

## **Ghostface Killah f/ Ron Browz, Shawn Wigs**

### **"She's a Killah"**

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[Intro: Ron Browz] Ether Boy, Def Jam, Ghostface, Ron Browz Oh, oh, oh [Ghostface Killah] It's no special when them shots go down You can catch one in the gut, and go down The silencers work to muffle that sound Snuck through tools and on the low down Gangstas give it up, what Big cups of Goose stay filled-it up, we stay four wheeled-it up I would talk to shorty but her ass ain't big enough Her friends look like the type that'll just give it up From abyss to gecko, stay bumrushing them hoes like Joe Klecko It's hard to get a ticket like the Funkmaster Flex show Even fat girls get twist into pretzels, Toney Starks special [Chorus: Ron Browz] She's a killer (oh) she's a killer (oh) She's a killer, mami, you'se a killer She's a killer (oh) she's a killer (oh) She's a killer, shorty, you'se a killer Oh, hop in my four wheeler, oh, ain't nobody realer Oh, you got a man, I'mma steal ya, oh, my ice is iller Yeah, we drinking Patron and, put your number in my phone and Ain't trying to take you home and, we partying to the morning Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning Oh, to the morning, to, to the morning Oh, to the morning, oh, to the morning Oh, oh, we partying to the morning [Ghostface Killah] My co-defendant, her name's Alexis Niggas get caught up by the side of her breasts She'll murder you while eating your breakfast You'll die wanting to try how good her sex is Baby's shit wiggle like J-Lo, her thing so good Before you hit it, you be having to pray, yo Don't wanna bust fast, best be on your J-O She strictly dickly, don't go both ways, yo She independant and she fly Bout 5'5, 5'6, bout yay high Button-up pink boss shirt, blue necktie Every nigga in the club wanna eat that thigh Surprise she stay on her toes like a prized ballerina She tight, her stomping grounds is out in Medina This pretty thing handle her biz, she carry those things Ready to die like she related to B.I.G. [Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] (Shawn Wigs) Everybody's acting like they killing the town (Pardon me lord, I was sipping that brown) This goes for the rappers, non-gun clappers Yo, Wigs, get the cameras these is a bunch of actors (action) Yet, my heat sing like Shirley Caesar You can come test me at, your own

leisure I'm ballin', gettin' Arab money and I pop  
champagne And go hit shorty, shaking that thang, cuz  
[Chorus]

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