

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