

## Ghostface Killah "Killa Lipstick"

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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, yo

Aiyo, 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, though

Hands 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 latest

So 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 room

This 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 bitch

Killa 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  
witness

Killa, 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-killla

Aiyo, 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 womb

Flight 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 again

Drunk 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,  
goddamn

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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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