

# Have U.n.e. Pull

## Black Sheep

Dag, I wish I was like Jordan  
So I could just fly through the air no one could ever stop me  
Or, or like Mike Mike Tyson so I could just knock people's heads off  
Nah, more like Prince so I could pull all the honeys  
Well a brother like Chi Ali is pulling all the honey's anyway  
But still, it would be nice

What's going on kid? At times I dress to be in  
I see you grinnin I'm beginnin to think that we're friends  
And if we are friends, then we are far from fools  
So I will then kiss and let you into my sphere cool

Now listen I'm known, as a Black Sheep  
And if you try to pull the cover and attempt to sleep  
You won't get rest nah you can not sleep on this  
For I make noise, see

But anyway, I  
It's where I live and though therefore I pray with hay  
I live on nonetheless sometime  
I've got my body and my intellect

I'm buddha blessed now my chalantness  
Or rather lack of this you call the spade a spade  
Well I will call the spade a kiss but in the meantime  
You try to and if the source I get a verbal bat  
Until I get through that we are rich with wealth  
Can you understand that you should be yourself?

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Bah bah Black Sheep, have U.N.E. pull?  
Bah bah Black Sheep, have U.N.E. pull?  
Or are you full of sheep tryin' to pull the wool

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What's going on black? You want a hand to smack  
Well I can never be all that so I will give you daps  
I do the 'Hey yo', your girl is on the strobe?  
Oh no that's kind of trip but gee I gotta go

You see it's not the style of me so I'm not mending  
And I won't pull you leg nor start pretending  
To be a fair weather with a plea to come  
'Cause you never let me hold your

You see it's like this I'll start explaining  
Dres is down with self maintaining  
Don't say I can't, I know that I can  
Black Sheep rule, me and my man

Or my man and I, Mista Lawnge and Dres  
Baby sounds are in the sphere  
Better do as Chris says as for me, to say just how

You didn't know me then so you could never know me now

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What's going on hon? You say you're out for fun  
I got a pocket full of posies you say I got a gun  
Then take a step back away from Flipper  
I'd rather shoot you with the joint inside my zipper

But not to be fresh for then I lose the groove  
I'd rather see you smile and move your booty smooth  
Then I get to know ya got things to show ya  
Is there the chance of me getting over

And over and over and over and over again  
Now tell me are you gonna let me in?  
For it's getting hot what I have have not  
Give me a second thought

I have a mansion and a yacht  
A caddy for my daddy something' new for mom too  
A coat for Mista Lawnge and some hookers for the crew  
Honey don't get mad you know my love is greater  
But, I'll dig you later

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I can dig it, I can dig it, I can dig it  
I can dig it, I can dig it, I can dig it