

It's Over

Ghostface Killah

Yo, ah-yo this joint right here is about
When you goin' through mad shit
And it just seem like you get out of it, nowhere and shit
You thinkin' you puttin' your shit in and you thinkin'
You gettin' over, and doin' all this other shit
But before you know it, your whole world just caved in on you, pa
Check the joint, it's, uh-huh, yeah, I walked into the place
Verse one[Chorus]
Over, and then my life (the masquerade)
I know it's over (the masquerade)
Uh-oh, over (over) my my my good day is over
(Over) the masquerade is over (over)
It's over (over) Back in '95 when I was juggling bitches
Pumping coke out the spot, smacking fiends in the kitchen
All around dick sucks whenever, blowing chronic out of Philly's
Getting flusty in the Cub' Link era
Niggas telling me my spot is hot
They like I think any day now, playboy, shit going pop Back then I was the fat Ghost, them came March 1st
My eighth platoon got murked, got burnt for all our work
After the funeral, I played low, counting my last ten g's
Three weeks later, yo, I'm back in the P's Gathering up information, checking faces
Keeping a forty-five auto' loaded like it was bases
When it get dark, venom will leave my mark (over)
I heard a voice through a bullhorn, a white man he said "Yo, Starks!"
You're surrounded, put down your gun, look at the rules
There's nothin' but cops, nigga, you better not run"[Chorus] Yeah, you see how that went right?
That episode got deep and all of that
Know what I mean? Then it just go on and
It just don't stop, I don't care what town you from
What hood you from, it just all goes in, yo, check this episode 11:40 A.M. in the best Western
I'm with my bat, blew her ass back and chest in
Slob my knob, yeah no question, this my main bat
She thorough like that, so we don't use protection
But the night before, my wiz must of check my phone
How the fuck she get the codes, I don't know Next thing, she laying in the hotel lobby, spotted me
Tipping the doorman, holding hands with my bitch besides me
My heart drop, everything stops, scared to death
Told my broad to keep it moving, cause I just got knocked
Don't turn around, as soon she did, she bust a shot

Plus she talk, security drop when she touch the glock
I had the gum-face on, long face on
Didn't say shit, not even cough or spit, my bitch was gone
There goes the car, house, rhyme boats or jewelry
Court date judges, my shorty tried to screw me[Chorus: x2]You see, sometime it don't pay
What goes around comes around in
In many different ways and
You can guess what happened
That's right y'all, you know how it get down
If anybody got it locked, it's God, that's right
Word[Solomon Childs (Ghostface Killah)]
Hey Kimmy, how you doing? What up Keisha
Damn girl, your hair looks so nice
Yeah, I got my shit done at Tasha's
You know I don't even fuck with that bitch
Yo, son, I think Ghost fucking one of them bitches, man
And can you believe this son told them bitches that he can cook, man
Yo, I can't believe this, these bitches don't know where to fucking
Put a salon up in the fucking hood, son I can't even make no money no more, man
(Yo, son, maybe you need to tell them bitches that
If they could put a Ms. Pac-Man or something in the back
Maybe we could get some money back, maybe we could get some money back there)
Son, you know I don't even FUCK with them bitches like that, nig', come on, man
"Come on sugar, hold me tight"

Songwriters

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