

Killa Lipstick (feat. Method Man & Masta Killa)

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, yeah... we gon' high to this
(The world's crazy, son yeah.. you know)
We gon' high to this (just something about her)
My girl's a killa, my girl's a killa
(You know, her bag was always heavy, everytime I been around it)
We gon' high to this (and diners, and restaurants, I don't know)
Yeah... yo...[Ghostface Killah]
Aiyo, I couldn't get enough from the way she smell
Was it Baby Phat, J.Lo, or straight Chanel
Her face belongs in a Luther video, Never Too Much
The way she smile, her face look pretty, though
Hands is soft, feet, no calysses
Her father owned six pallets in palaces
Laying out in New York, crush villas in Vegas
Greatest designer wear, son, she sport the latest
So I, pause the smooth talk, made her a drink
Blew her a kiss, as I sat down, she smiled and winked
Stood up, grabbed my hand, what up, slid ya boy to the bedroom
Popped the suitcase, I'm in the lead room
This check was loaded, equipped, with fifths
Porcelain handles with horse back kicks, whispered
"You know what, Ghost, I do hits" But niggas get fooled
By the sexyness, I'm a real gritty bitch[Chorus: Method Man]
Killa Lipstick, my femme fatale, with the biscuits
A hit chick, now I'm number one on her hitlist
She killing the game, cuz she the business
Type of chick that love you to death, then leave no witness
Killa, I call you Killa cuz you slay me
Killa, you murda, mami? Ooh, you such a fucking lady
Killa, drive me half crazy, let's go half on this baby
Killa Lipstick, k-k-killah[Ghostface Killah]
Yeah, this white chick Everlay, she smell Downy
Had her best friend named Jade, from Rockland County
Double cokeheads who love cartoons, type chicks who eat pussy
Listen to Prince and play with they wombs
Flight attendant out of Delta Airline, get money girls
Travelled the world, only one did jail time
Jade, her father's a judge, same nigga in the O.J. case

When he tried on the glove, but uh, in this scenario, four A.M.
The bars closed, now we at it again
Drunk nigga, come out I'm popping mad shit, he's past it
Nancy Drew, drew out her purse, the blue steel ratchet
Didn't even say shit, she blasted, barrel smoking
Shot the Henny out his hand for laughing
These are my bitches, Nancy and Jade
Natural born killas be letting they guns blaze... god damn! [Chorus] [Masta Killa]
Look she tired of the same old basic, let's face it
This is how she wants to be laced, I'm raping it
Anywhere, I'm taking it, she loving how the gangsta flex
This is thug sex, Iking it, nasty talk
As she liking it, spanking it, she biting the sheets
She's a freak, my view from the embassy suites
Is off the beach shore, Dirty would've love you, mami
'You like it raw?' A tear drop, fucking you slow
I see your knees knock, your love is so sweet
If I switch beats, and hit you with angles, you might breathe
You know the Godbody make healthy wise seeds
You, plus a glass of weed, is all he need
You could travel so far, look, maybe book a flight to Mars
To escaping at, one forty two?
They take Jet Blue for two, into Long Beach
Rain lifted whipping the port, from when I touch
Look something nice up in the stash, hit a Dutch [Chorus]

Songwriters

Capputo, Anthony / Aikens, Ralph / Crum, Tyrone / Harrison, Keith / Neal, Robert / Parker, Roger / Satchell,
Clarence / Coles, Dennis / Turner, Elgin / Smith, Clifford

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