

Killa Lipstick (feat. Method Man & Masta Killa)

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yeah, we gon' high to this
(The world's crazy, son yeah, I 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)
We gon' high to this
(Every time I been around it)
(And diners and restaurants, I don't know)
Yeah, yoAiyo, 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, thoughHands is soft, feet, no calluses
Her father owned six pallets in palaces
Laying out in New York, crush villas in Vegas
Greatest designer wear, son, she sport the latestSo I, pause the small 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 roomThis chic was loaded, equipped, with fifs
Porcelain handles with horse back kicks, whispered
"You know what, Ghost, I do hits" but niggas get fooled
By the sexiness, I'm a real gritty bitchKilla lipstick, my femme fatale, with the biscuits
A hit chick, now I'm number one on her hit list
She killing the game, 'cuz she the business
Type of chick that love you to death, then leave no witnessKilla, 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-killAiyo, this white chick from L.A., she smell Downy
Had her best friend named Jade, from Rockland County
Double coke heads who love cartoons, type chicks who eat pussy
Listen to Prince and play with they wombFlight attendants out of Delta Airline, get money girls
Traveled the world, only one did jail time
Jade, her father's a judge, same nigga in the OJ case
When he tried on the glove, but uh, in this scenario, four AM
The bars closed, now we at it againDrunk 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, goddamnKilla lipstick, my femme fatale, with the biscuits

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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, ikeing 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 from angles, you might breathe
You know the girl body 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 expensive, barely one forty two
They take Jet Blue for two, into Long Beach
Rain left the [Incomprehensible], for when I touch
Look something nice up in the stash, hit a Dutch
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