

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 aaaaaah... 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?