

# To Whom It May Concern

Black Sheep

You know what?  
Huh?  
You know what?  
What?  
You know what?  
You know what?

The  
Sugar D I see D A D I E  
That's just a title, explaining who I be  
Mista L A W N G E  
I take a sucker from any phil and injure thee  
Now that I've spelled it out  
And you like the way it sounds  
I'm dissing rap music  
and rap music on the grounds  
You say I'm full of sheep  
And for that I give a pound  
The Sugar Dick Daddy  
Mista Lawnge to break it down  
Ladies, step to me for a real neat treat  
And if you don't want to call me Lawnge  
You can call me sweet meat  
I wear protection, you won't catch claps here  
Come over later, but first go get a pap smear  
Nine point five okay dear?  
And don't forget clean underwear  
Cause I don't want the funk to flow  
After after I'm done, yo ya gotta go  
'Don't you know ho, don-tcha know ho'  
Okay enough is enough, time to get that off my bladder  
And dig deep into the subject matter

You know what?  
You know what?  
I'm sick and tired of rappers not real  
And suckers makin' it with a pop feel  
Labels signin acts with nuff bills  
Tax write off, cause you have no skills  
You go make a demo  
get a deal and start to sprout  
Gold, platinum, and then start sellin out  
You get a Benz and trash the Nova  
Double platinum, and start crossin over  
Then you get fall, I won't give examples  
HINT HINT, they use the same old samples  
But not the Sheep  
for we are sleek and unique  
Top of the peek and others are weak  
Follow the words that I speak  
The situation is bleak  
But this is the fly shit that you seek  
When the style is dope  
Mista Lawnge'sa participator  
If you want to battle, later  
Cause Black Sheep are certified greater than...  
But, I said later man

'I can dig it'

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I turn on the radio  
Be a prime time to a late night rap show  
Here, the same old, same old  
And that's on your, new single  
Your product, is a product, of no productivity  
Can ya, see G?  
You kick a wack style  
And claim to have brains  
Take the funky drummer and give him back to James  
I'm dope, I'm dope  
Heh, I can't cope  
Keep your cordless, cause you bore this  
You say you're sure, yeah  
but I'm the surest  
That, Black Sheep are unique  
Funk clever brothers that will  
make the church girl freak  
Out, without a doubt  
You have no wins in a '91 bout  
So shout, pout, do what you want  
But you're out the picture  
And I'ma get you sucka  
Cause youse a dumb mothafucka  
Better off as a tractor trail trucker  
But movin right along to the Woodstock  
Stop, remember when the band was on rock  
Negro music, heh, separated  
It blew up and became rap  
and you hated it  
That's of course till you see  
A motherfucker that, could be in your family  
Drop lyrics then you hear it  
With glee, then only thing it tells me  
Is that you know a good thing  
when you see it.  
You run to get a ten  
Cause you cannot be it  
So, off the top off my head  
I guess I keep it rollin  
Till aaaaaaah... the rap gets stolen  
Like so many other things called theft  
And when it's gone what will be left  
YOU sucker, dumb fucker don't turn blue  
You know what?  
Talkin' to you  
You know what?  
Chump  
You know what?  
You know what?  
You know What?