

# Do Over

## Ghostface Killah

This is a story of a player from the Island  
That lost his way, such a price to pay  
To, kiss those girls and make them cry  
Kiss those girls and make them cry  
To love, to lose, to plead for a do over  
A do over, give me a do over, I want a do over  
It's that Radio Raheem and Ghostface Killah If you know how much time tonight, I miss you like all the time  
And if you don't wanna see me, fine  
A good girl's hard to find, so maybe in due time  
Can I get a do over? Can I get a do over?  
Aiyo, I used to get a threesome, every other weekend  
Cheated on my girl til we nearly stopped speaking  
She broke down and cried, and it hurts so bad  
Her friends went and told her I was a brand new dad  
Of course, she knows now, I ain't used no bag  
My excuses, I couldn't cum like that  
She warned me of days like this, if this should happen  
She'll be out, and we'll be the ones, sharing the napkin  
Silly dilly me, didn't follow the instructions  
Don't bring nothing home, I don't wanna hear nothing  
But brought to the world, innocent, two month old  
Little girl, but what am I to do? Yo, I lost my boo  
It's like being kicked out the group and lost my crew  
Throwing the baby up to someone I hardly knew  
Nah that shit don't add up, what am I to do, yo, I lost my jewel  
Aiyo, I wrote this right here, on the bus to Riker's  
Right next to the thieves, the cons, the lifers  
For mad years, you held you down, I'mma overwhelmed in pain  
And the worst time to leave you, now  
I'm sorry, please forgive me, the streets caught me  
I appreciate your concern and support for me  
Most important, your honesty and trust, your heart's incredible  
This the truth spilling out of my guts  
If I, would of took the chance to see  
What was place right in front of my face  
For sure, nine out of ten times  
My accent's wouldn't allow me to be so naive  
And blind, to carry out these mistakes  
I'm cheating, running around, blasting my gun

For me, my rep on the streets like touching a son  
You like a fingerprint, I never find a match like you  
Thanks for your patience, you find a man, I hope it's true  
She was screaming out the window, I was walking up  
the block  
Throwing out my Timbos, and all my clothes  
She said, if my, apologies  
She said, the lost won't fit those  
And I said, baby, now let me explain  
I know I had fucked up, it was a one time thing  
So take all the time you need in this life  
And if you let me do it over, I promise to do it right  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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