

K-Ci % JoJo , Babyface, Melvin, Kevon

"Motherless Child"

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* billed as Ghostface Killer instead of Ghostface Killah

[Sometimes I feel... like a motherless child]
(Yo yo guzzlin forties, let's get it on fella, no doubt)
The wiley Wu-Tang comes back, Iron Man strikes back
(Lou Diamonds, Tony Starks) Raid your whole empire
No doubt!

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]
Rich man, poor man, read the headlines
Nigga getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes
Jobs and drug wars
Living by gun law
Jailcats come home and want to take yours
As the young one, growing up broke me and my people
as the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat
Think it, plus drinkin that 90-proof
Playin' on the roof sayin'
we need a next man to shoot...

[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child...]

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]
Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks
Showin off his 850 plus, what a nice whip
Young blood guzzlin' fourties hussled in a rain
Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins
He never had it all, the kid loved basketball
Had a favorite song, "I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall
Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals
Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital
Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the
Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders
from Staten, where crazy clips be clappin
Slept in his principal spreads, threads, made of satin
Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef
Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and
Latief
But he fucked up, he shoulda kept it real and went for
kill
cuz if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will

But, shit will never calm down, one day downtown
He dropped an ounce off
Money had slept like a nightgown
He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in
there
Two kids was beamin him, them niggaz from the movie
theatre
One had all Guess on, lookin like he had a vest on
The other felly pell tucked with a firearm
Movin slow, baseball hats, crazy down low
Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go
Oh shit! Bookhead, just bought a 5, G headed King
Tudpea
About the size of Little Maurice
We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten
I'm runnin in my first instance, is to return em the time
is now
Warfare and pull delf
Remember me, the nigga from the UA and you pulled
out
Don't move don't even flinch
Fix em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the
tux
He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin
him
Had to hit him ten more times make sure I got him
Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy
Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty
I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash
Then he shot my man in the ass and broke mega glass
Damn, had to go out with a blast
I shot my way up out of the Albee fast
[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child]
Oh shit, what the fuck?
This shit is horrible.

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