slay me  
Killa, you murda, mami? Ooh, you such a fucking lady  
Killa, drive me half crazy, let's go half on this baby  
Killa Lipstick, k-k-killa

Yeah, this white chick Everlay, she smell Downy  
Had her best friend named Jade, from Rockland County  
Double cokeheads who love cartoons, type chicks who eat pussy  
Listen to Prince and play with they wombs  
Flight attendant out of Delta Airline, get money girls  
Travelled the world, only one did jail time  
Jade, her father's a judge, same nigga in the O.J. case  
When he tried on the glove, but uh, in this scenario, four A.M.  
The bars closed, now we at it again  
Drunk nigga, come out I'm popping mad shit, he's past it  
Nancy Drew, drew out her purse, the blue steel ratchet  
Didn't even say shit, she blasted, barrel smoking  
Shot the Henny out his hand for laughing  
These are my bitches, Nancy and Jade  
Natural born killas be letting they guns blaze... god damn!

Look she tired of the same old basic, let's face it  
This is how she wants to be laced, I'm raping it  
Anywhere, I'm taking it, she loving how the gangsta flex  
This is thug sex, Iking it, nasty talk  
As she liking it, spanking it, she biting the sheets  
She's a freak, my view from the embassy suites  
Is off the beach shore, Dirty would've love you, mami

'You like it raw?' A tear drop, fucking you slow  
I see your knees knock, your love is so sweet  
If I switch beats, and hit you with angles, you might breathe  
You know the Godbody make healthy wise seeds  
You, plus a glass of weed, is all he need  
You could travel so far, look, maybe book a flight to Mars  
To escaping at, one forty two?  
They take Jet Blue for two, into Long Beach  
Rain lifted whipping the port, from when I touch  
Look something nice up in the stash, hit a Dutch