

## Mans Girl

Digital Underground

If you can't take me home with you  
Then a lap dance will have to do

If you can't take me home with you..

Anybody got change for twenty?  
Mmm, shake it up, shake it up  
Yeah, I know it's rough out here, love  
But we got your back

Give it up cause she's a man's girl  
She's bubbling in a man's world  
Give it up cause she's a man's girl  
She's struggling in a man's world

Now tell me, can you tell the difference  
Between a fast-tracking, skank-gaming tramp  
And a man's girl  
Kind of seems the same with just one glance  
See, both of them cause erections from afar  
But upon closer inspection it becomes clear  
Money B gonna get you in there

See, a clever girl knows  
Not just hoes work them skirts that's mini  
Prostitutes that dress this way  
Try to imitate most of the uptown bitties  
Now we don't really want to speak upon  
Those girls who act real slutty  
But we will talk about those man's girls  
Those are the one we're studying

She's real secure, pretty toes pedicured  
Baby got her own money  
She thinks brothers who floss are funny  
Ain't afraid to lick that honey off my body  
Feminist party issues she don't care about  
Understands men well and knows the power of long hair

I doubt  
If she'll fall for the type whose pants are tight on  
His pookie  
Likes her sex fresh and fruity with the light on  
That booty

Oohwee, she popping! Gotta be, got me jocking  
Even Nike and Reebok, the girl I'm talking about be rocking  
Them pumps with the toes out  
Super saucy when we go out  
Or with her patnas, she can blow clout  
Cause she's the shit, no doubt  
She's so about her scrill, that gives it all the more thrill  
Can't lie, a little high  
Couldn't get a better ride out of an automobile  
Never make it hard to go chill  
Let me do my thing, let a brother breathe  
But she make it so convenient when she around

I don't ever want to leave

She's never stressing who  
What I'm gon' do, how I've been riding with my crew  
She says play on, ain't nothing wrong  
As long as eventually I come home  
(Money B: Ooh, she cool) When a brother finally do  
The joke's on me cause she's gone  
Taking care of she instead of worrying about me  
(Money B: For shee?) For sheezy, she pleases me  
Knowing that I got her back with what's important  
Knowing that I'm down and when I clown with my homies  
It's a necessity she gets to me, yes, I confess it  
Secure with her intellect  
Never afraid of flexing them hoe-ish dresses

Sex appeal drapes her whole vicinity  
I'm worked on, those girls that wanna get they lurk on  
They get into me

Fingernails long (tummy showing)  
Where you going, love  
(Can I be down?) Can I be around?

When you gonna freak with the Freaks of the Industry?

Come on, now  
Get up on the table, baby, get on the table  
Yeah, that's what I'm talking about  
Can I hit that puna? Punana, punana

And I appreciate it too, love  
I love them shoes, love that dress  
I love the whole program  
I know you can't keep it up everyday  
But when you do I'm loving it, just like that  
Now take 'em off  
You deserve a foot massage  
And I'm about to give it you..  
Can I get that puna? Punana, punana  
Somebody give me change for a twenty  
And get up on the table  
Oh no, I ain't giving you more than a dollar

No, don't stop that sexy groove  
Cause we like the way she move