

## True Honey Buns (dat Freak Shit)

Bahamadia

I'm reclinin' out West - maxin at da ress pressed to see my cut  
ie that  
I call to come caress me desperate pooh unavailable da check di  
s - not  
into masturbating yo cuz that's some other shit since I had hit  
a dry  
spell I figured I'd manicure my nails den out da blue I'm inter  
rupted  
by the bell it was Kia talkin bout Dia c'mon let's bounce tonig  
ht  
Wu-Tang performin at da Fever and I got backstage passes - vip  
status  
da after party's at the Marriott we in the night like Gladys co  
ol I  
can do wit dat give me 45, so I can wash da pussy cat a marinad  
e da  
body hop in mizarahi tighten up dah afro and turn to superhotti  
e tell  
you what I'll hit you up soon as I'm ready when I see your Mits  
ubishi  
out front we jettin'  
(chorus)  
Arrived at da club like 11:45 - scenery was live - mob like a 3  
-2  
center outside fly riders da whole shabang you know how Philly  
hang  
come time nah get extravagant while I was side tracked by the g  
lamour  
and the glitz key was chattin' wit a bouncer telling him we on  
nah  
list within a split second we escorted through conjection routi  
ne  
friskin' metal detection all's clear as air - no question so we  
grabbed at the bar and head towards da dance section wit no hes  
itation  
we breeze to the back in the green room where the celebrities w  
as at,  
that's when nah propaganda began to emerge star stud events mus  
t  
trigger hoochie alerts cuz Kia went berserk, diggy low at first  
subtle  
body language actin'like a flirt tongue stickin out wit da' bab  
y doll  
pout talkin' all loud I'm like what's dis all about ... -mono-  
Here come tha' raw maneuver luew-  
der than imagined Kia aimin' for  
attention strivin for it with a passion slips out her sarong st  
arts

dancing in her thongs like a bootie song was on I said sis you know  
you wrong (see) you tha' reason nigs be screamin' bitches, hoes  
and  
tricks I'ont believe you goin' out on nat Adina Howard shit don't you  
dig these niggaz think you hotter than tha' sun even if they talk to  
you they wanna hit & run if you skeemin' on nah cream boo you ain't  
gettin' none you played from nah door wit dat nut shit you done  
den  
she gone look at me and say yo chill whatever, I thought you was my  
peeps I said I thought you was together your actions bounce on  
all  
these chicks in here like a reflector I'm tryin nah school you  
sis you  
its plain that you don't know no better - I'm not da one to judge so  
do what you gotta do but it ain't what you do its how you do it  
...

Chorus

True honey buns wanna have fun un-  
like a chick who settle for da hit  
and run, yeah to all tha girls do what you gotta do but it ain't  
what  
you do its how you do it...