

Not Your Average Girl

Ghostface Killah

Whoa... oh, whoa...
Shareefa... oh

From the blocking, to the dropping
I need a girl that's stacking and popping
When I come in late, she's not clocking
Not in the crib, throwing 'round pots and
Nice girl, that's clean, that was raised to cook
Be on the couch chilling, shorts on, reading a book
Biting on a pen, thin glasses on
French type frames by Yves Saint Laurent
Say hey pretty mama, do you fit the bill
Do you got what it take for you to fit in my wheel?
Would you bust that steel if, niggas came to kill me
Protect that safe, baby, dag, that's filthy
Whoa, somebody let her know up in here
He like Papa Smurf, I'm like Papa Bear
I'm just looking for a queen, so I can rock her ear
Tell her P. Tone in here, I got her locked this year

I'm not your average girl
I be your Bonnie right beside you
No need to worry, boo, I got you, yeah
I'm not your average girl
See me without you is unlikely
Them other bitches they night like me, oh, wow

You can have keys to the boat, money follow me
I got the cheese and the yolk, plus the juice
That's fresh squeeze with the pulp, mama got a big butt
Tiffany chain, the stones freeze in the throat
Love to hold my hand, stepping off planes from D.R.
Luggage with a big black tan
Whatcha gonna do? You or him, me or you?
Fucking with him, you look mad pitiful
Boo, I'm not the type that be slobbering down hoochies
Looking at these hoes, eyes low like Droopy
Tugging on my jacket til the lights come on
We run trains on them bitches, never ice they arm
That's a no-no, chicken heads looking for a come up
In the club, 'oh my God', now they wanna run up
Nagging til the sun up, shut up, I'm not a double-up, boo
Go get your feet done, your toes, cuz they knuckles up

Baby, baby, don't waste your towel
Looking any further cuz the girl is ours
Holds it down for you, any place, any time
You already know, I'm the one, yeah, I'm that
Fly girl, rider, just say the word
Anything pop off, it's us against the world
Such a hood girl, with that dirty loving that'll make your toes curl

Yo, relax and chill, analyze the story
Love, your boy Tone got mass appeal
All them other little players ain't as half as real
They just wanna get up in you like Mass & Gill
But me, I need a wisdom, play it like wifey

Well mannered, understand the kid and not bite me
All my real ladies, put your hands up
Holla at your boy, if you ain't a groupie, right now, stand up