

Ex Girl To Next Girl

Gang Starr

[Verse 1]

You know I used to be a player, fly girl layer and a heartbreaker,
lovemaker, backbreaker but then I made a
mistake yes I fell in love with this ill chick
sweatin' me for money, my name and the dilsnick
my homeboys told me to drop her for it would be to my benefit
she used to say I'd better quit hanging with those derelects
romancing is my thing but I can't swing with no scheming hoes
wherever my beema goes you know that I'm driving
surviving in the 90's is a must so I trust
that everyone listen up as my vocals give thrust
I bust my rhymes first never chasing a skirt
do much work while other suckas need more time to rehearse
now back to the ex-girls, ex-lovers, ex-friends
it made me mad to find that she was only after my ends
she phones me and goes on about her new life now
I wish she knew right now
I think she's busted let's discuss it
when I was with her no trust, just fights
just the he-say-she-say and the neighborhood highlights
bow I got my new girl or as I say my baby doll
but I'm still gettin' crazy calls, my ex-girl's got balls
don't wanna play the field cuz I get lovin' at home base
don't gimme no long face just exit with a grace
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm on with the next girl

[Verse 2]

she had much loot liked to buy me fresh-dipped gear
liked to have me near cuz of my *savoir faire*
the time we shared was brief cuz I needed relief
from her high-classed antics and all her conceit
now she's crying wolf and I like don't wanna hear that
I told her the bear facts when things started out
she wines and she pouts about how I did her bad
yo but she'd tried to buy me
even tempt me with the hiney
I fell for a sec cuz the clothes were real fly
I could almost feel I
would give into her whims
her thoughts were erratic, sporadic, crazy in nature
I told her hey look I can no longer date ya
Tried to pimp with bank and fell short, your ship sank
many thanks for the time and the watch and the link
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, nuff respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm straight with the next girl

[Verse 3]

you saw my mom in the supermarket and gave her your number
you asked how's my sister then asked how's my brother
didn't ask about my father cuz you know he ain't like ya
every time I left for your crib yo he'd really get hyper
the advice he used to give me makes much sense now
I can't believe I used to let you break my confidence down
you used to ask me why the hell did I wanna live in Brooklyn?
you messed up my flow although you were good-lookin'
yes darlin' was fly and this was the problem

cuz back in the day she had me scheming and robbin'
to get her things to wear so when she went to the club
all eyes were on her and me I just bugged
caught in between felling proud and feeling more like a sucker
had to go undercover, get away, find another
been in Brooklyn 9 years and been around the world too
I've seen so many fly girls and I knew just what to do
I went from ex-girl to next took my time with each one
and you know they still love me so stop jellin' me hon
went home to see mom and I saw you at the bus stop
must I stop? nah I think not
you and I are the past c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl & I'm out with the next girl
out...