

Ghostface Killah, Child's Play

[Ghostface Killah]

Pretty little Sally sat up by the tree trunk
White miniskirt with a Betty Boom bum
She had a ass like Deborah Cox, face like Lauryn
Waist like a Coke bottles scoring
Pretty young thing loved the swings
And times she got my ding-a-ling hard
When she said push hard, she kept vaseline
Open as she swung back, couldn't help her dress blue back
Now held accountable right for my actions
Right before the Wallabee Champ was rockin wallows
Drawin crads, sent her rap message through a bottle
Lines from Dolomite, few tips from Goines
Birthday, gave her two 50 cent coins
Puppy love, gorgeous face, amazed by lip gloss
Cherry cent, when the princess spoked yo it bounced off
Mole like Marilyn Monroe, threw a rose in her mouth
Wherever God go will be Mrs. Coke
Girl's so pretty, kids with little niddys
Hope the years go slow, slow
Surrounded by intelligence, life through education
Healthy minds will grow, grow
Catch me on a bus-stop, dustin, cursin out
The cops are still coming, vibe with me
Everybody's talking about Wu-Tang fronting
But you still telling lies to me

Beautiful in lightshows, having no intentions on love
But having strung eyes of oppose, here we go
It's not the way she bubbled the gum, shooked her ass
I'm not the one, double dus, waiting for the bus
The faggot Nore son, now year later
Lady 7th floor, building 7-80
Fancy fox, booties for her socks, nothing else can change me
Young Nefertiti, knowledge seed with no jewelry on
Tahitian fresh berry tree, she's a capricorn
I really liked the girl, had dreams about her
Thinking to myself some nights she got ("powered")
But hating, was Shinene and Grace and Key-lolo
Trick bitches jumped my boo at the school a few years ago
Hit me, you hit me, Grace got the last hit
Eh yo, the bitches started swinging and shit
So I jumped in
Those were the days, made faces in school plays
Paper trays, city wide test, made half a days
Shooting puppy water, might hump the pillow, dick a inch taller
Stapleton bum nigga, I'll pop her cherry for her
Fresh air fun, here's dunn, alphabets, berets
Jellies, bubble yum, soda tongue, too young to cum
Then engage him with them candy rings
Eh yo, I hit that shit, got jealous when she kissed Rob
I broked her chicko's sticks

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

Guys and girls, y'all remember those days, and shit
Girls walk around in school, one ponytail with the beret
Next looking like baby powder, youknowwhatI mean?
Those were the days right there
Boston baked beans, girls come to school with mad candy
YouknowwhatI mean? You'd just come in school for half days, and all that
Just to see that little girl right there, ? to this
Go home and think about it, youknowwhatI mean?
May hump the bed sometimes on her, youknowwhatI mean?
Word, those days man, those, those were the good old days right there G

That shit was fun, lunchroom, see in the lunchroom, youknowwhatI mean?
Might get a little, go to the G.O. Store or something, youknowwhatI mean?
Word, buy a little chocolate, a little shake or something, youknowwhatI mean?
A little buttercrunch joints or something, youknowwhatI mean?
That's that real shit, G I miss those shits, man
I wanna go back to school, man
That's my word, man
For real y'all, those were, those were the... goddamn y'all, you remember...