Josephine

Ghostface Killah

God's woman, what's going on?
I know things seem messed up sometime
You stressed out and you can't handle the situation
Sometime it feels like you lacking the guidance
And you don't know what to do but stay strong
And keep in mind that he always loves you, it's what it is
Josephine, the times are getting tough
Seems to me you just won't get enough
The rain won't wash away your sins
You'll be here to do them all over again
Come on, yo, I know this chick from the hood named Courtney Cox
And her brain is easy to pick like faulty locks
She's awfully hot, asshole burning like tobasco
She used to be thick, it's like where the hell her ass go
Started smoking weed and graduated to the pipe
Thought that she could quit but her calculations wasn't right
Infatuated with the life of dope fiends and crack pushers
Prostituting for old pimps who mack hookers
Putting dope in the cook, searching for her vein
Tracks all over her arms, she never felt the pain
The monkey on her back is now a gorilla
Fiending for a hit knowing one day it's gon' kill her
The clinic didn't help she just another young black woman
Destroying her pretty image and her health
Got me thinking to myself, damn, how can this happen?
I seen her on the corner, nodding off, sniffin' and scratching
Josephine, the times are getting tough
Seems to me you just won't get enough
The rain won't wash away your sins
You'll be here to do them all over again
She wakes up with an urge to get high
Everyday the same routine needing the mood of fix to get by
So she reaches for her purse, grab the bag and the needle
Tie a sock her arm and start shooting up the diesel

Had a flesh back, screwing some dude up in his hashback
The night before, body still sore, holding her ass crack
A regular John, she met her through Tom
She passed out with the syringe still stuck in her arm

Dying a slow death, oh, she losing her dear mind
From the troubles of the world, feeling cursed by mankind
Uh, caught up in a desperate rage, was blessed with AIDS
Lost her appetite, hardly slept in days
Now it's too late, praying to Jesus, she fucked around
With the wrong penis contaminated with diseases
Two months pregnant, carrying around her fetus
But they found her on Broad, in the dumpster, behind the cleaners
Josephine, the times are getting tough
Seems to me you just won't get enough
The rain won't wash away your sins
You'll be here to do them all over again
Yo, what your momma gonna think of you girl?
Her little baby's all doped up, strung out on the world
Tryna make some quick cash for a hit of that stash
Listen, baby, you growing up much too fast
Uh, this goes out to every project and every ghetto
For those getting high, using drugs on every level
Living your life, day and night, getting stoned
You better leave those drugs alone, feel me?
Up all night, under the party lights
Finger popping and party hopping
All of your so called friends are leading you down the wrong road
Leading you back to crack, it's a known fact
And it is time that you need me
I'll be there to help ya
I'll be your leaning pole when you're falling down
I'll be there when you're falling down, sooner or later, oh yeah

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