

Ghostface Killah f/ Lloyd

"Goner"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah] This gonna be one of them
shits right here, boy Yeah baby, let's do it [Ghostface
Killah] Oh shit, look at miss thing, you done grew into a
stallion Girl, and still don't got no ring? Back then, you
was alot younger, now you older Broke my heart, on
what you had in the stroller On the low, that could of
been me, Huggie down Fly and handsome, talk about
little Starksky With little Barkley's, little car seat Two
years later, here comes little Sharneese I'm saying, are
you involved, what's up with you? And where homeboy
at? Oh word, ya'll through? Eff him, you know how I do,
when I come through Shut the whole block down like I
got something to prove But umm, besides the lane, you
look the same Still blowing beauty marks, sitting under
your bang Ankle bracelets, that Donna Kay shit I saw
one rope for your throat, yo, it cost about 8 chips
Hoodrats, they be wearing that fake shit Like her, she
wear the same bag, like it ain't shit Pardon me, excuse
my French Just read my lips, girl, everything's me
[Chorus 2X: Lloyd] He's a goner, hey, you just say the
word Baby girl, I'm on that, hey, anything you need
Anything you want, want, hey, hey Cuz he don't know I
gotcha Anything you need, I gotcha Ooh, baby girl, I
gotcha [Ghostface Killah] Yo, look around, everybody
sipping on Rosette All in our business, they wanna be
nosey He's with her, gonna be all in the streets, like a
Jeep, tomorrow Don't worry, let's breeze the bar And in
case I ain't tell you, those jeans is hard And those is the
snitches, mean mugging, can't fight Run into the po-
lice, fuck them niggas I pull out, like a tooth, when the
back is rotten Finish 'em off, like your menstrual, after
you spotting Ghost can't complain, 5'6", swinging
those hips And my miss got me wanting to sing
Walking down the street, watching ladies I got by
watching you, watching you I want you, like if I ain't got
nothing to do [Chorus 2X] [Lloyd] Somebody better call
the cops Cuz if that thing cock back, it's gon' pop Once
me stop moving, it ain't gon' stop Whatever that girl
wants, you know she got shopping Somebody better
check the swag We rack up and never check the tags
We just stuffed it all in the bag Oh, you mad? Well, too

bad [Chorus 2X]

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