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