

# Josephine

Hi-Tek

(feat. Ghostface Killah, Pretty Ugly, 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]

[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)

[Pretty Ugly:]

The Josephine that I knew, had a fiend for the rich guys  
Old fashion girl, judged a man by her shoe size  
If you had on the right Nikes, looked like the right type  
Paid her the right price, she give you the green light  
She was a different breed, she smoked different weed  
Every week her hair done, she had a different weave  
She was in and out of bars, she was in and out of cars  
She was on and off the law, she was in and out of drawers  
The chick a dime, I admit, I even tried to hit

I told her I was broke as shit, but I got the magic stick  
I'm that confident, she said I need the cash  
A different time, a different place, I could have the ass  
Years went pass, before I seen her again  
Now she slim, and I don't think she been in the gym  
So I asked her how she been, she said I'm down with the men  
Now I'm seen, but I caught AIDS when I was f\*\*king with them

[Chorus x2]