

# Wildflower

## Ghostface Killah

{That was the best fuckin' I ever had  
That's because you been dealin' with Dasheese  
You gotta leave? Where you goin' sugar?  
I got business to take care of  
No shit  
Shit that's my old man, shit  
You better go talk to him}No smokin' alarms, no smokin' alarms  
No smokin' alarms, no smokin' alarms  
No smokin' alarms, no smokin' alarms  
No smokin' alarms, no smokin' alarmsI'm mind shockin', body rockin', earth shakin', money makin'  
Sittin' high, lookin' fly, drinkin' on the best wineYo bitch I fucked your friend, yeah you stank hoe  
I seen her on the elevator, honey grabbed my Kangol  
She put me on to mega-shit, 'bout to slap the bitch  
She shot crazy verbal, I leaned back like I'm rich  
It took place late night on February 17th  
Hands flooded like ink, my face on her magazine  
Just got back from Honolulu, pockets stackin' boucoup cash  
Girlfriend sipped the Yoo-hoo and laughed, yoWhile I was on tour whore, you went to work  
Quick fast, had a nigga dick in the dirt  
You couldn't wait just to kidnap the bait of my sperm  
Where's you at, hoe? Pinky house, she put in my perm'  
That's all you ever said to me, thought that could hold me  
Remember when I long-dicked you and broke your ovary?  
You crab bitch, chicken head hoe, eatin' heroes  
I'm the first nigga that had you watchin' flicks by DeNiroYou gained crazy points baby, just bein' with God  
Taught you how to eat the right foods, fast, and don't eat lard  
I gave you earth lessons, I came to you as a blessin'  
You didn't do the knowledge what the God was manifestin'  
You sneaky fuck bitch, your ways and actions told it all  
I fucked you while you was bleedin', held you down in malls  
Sexually you worshiped my di-dick like a cross  
I had you fiend out, broke out, for a month you fell offYou was my main shit, my peeps showed you love on the  
strength  
You saw how I got down, the way I thought had you tranked  
But you had to fuck this rasta-head ass nigga  
I should slapped you but the Gods said chill  
That's your wiz fault God, handle that in the lab  
I'm wonderin' how many times your hot ass got stabbed  
You dumb bitch, horny hot fuck from out the mountains

Your clientele is low hoe, catch you next show, bro I got jerked, gave away my pussy, that shit hurt  
It feel like somebody died or shot your old Earth  
But fuck it, I fucked you on a chair with three legs  
Broken tables, had you screamin' while you was bitin' on my cables  
Whistlin' to the washing machine, I threw it on spin  
If your pussy dry, spit on my dick and put it in  
My dick's the bomb baby, marvelous hot steak  
Plus I'm conceited Starks make the biggest so-called rape I'm God, cipher divine love my pussy real fine  
That means clean the FDS smell with a shine  
Word up, respect that hoe

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