

# Not Your Average Girl

Ghostface Killah

Whoa... oh, whoa...  
Shareefa... oh

From the blocking, to the dropping  
I need a girl that's stacking and popping  
When I come in late, she's not clocking  
Not in the crib, throwing 'round pots and  
Nice girl, that's clean, that was raised to cook  
Be on the couch chilling, shorts on, reading a book  
Biting on a pen, thin glasses on  
French type frames by Yves Saint Laurent  
Say hey pretty mama, do you fit the bill  
Do you got what it take for you to fit in my wheel?  
Would you bust that steel if, niggas came to kill me  
Protect that safe, baby, dag, that's filthy  
Whoa, somebody let her know up in here  
He like Papa Smurf, I'm like Papa Bear  
I'm just looking for a queen, so I can rock her ear  
Tell her P. Tone in here, I got her locked this year

I'm not your average girl  
I be your Bonnie right beside you  
No need to worry, boo, I got you, yeah  
I'm not your average girl  
See me without you is unlikely  
Them other bitches they night like me, oh, wow

You can have keys to the boat, money follow me  
I got the cheese and the yolk, plus the juice  
That's fresh squeeze with the pulp, mama got a big butt  
Tiffany chain, the stones freeze in the throat  
Love to hold my hand, stepping off planes from D.R.  
Luggage with a big black tan  
Whatcha gonna do? You or him, me or you?  
Fucking with him, you look mad pitiful  
Boo, I'm not the type that be slobbering down hoochies  
Looking at these hoes, eyes low like Droopy  
Tugging on my jacket til the lights come on  
We run trains on them bitches, never ice they arm  
That's a no-no, chicken heads looking for a come up  
In the club, 'oh my God', now they wanna run up  
Nagging til the sun up, shut up, I'm not a double-up, boo  
Go get your feet done, your toes, cuz they knuckles up

Baby, baby, don't waste your towel  
Looking any further cuz the girl is ours  
Holds it down for you, any place, any time  
You already know, I'm the one, yeah, I'm that  
Fly girl, rider, just say the word  
Anything pop off, it's us against the world  
Such a hood girl, with that dirty loving that'll make your toes curl

Yo, relax and chill, analyze the story  
Love, your boy Tone got mass appeal  
All them other little players ain't as half as real  
They just wanna get up in you like Mass & Gill  
But me, I need a wisdom, play it like wifey

Well mannered, understand the kid and not bite me  
All my real ladies, put your hands up  
Holla at your boy, if you ain't a groupie, right now, stand up