

Who's Next

Black Sheep

I had her, you had her, we had her
He had her, she had her, they had her
(Oh, it seems that you're a ho)
I had her, you had her, we had her
He had her, she had her, they had her
I don't want you no mo'
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Really doe, really doe, you's a really silly ho
To think that you could fuck with me then step to my bro
No, I don't think so, nor do I drink, so
That seems to me to be the reaction of a stank ho
How could you play yourself when I thought so much about you?
So now the sugar dick daddy's got to do without you
I guess I'll proceed to the next
I'm going to miss your eyes, your smile and, of course, the sex
From the very first day I met you, I didn't think I'd get you
That's why I didn't sweat you
I knew there was another because I saw you with him
Still you turned around, winked your eye and gave me rhythm
I said, "Oh shit, it's time to get with it"
Pulled out my blade and your man's neck split
I grabbed you by the hand, he didn't understand
But I stepped off the scene just knowing I was the man
We enjoyed the date, also the night
Then I said to myself, "Self, something ain't right"
Excuse me, miss, can you tell me what's the twist
It seems to be you're too promiscuous
She was wookin' pa nub in all the wrong faces
Wookin' pa nub in all the wrong places
Man, I didn't know what to think of you
When I found out you ran through my whole damn crew
Molecules, Cee-Low and Chucky Smash
Showbiz, AG and the whole Boombash
You hit them all off, it wasn't just me
And then I heard you boned Chi-Ali, damn
I said, "Oh no, ho, you gots to go
But take my number though 'cause, yo, you never know"
See the way Mr Lawnge likes to play them
I only like to lay them around five a.m
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Now, when I first saw ya I tried to ignore ya
'Cause niggas was playing you closer than rice and goya
Face like Halle, ass like Angina
Feet like Pebbles and cook like Aunt Jemima
Plus I hear that she's quick to bring a nigga to the brink
Beaver? Nah, believe her shit's all mink
She played the party scene like she had a death wish
And niggas crazy sweated her like she wrote the guest list
Out of sight, me and my peeps are getting solar
She walked by, I reached out and said, "Yo, nola"
"That's not my name", I said, "I know, but anyway
Honey, take this number you can call me any day"
Quicksand, I didn't understand that she's a fan
Rather that honey wants more props than a kickstand
She'd told her friends what I told mine here
"I'mma knock that ass in due time, hear?"
She called the next day and I'm like, "What's your occupation?"
The method in my madness was the same of operation
She was a po' ho, a hobo, a part-time boho so
Yo, for the ring, she's giving low blows
Schematic peeped, she came by to let me hammer her
She's looking right, damn, I should've hid the camera
She hit me off but, yo, it's my word
She got dropped by the first, picked up by the third
I lay down sleepy, that shit was crazy creepy
Rrrring! I pick it up, this nigga's like, "Somebody beep me?"
I'm feeling cheated, the shit shall never be repeated
Before I get defeated, yo, I'll beat it
'Cause I use steel-plated latex lately
And when they say 'downtown', yo, I stop at 42nd Street
'Cause to get laid many prices are paid
And I'm so 'noid I don't want a band-aid
I try to stay aware of the drama, it's crazy
Plus, see I got to tell your mama that I'm swayze
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Cheers to the gigolos and the hoes
About to open up your nose 'cause that's the way my love flows
To every man that said he'll never get up in it
If I said that you could win it you'd be at my house in five minutes
The sugar's so sweet and if I let you get me in between the sheets
It's my beat, I'm telling you again and again
I don't get nasty with the men like I get nasty with the pen
People like to call girls that like men with money trash
But you's an ass if you don't like a nigga with cash
I don't really care, I like the big bucks
So if I gotta be trash, yo, fucking call a garbage truck
Love don't have a price but you gotta know the deal
I'm a tell it like it is 'cause I like to keep it real
When a man's broke he's got his hand on the trigger
But if his pockets got figures he ain't sweating the next nigga
I like a nigga that rolls strong, when I'm in the studio
Making songs, he's out making the pockets long
So peace to the niggas with wealth, niggas that go for self
'Cause I ain't fucking with nothing else