

Do Over (feat. Raheem "Radio" DeVaughn)

Ghostface Killah

This is a story of a player from the Island
That lost his way, such a price to pay
To, kiss those girls and make them cry
Kiss those girls and make them cry
To love, to lose, to plead for a do over
A do over, give me a do over, I want a do over
It's that Radio Raheem and Ghostface Killah
If you know how much time tonight, I miss you like all the time
And if you don't wanna see me, fine
A good girl's hard to find, so maybe in due time
Can I get a do over? Can I get a do over?
Aiyo, I used to get a threesome, every other weekend
Cheated on my girl til we nearly stopped speaking
She broke down and cried, and it hurts so bad
Her friends went and told her I was a brand new dad
Of course, she knows now, I ain't used no bag
My excuses, I couldn't cum like that
She warned me of days like this, if this should happen
She'll be out, and we'll be the ones, sharing the napkin
Silly dilly me, didn't follow the instructions
Don't bring nothing home, I don't wanna hear nothing
But brought to the world, innocent, two month old
Little girl, but what am I to do? Yo, I lost my boo
It's like being kicked out the group and lost my crew
Throwing the baby up to someone I hardly knew
Nah that shit don't add up, what am I to do, yo, I lost my jewel
Aiyo, I wrote this right here, on the bus to Riker's
Right next to the thieves, the cons, the lifers
For mad years, you held you down, I'mma overwhelmed in pain
And the worst time to leave you, now
I'm sorry, please forgive me, the streets caught me
I appreciate your concern and support for me
Most important, your honesty and trust, your heart's incredible
This the truth spilling out of my guts
If I, would of took the chance to see
What was place right in front of my face
For sure, nine out of ten times
My accent's wouldn't allow me to be so naive
And blind, to carry out these mistakes
I'm cheating, running around, blasting my gun

For me, my rep on the streets like touching a son
You like a fingerprint, I never find a match like you

Thanks for your patience, you find a man, I hope it's trueShe was screaming out the window, I was walking up
the block

Throwing out my Timbos, and all my clothes

She said, if my, apologies

She said, the lost won't fit those

And I said, baby, now let me explain

I know I had fucked up, it was a one time thing

So take all the time you need in this life

And if you let me do it over, I promise to do it right

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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