

# Ghostface Killah, Josephine

(feat. Trife Da God, The Willie Cottrell Band)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

God's woman... what's going on?  
I know things seem messed up sometime  
You stressed out and you can't handle the situation  
Sometime it feels like you lacking the guidance  
And you don't know what to do... but stay strong  
And keep in mind that he always loves you...  
It's what it is... that's right sugar love  
Come on...

[Chorus: Willie Cottrell]

Josephine, the times are getting tough  
Seems to me... you just wont get enough  
The rain, wont wash away, your sins...  
You'll be here, to do them all over again...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, I know this chick from the hood named Courtney Cox  
And her brain is easy to pick like faulty locks  
She's awfully hot, asshole burning like tobasco  
She used to be thick, it's like where the hell her ass go  
Started smoking weed and graduated to the pipe  
Thought that she could quit but her calculations wasn't right  
Infatuated with the life of dope fiends and crack pushers  
Prostituting for old pimps who mack hookers  
Putting dope in the cook, searching for her vein  
Tracks all over her arms, she never felt the pain  
The monkey on her back is now a gorilla  
Fiending for a hit knowing one day it's gon' kill her  
The clinic didn't help (nope) she just another young black woman  
Destroying her pretty image and her health  
Got me thinking to myself, damn, how could this happen?  
I seen her on the corner, nodding off, sniffin' and scratching

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God]

She wakes up, with an urge to get high  
Everyday, the same routine, needing the mood of fix to get by  
So she reaches for her purse, grab the bag and the needle  
Tie a sock her arm and start shooting up the diesel  
Had a flesh back, screwing some dude up in his hashback  
The night before, body still sore, holding her ass crack  
A regular John, she met her through Tom  
She passed out with the syringe still stuck in her arm  
Dying a slow death, oh, she losing her dear mind  
From the troubles of the world, feeling cursed by mankind  
Uh, caught up in a desperate rage, was blessed with AIDS  
Lost her appetite, hardly slept in days  
Now it's too late, praying to Jesus, she fucked around  
With the wrong penis, contaminated with diseases  
Two months pregnant, carrying around her fetus  
But they found her on Broad, in the dumpster, behind the cleaners

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]

Josephine, what's wrong, baby?  
Come on...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, what your momma gonna think of you girl?

Her little baby's all doped up, strung out on the world  
Try'nna make some quick cash for a hit of that stash  
Listen, baby, you growing up much too fast  
Uh, this goes out to every project and every ghetto  
For those getting high, using drugs on every level  
Living your life, day and night, getting stoned  
You better leave those drugs alone, feel me?

[Willie Cottrell]

Up all night, under the party lights  
Same old popping and party hopping  
All of your so called friends, are leading you down the wrong road  
Leading you back to crack, it's a known fact  
It is time, that you need me, I'll be there, to help ya  
I'll be your leaning pole when you're falling down  
I'll be there, when you falling down (sooner or later)