

She's A Killah

Ghostface Killah

Ether Boy, Def Jam

Ghostface, Ron Browz

Oh, oh, oh

It's no special when them shots go down

You can catch one in the gut and go down

The silencers work to muffle that sound

Snuck through tools and on the low down

Gangstas give it up, what

Big cups of Goose stay filled it up, we stay four wheeled it up

I would talk to shorty but her ass ain't big enough

Her friends look like the type that'll just give it up

From abyss to gecko, stay bum rushing them hoes like Joe Klecko

It's hard to get a ticket like the Funkmaster Flex show

Even fat girls get twist into pretzels, Toney Starks special

She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh

She's a killer, mami, is a killer

She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh

She's a killer, shorty, is a killer

Oh, hop in my four wheeler, oh, ain't nobody realer

Oh, you got a man, I'ma steal ya, oh, my ice is iller

Yeah, we drinking Patron and put your number in my phone and

Ain't trying to take you home and we partying to the morning

Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning

Oh, to the morning, to, to the morning

Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning

Oh, oh, we partying to the morning

My co-defendant, her name's Alexis

Niggas get caught up by the side of her breasts

She'll murder you while eating your breakfast

You'll die wanting to try how good her sex is

Baby's shit wiggle like J-Lo, her thing so good

Before you hit it, you be having to pray, yo

Don't wanna bust fast, best be on your J O

She strictly dickly, don't go both ways, yo

She independent and she fly

Bout 5'5, 5'6, bout yay high

Button-up pink boss shirt, blue necktie

Every nigga in the club wanna eat that thigh

Surprise she stay on her toes like a prized ballerina

She tight, her stomping grounds is out in Medina
This pretty thing handle her biz, she carry those things
Ready to die like she related to B.I.G.
She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh
She's a killer, mami, is a killer
She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh
She's a killer, shorty, is a killer
Oh, hop in my four wheeler, oh, ain't nobody realer
Oh, you got a man, I'ma steal ya, oh, my ice is iller
Yeah, we drinking Patron and put your number in my phone and
Ain't trying to take you home and we partying to the morning
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning
Oh, to the morning, to, to the morning
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning
Oh, oh, we partying to the morning
Everybody's acting like they killing the town
Pardon me lord, I was sipping that brown
This goes for the rappers, non-gun clappers
Yo, Wigs, get the cameras these is a bunch of actors
Yet, my heat sing like Shirley Caesar
You can come test me at, your own leisure
I'm ballin', gettin' Arab money and I pop champagne
And go hit shorty, shaking that thang 'cuz
She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh
She's a killer, mami, is a killer
She's a killer, oh, she's a killer, oh
She's a killer, shorty, is a killer
Oh, hop in my four wheeler, oh, ain't nobody realer
Oh, you got a man, I'ma steal ya, oh, my ice is iller
Yeah, we drinking Patron and put your number in my phone and
Ain't trying to take you home and we partying to the morning
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning
Oh, to the morning, to, to the morning
Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning
Oh, oh, we partying to the morning

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