

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn  
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang  
Done been on tour doing group thangs  
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang  
Really love it when a girl got a cute name  
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame  
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain  
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game  
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs  
Done seen a lot more than some loose change  
Always been open minded to new thangs

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Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man  
Beat-box and break-dance too man  
Used to do electric boogaloos man  
Do Egyptian love with two hands  
I remember when I lived down south, yo  
In a hot ass one story house, yo  
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo  
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors  
We had a block-party, barbeque  
Eating food, in the pool  
Music got us in that mood  
Everybody act a fool  
I'ma tell you like this man  
Every night I go down to the city man  
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang  
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man  
DJ's be spinning them hits man  
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man  
Them hoes be thick but sick man  
Every stripper think a motherfucking rich man  
Like Sisco, the R&B singing man  
Think I got a bank account with a million man  
Case of Crystal cost about six grand  
Bitch better get a less expensive brand  
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man  
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?  
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man  
Still waiting on my royalty check, man  
How about a rain-check next time, yo?  
How about a handful of coupons, yo?  
How about tickets to my next five shows  
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo  
I love a fine ho

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies  
Acting surprised, rolling your eyes  
You act like a nigga done committed a crime  
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh  
Now them guys, twice my size  
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside  
I be up in this club all the time  
But it's the first time that I crossed the line  
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?  
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys

Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please  
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P  
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese  
Look at it, she only got eyes on me  
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed  
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease  
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat  
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt  
Follow me to the bathroom to pee  
I keep about three G's in my briefs  
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve  
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath  
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

God damn girl, give a nigga some love  
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones