

# Tricks Up My Sleeve

Common

I'm a jake, I don't bake a cake  
I'm not a cake daddy, you know the type be pullin up in a caddy  
With a drop top, see when I hoe hop, I kick it to the bus stop (what? )  
And it's goodie goodie gumdrops  
I don't be droppin squat but to the heads they think it's topnotch  
I'm skippin over every other dip as if it's  
Hop hop hop hop hop hop hop, hop, hopscotch, watch  
Aiy aiyyo man, ay man, look at ol' girl  
She got a big ass! (yo man, sic her.)  
Aiy man, ay... hey sweetheart, how you doin?  
I'm doin fine.  
Oh word? what's your name?  
Rayshel.  
Why don't you come over to the house so I can put you in the  
Buck bang!  
Aight check it, you see I only bag ya for a second  
You never see me beggin, you see the slimmie naked  
In my headroom, mo' better yet my bedroom  
Tippedy token, and stutterin as if she's max headroom  
Redroom (redrum? ) no I ain't a murderer  
I'm jake the rake, yo sorry if I'm hurtin the  
Vaginal area, fallopian tubes and your cervix  
I strongly recommend that for your gen' you get some jergens  
I find it beneficial; not to force the issue  
I just blow my shit and wipe you see a head it's like tissue  
Use em and throw em away, see a hoe a day is essential  
If you want a piece of the rock, trick, go to prudential  
Cause I rock a buyer babe on the treetop  
And when the wind blows, my dick'll get hard, the cradle will rock  
I'm like the peacock on nbc, nuttin but cock  
I pump, prrrrrrrrrrrump pump it up yo, like a reebok  
Hey, I don't sell junk, but I'm a junkyard dog  
And when I duke it's a hazzard, so call me boss hog  
Or roscoe pecol, ohhhhh! pain  
That's the sound of the caravan... running the train  
Yeahhhh yeahh, bitch  
That's the sound of the caravan, running the train  
Owowhwahaheha! check it out, check it out yeah, in yo' eye!  
Yeahh! hahhh! yeahh!  
Twilite tone got tricks up my sleeve  
Immenslope got tricks up my sleeve  
Yo drk got tricks up my sleeve  
De la soul got tricks up my sleeve  
Juju got tricks up my sleeve  
The nubian nut got tricks up my sleeve  
Com sense got tricks up my sleeve  
("wait... I got another trick up my sleeve")  
I'm not a jake or a rake or a hoe, but I got the mo' better  
For head of the class  
And if you ask me I'm not tryin ta be drastic  
I'm not a bitch like robin gives I'm concerned about your  
Plastic, ask it, I'll tell you what you wanna know  
And if I tell you no, don't be all up on it dope  
Frontin so your friends won't know that you got the 86  
So you call me a bitch  
You get your kicks, but kix and trix are for kids  
I don't turn no tricks, I don't suck no dix-ie cups

I hops in the hubba hubba bubba I'm like  
Al b. stud, cause if I'm not your lover or your friend  
Don't try to spend, waste your time  
Tryin to get a taste of mine but you ain't tastin mine  
So find a new type puss, cause if I don't like you  
You ain't gettin service g, this ain't the drivethru  
Drive by, way far, and everything'll be groovy  
Then you pester me? yo i'ma tell ya like the nubians  
Move on black brotha move on  
You gotta move on black brotha move on