

Ghostface Killah "Josephine"

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(feat. Trife Da God, The Willie Cottrell Band)

[Intro: 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... that's right sugar love
Come on...

[Chorus: Willie Cottrell]

Josephine, the times are getting tough
Seems to me... you just wont get enough
The rain, wont wash away, your sins...
You'll be here, to do them all over again...

[Ghostface Killah]

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
Infactuated 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 (nope) she just another young
black woman
Destroying her pretty image and her health
Got me thinking to myself, damn, how could this
happen?
I seen her on the corner, nodding off, sniffin' and
scratching

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God]

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

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]

Josephine, what's wrong, baby?
Come on...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, what your momma gonna think of you girl?
Her little baby's all doped up, strung out on the world
Try'nna 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?

[Willie Cottrell]

Up all night, under the party lights
Same old 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
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 falling down (sooner or later)

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