

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]