

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
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I'm mind shockin', body rockin', earth shakin', money makin'
Sittin' high, lookin' fly, drinkin' on the best wine
Yo 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, yo
While 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 DeNiro

You 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 off
You 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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