

# Child's Play

## Ghostface Killah

Pretty little Sally sat up by the tree trunk  
White miniskirt with a Betty Boom bum  
She had a ass like Deborah Cox, face like Lauryn  
Waist like a Coke bottles scoring  
Pretty young thing loved the swings  
And times she got my ding-a-ling hard  
When she said push hard, she kept Vaseline  
Open as she swung back, couldn't help her dress blue back  
Now I'm held accountable right for  
my actions  
Right before the Wallabee Champ was rockin' wallows  
Drawin' cards, sent her rap message through a bottle  
Lines from Dolomite, few tips from Goines  
Birthday, gave her two 50 cent coins  
Puppy love, gorgeous face, amazed by lip gloss  
Cherry cent, when the princess spoked yo it bounced off  
Mole like Marilyn Monroe, threw a rose in her mouth  
Wherever God go will be Mrs. Coke  
Girl's so pretty, kids with little niddys  
Hope the years go slow, slow  
Surrounded by intelligence, life through education  
Healthy minds will grow, grow  
Catch me on a bus-stop, dustin', cursin' out  
The cops are still coming, vibe with me  
Everybody's talking about Wu-Tang frontin'  
But you still telling lies to me  
Beautiful in light shows, having no intentions on love  
But having strung eyes of oppose, here we go  
It's not the way she bubbled the gum, shooked her ass  
I'm not the one, double dus', waiting for the bus  
The fagot Nore son, now year later  
Lady 7th floor, building 7-80  
Fancy fox, booties for her socks, nothing else can change me  
Young Nefertiti, knowledge seed with no jewelry on  
Tahitian fresh berry tree, she's a Capricorn  
I really liked the girl, had dreams about her  
Thinking to myself some nights she got  
But hating, was Shinene and Grace and Key-lolo  
Trick bitches jumped my boo at the school a few years ago  
Hit me, you hit me, Grace got the last hit  
Eh yo, these bitches started swinging and shit  
So I jumped in  
Those were the days, made faces in school plays  
Paper trays, city wide test, made half a days  
Shooting puppy water, might hump the pillow, dick a inch taller

Stapleton bum nigga, I pop a cherry for her  
Fresh air fun, here's dunn, alphabets, berets  
Jellies, bubble yum, soda tongue, too young to cum  
Then engage him with them candy rings  
Eh yo, I hit that shit, got jealous when she kissed Rob  
I broked her chicko's sticks  
Guys and girls, y'all remember those days and shit  
Girls walk around in school, one ponytail with the beret  
Next looking like baby powder  
You know what I mean? Those were the days right there  
Boston baked beans, girls come to school with mad candy  
You know what I mean? You'd just come in school for half days  
And all that  
Just to see that little girl right there? In mind to this  
Go home and think about it, you know what I mean?  
May hump the bed sometimes on her, You know what I mean?  
Word, those days man, those, those were the good old days right there  
G That shit was fun, lunchroom, see in the lunchroom  
You know what I mean? Might get a little, go to the G.O  
Store or something, you know what I mean?  
Word, buy a little chocolate, a little shake or something  
You know what I mean? A little Butter crunch joints or something  
You know what I mean? That's that real shit, G I miss those shits, man  
I wanna go back to school, man  
That's my word, man  
For real y'all, those were, those were the goddamn y'all you remember  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>