

Ray-J % Brandy "It's Over"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yo... aiyo this joint right here is about
When you goin' through mad shit
And it just seem like you get out of it, nowhere and shit
You thinkin' you puttin' your shit in and you thinkin'
You gettin' over, and doin' all this other shit
But before you know it, your whole world just caved in
on you, pa
Check the joint, it's... uh-huh, yeah, I walked into the
place
Verse one...

[Chorus: David Potter sample]

Over, and then my life (the masquerade)
I know it's over... (the masquerade)
Uh-oh, over (over) my my my good day is over
(Over) the masquerade is over (over)
Uh-oh-oh, it's over... (over)

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, back in '95 when I was jugglin' bitches
Pumpin' coke out the spot, smackin' fiends in the
kitchen
All around dick sucks whenever, blowin' chronic out of
Philly's
Gettin' flusty in the Cub' Link era
Niggas tellin' me my spot is hot
They like I think any day now, playboy, shit gon' pop
Back then I was the phat Ghost, them came March 1st
My eighth platoon got murked, got burnt for all our
work
After the funeral, I played low, countin' my last ten g's
Three weeks later, yo, I'm back in the P's
Gatherin' up information, checkin' faces
Keepin' a forty-five auto' loaded like it was bases
When it get dark, venom will leave my mark (over)
I heard a voice through a bullhorn, a white man he said
"Yo, Starks!
You're surrounded, put down your gun, look at the
rules
There's nothin' but cops, nigga, you better not run"

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah *during chorus*]

Yeah... you see how that went right?
That episode got deep and all of that
Knawhatimean? Then it just go on and
It just don't stop... I don't care what town you from
What hood you from, it just all goes in, yo, check this
episode
Verse two

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, aiyo, 11:40 A.M. in the best Western
I'm with my bat, blew her ass back and chest in
Slob my knob, yeah no question, this my main bat
She thorough like that, so we don't use protection
But the night before, my wiz must of check my phone
How the fuck she get the codes... I don't know
Next thing, she layin' in the 'tel lobby, spotted me
Tippin' the doorman, holdin' hands with my bitch
besides me
My heart drop, everything stops, scared to death
Told my broad to keep it moving, cuz I just got knocked
Don't turn around, as soon she did, she bust a shot
Plus she talk, security drop when she touch the glock
I had the gum-face on, long face on
Didn't say shit, not even cough or spit, my bitch was
gone
There goes the car, house, rhyme boats or jewelry
Court date judges, my shorty tried to screw me

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude w/ Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Uh... you see, sometime it don't pay
What goes around comes around in
In many different ways and
You can guess what happened
That's right ya'll, you know how it get down
If anybody got it locked, it's God, that's right
Word...

[Outro: Solomon Childs (Ghostface Killah)]

Hey Kimmy, how you doing? What up Keisha
Damn girl, your hair looks so nice
Yeah, I got my shit done at Tasha's
You know I don't even fuck with that bitch
Yo, son, I think Ghost fuckin' one of them bitches, man
And can you believe this son told them bitches that he
can cook, man

Yo, I can't believe this, these bitches don't know where
to fuckin'
Put a salon up in the fuckin' hood, son I can't even
make no money no more, man
(Yo, son... maybe you need to tell them bitches that
If they could put a Ms. Pac-Man or somethin' in the back
Maybe we could get some money back, maybe we
could get some money back there)
Son, you know I don't even FUCK with them bitches like
that, nig', come on, man
"Come on sugar, hold me tight" ... - sample

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