

Don't Waste My Time

Grand Puba

Yeah, uhh
Alamo Productions proudly presents
a head-banger, check

Look at that sexy mama
She sho' likes to grind
Look at that sexy lady
Please don't waste my time

I'ma tell you now that girls just ain't right
Let me tell you bout this episode I had last night
I takes me a shower then I grabs a quick bite
Then I called Doogie Love to find out the kronkite, dig it
Somethin's goin on -- an industry party downtown
I'm comin to get ya nigga so, listen for the horn
Before we hit the location, gotta pick up Alamo
and get a bag of situation, now we downtown
four blocks from the spot, time to park the car
Honies outside, knowin who to give ?
But you know how niggaz from the projects are
Free drinks til ten, yo money, where's the f**kin bar?
Honies all creamed out types and all lookin cute
Me and Doogie same ol low-top baggy jeans and boots
Body bangin, tits hangin, while we profilin
Me and Ali' mad geeked off Long Island
Uhh! Picture that, but then it dawned on me black
honey set them traps, that's why Tyson was where he was at
They want you for your name and fame, quick to get buttnaked
When you play em out, they run and said you tried to take it
That's why I don't talk to those, who like to pose in videos
with no clothes, and groupies at shows
Cause I know what's goin on, you won't catch me in the wrong
Don't even try it baby, dig it

Well times is gettin drastic, time to pack the plastic
Slide up in the wrong one, you'll end up in the casket
No not me, I'm more careful see
I make sho' I can't catch that old HIV
But I tell you entertainment is some shit
These groupie girls are sick
Do most anything so they can get picked
to come to your, room, smoke a little, boom
Hear a little tune, after that, zoom zoom!
No thanks, I'm only here for the bank
And I'ma tell you point blank, won't let my dick walk the plank
I hate to bust your bubble, so be out, on the double
Cause I know how you groupies are, and I don't want no trouble
So give me my cash and I'll pass on that ass
When it comes to hittin ass, on the road, I'll just fast
But don't you talk about skins all the time?
Baby not ALL the time, but, when I do talk about skins, they mine
I refuse to go out, like Magic Johnson; have to retire
cause I touched a live wire, now my shit's on fire
I travel in the name of Allah
Won't be a fallin star for no hooker in a bra, that's dead
You won't, roll me out, on a stretcher
cause my second head, led my first head into bed

So baby gets to steppin, be gone
'Fore you nigga make a move like that
just make sure you put a rubber on