

Cat

Chubb Rock

I want you, Cat
I want you, Cat
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I want you

You're so soft and delicate, may I get, funky
(Funky!) I'm not a sex junkie
I would like to get high upon your love
You're so silky smooth, just like a dove
It might sound odd
I gave birth the second time around at the promenade
Deck, kissed your neck
You gave me more than a peck, but wait a sec
Am I goin' too fast, should I just chill
And cool things down, until
I know whassup and I know how you really feel
'Cause I got no time for a brain game
But you play one anyway for about a half a year
Tears felt, love went tilt
I said, "What should I do, what should I do, should I step
Like stairs, cause I care?"

And I want you, Cat
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Love understanding, plus demanding
Honesty between us two, will make us last for a few
Word up, then you will just
Trust me, and maybe never try to bust me
With another squaw, not even in my car
I walk down the street while I kick a twelve-bar
Rap on the Harlequin tip, chapter five
Upon my knees, I tell you do I care
Maybe this year, maybe this year
Maybe a little Chubb Rock will be formed upon the scene
His life won't be based upon the dreams
That I might make, when I create a fat rap
Jumpin' upon the scene like that

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I just want you to love me

Do what you want like Humpty does

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Sendin' this out, to the Trak-Trak-Trak-Trakmasterz
And my man Hot Diggidy do-Dog
And my boy Rob Robbedy Rob Swinga
And Red Hot Lover Tone
Fu-Fu-Funky Al, Al
Rich-Rich Berg, and um Rockin', and Ro-Rockin
And uh, Rockin to the beat with Robin
And uh Mike Fonda
Work at Chung King, can't buy a Honda
Word up, pump up, Dr. No Frank Nitti
Chubb Rock here to break it down peace