

Ghostface Killah "Big Girl"

Visit "[Big Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Every girl that's guilty of waiting so long sometime...
So it seems like it doesn't make sense...

[Female singing with laughing in the background]

[sniffing]

Yea, it was them cute pretty bitches that was smelling
like coke

They kept going *[egh egh]* like they had shit in they
throats

They had stacks on the tables, cables

I had to say it was like early May a few days 'til my
birthday date, baby date

I'll play to the sucker DJ, lookin' like Enrique

Told him to throw in that Supreme Cliee-ente

He said just gave a nod with a thumbs up wink

I just put down my dollar bill, took off my mink

Bartenders know me big spenders, gave us those
monster drinks

Sent us lobsters and cigars that stink

Playing them oldie but goodie classics, them honies
had fat asses

Noses runnin' from the raw, they hid behind they
glasses

Toney with the Montana, I came to play

With my long fingernail, yo honey you should pass that
yay

Let me see what color you got boo, I got that beige

I see y'all from the perihperals? ladies far right from
the stage

I'm thirty-three, I look twenty-six with big furs on

What y'all inherent the Santa Maria? Y'all money that
long?

Your father must have fell back when y'all started
fucking

You asked me what I think about dude? I say fuck him

And this one bitch called me Fat Albert

The way my pockets had the mumps you know that

Ghost is 'bout it

Then I asked these young ladies do they buff helmets

They said fuck you, took a sniff and then they didn't tell
me

Just because you left home, this is Tone...Yo you see I
flip stones

Birthstone, you ain't grown fuck around and get boned
Peerage pretty young ladies lost at six, Gucci kicks
And they picky when it come to they dick
If y'all ladies was all mine I'd teach you well
Free tales, sweet smells, slee? well hear bells
Before you sleep read your books like it was mah
fanmail

And when you wake ? you woman the whole world can
tell

Word life, put you to school when the clubs'll stop
College girl, pay for your books at 200 a pop
And all I ask in life's for you to be careful
Stay focused, take care of your health
Have kids and marry a prince
Good luck and happiness

And no longer shut yourself in, taste the pain, the
sorrow

The sun'll shine and still come out tomorrow
And maybe be a secretary, business woman, 5th Ave.,
or run a library

You got the right conversation, education, and looks
With the right intelligence to stay away from them
crooks

Baby get on your feet, be an accountant, doctor, lawyer
or nurses's aid

Computer wizard, you about to get paid...

[Outro, over background singing]

Yea...

You know I just met y'all

And I love y'all already and all that

But I gotta get off that nose candy

To make it in life and all that shit...

That's why I'm here

I'm like a father figure and all that shit

I let y'all get high, and that's all you're going to do but...

Yaknawhal'msayin?

Cuz I drop jewels all over the place

Y'all too pretty for that...

Some of y'all nose hairs is burnt

I just want you to snap out of it

You know why...cause youse a...

Visit [Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.