

# Ghostface Killah, It's Over

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yo... aiyo this joint right here is about  
When you goin' through mad shit  
And it just seem like you get out of it, nowhere and shit  
You thinkin' you puttin' your shit in and you thinkin'  
You gettin' over, and doin' all this other shit  
But before you know it, your whole world just caved in on you, pa  
Check the joint, it's... uh-huh, yeah, I walked into the place  
Verse one...

[Chorus: David Potter sample]

Over, and then my life (the masquerade)  
I know it's over... (the masquerade)  
Uh-oh, over (over) my my my good day is over  
(Over) the masquerade is over (over)  
Uh-oh-oh, it's over... (over)

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, back in '95 when I was jugglin' bitches  
Pumpin' coke out the spot, smackin' fiends in the kitchen  
All around dick sucks whenever, blowin' chronic out of Philly's  
Gettin' flushty in the Cub' Link era  
Niggas tellin' me my spot is hot  
They like I think any day now, playboy, shit gon' pop  
Back then I was the phat Ghost, them came March 1st  
My eighth platoon got murked, got burnt for all our work  
After the funeral, I played low, countin' my last ten g's  
Three weeks later, yo, I'm back in the P's  
Gatherin' up information, checkin' faces  
Keepin' a forty-five auto' loaded like it was bases  
When it get dark, venom will leave my mark (over)  
I heard a voice through a bullhorn, a white man he said "Yo, Starks!  
You're surrounded, put down your gun, look at the rules  
There's nothin' but cops, nigga, you better not run"

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah (during chorus)]

Yeah... you see how that went right?  
That episode got deep and all of that  
Knew what I mean? Then it just go on and  
It just don't stop... I don't care what town you from  
What hood you from, it just all goes in, yo, check this episode  
Verse two

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, aiyo, 11:40 A.M. in the best Western  
I'm with my bat, blew her ass back and chest in  
Slob my knob, yeah no question, this my main bat  
She thorough like that, so we don't use protection  
But the night before, my wiz must of check my phone  
How the fuck she get the codes... I don't know  
Next thing, she layin' in the 'tel lobby, spotted me  
Tippin' the doorman, holdin' hands with my bitch besides me  
My heart drop, everything stops, scared to death  
Told my broad to keep it moving, cuz I just got knocked  
Don't turn around, as soon she did, she bust a shot  
Plus she talk, security drop when she touch the glock  
I had the gum-face on, long face on  
Didn't say shit, not even cough or spit, my bitch was gone  
There goes the car, house, rhyme boats or jewelry  
Court date judges, my shorty tried to screw me

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude w/ Chorus: Ghostface Killah]  
Uh... you see, sometime it don't pay  
What goes around comes around in  
In many different ways and  
You can guess what happened  
That's right ya'll, you know how it get down  
If anybody got it locked, it's God, that's right  
Word...

[Outro: Solomon Childs (Ghostface Killah)]  
Hey Kimmy, how you doing? What up Keisha  
Damn girl, your hair looks so nice  
Yeah, I got my shit done at Tasha's  
You know I don't even fuck with that bitch  
Yo, son, I think Ghost fuckin' one of them bitches, man  
And can you believe this son told them bitches that he can cook, man  
Yo, I can't believe this, these bitches don't know where to fuckin'  
Put a salon up in the fuckin' hood, son I can't even make no money no more, man  
(Yo, son... maybe you need to tell them bitches that  
If they could put a Ms. Pac-Man or somethin' in the back  
Maybe we could get some money back, maybe we could get some money back there)  
Son, you know I don't even FUCK with them bitches like that, nig', come on, man  
[&quot;Come on sugar, hold me tight&quot; ... - sample]