

Another Statistic

Chubb Rock

Four out of ten murders are love related
Keep your hood, in-a your pants
And these tings won't happen to you
Check out da bwoy-a-story

Tell him! Excuse me, I beg your pardon
Inform him, that Chubb is playin' in your secret garden
'Cause he didn't cut the lawn, correctly
I have a green thumb, you're not dumb, that's why you sweat me
You want to have your cake and eat it too, so do I
You're sneaking around, we're sneaking around, so why
Do you want to continue, comin' to every venue
You don't tell him, I'll offend you
This ain't right so put him down on the scoop
That you're a blow-up sex doll for every group
Where are the footsteps that you followed
Tippy-toed to my crib and did me a solid
You answered every question I ever had
On the female anatomy after you sat on me
Cheating is more serious than the taking of Pelham
So tell him, before I tell him

If Mary had told her boyfriend
Like she was supposed to, none of this would be happening

Tell him! His feelings, you disregard
You took his credit card, went on the boulevard
You bought me shirt after shirt with his hard-earned work
You treat him like dirt
My conscience said to me, Yo Chubbs you better be
Careful, she gave you the keys to his Cherokee
Jeep but I don't want to go six feet deep
In the dirt for some skirt
I was gonna cut her off but the stuff was kinda dope
The dope even paid my car note, nope
I'm gonna let her go yet until I get
This girl can really get me out of financial debt, huh
So I chill, passion kills, tears spilled
On an innocent grill then over spilled
The guilt, stuck in my chest so I suggest
That you tell him, maybe you can start off fresh
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So tell him, before I tell him

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Like she was supposed to, none of this would be happening

Here's one more bang for the road, uh
Never again will you explode
Like this you might miss the imprint of my fist
Embedded in the bed by your head
Don't leave me Chubb, don't leave me Chubb, she screamed
I got access to all of his green
I lust for your pelvic thrust so why don't you trust
Don't fuss, he'll never find out about us
But baby, I can't see you no more and
Let me see who's at the door

Yo who are you?
Who me? You don't know man?
Why I'm gonna shoot ya

If Chubbs had kept his prick in his pants
Like he was supposed to, none of this would have happened