

# It's Over

## Ghostface Killah

Yo, aiyo this joint right here is about  
When you goin' through mad shit  
And it just seem like you can 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  
Over, and then my life  
(The masquerade)  
I know it's over  
(The masquerade)  
Over  
(Over)

My, my, my good day is over  
(Over)

The masquerade is over  
(Over)  
(Over)  
It's over  
(Over)

Aiyo, back in '95 when I was jugglin' bitches  
Pumpin' coke out the spot, smackin' fiends in the kitchen  
All around dick sucks whenever, blowin' chronic out of Philly's  
Gettin' flusty in the Cub' Link era  
Niggas tellin' me my spot is hot  
They like I think any day now, playboy, shit gon' pop  
Back then I was the phat Ghost, them came March 1st  
My eighth platoon got murked, got burnt for all our work  
After the funeral, I played low, countin' my last ten G's  
(Over)

Three weeks later, yo, I'm back in the P's  
Gatherin' up information, checkin' faces  
Keepin' a forty-five auto' loaded like it was bases  
When it get dark, venom will leave my mark  
I heard a voice through a bullhorn, a white man he said  
(Over)

"Yo, Starks! You're surrounded, put down your gun, look at the rules  
There's nothin' but cops, nigga, you better not run"

Over, and then my life

(The masquerade)

I know it's over

(The masquerade)

Over

(Over)

My, my, my good day is over

(Over)

The masquerade is over

(Over)

(Over)

It's over

(Over)

Aiyo, aiyo, 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

(Over)

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 layin' in the 'tel lobby, spotted me

(Over)

Tippin' the doorman, holdin' hands with my bitch besides me

My heart drop, everything stops, scared to death

Told my broad to keep it moving, 'cuz I just got knocked

Don't turn around, as soon she did, she bust a shot

(Over)

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

Over, and then my life

(The masquerade)

I know it's over

(The masquerade)

Over

(Over)

My, my, my good day is over

(Over)

The masquerade is over

(Over)

(Over)

It's over

(Over)

Over, and then my life

(The masquerade)

I know it's over

(The masquerade)

Over

(Over)

My, my, my good day is over

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 fuckin' 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 fuckin'

Put a salon up in the fuckin' 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 somethin' in the 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"

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