

Poor Georgie

MC Lyte

I met him in a club hangin out one night
He said, 'Hello I'm George hi Lyte
How's everything goin, huh, how ya doin?
Hope everything's fine, ooh, and umm
Can I call you sometime? Can I get the digits?
And the address, so I can come visit?'
I gave him the digits, that wasn't a problem
Cause if he caused any, I would have to solve them
Cause George looked good, MMM damn good
And if I didn't, some other girl would
In my mind, I hope for the best
Convincing myself that this was not a test
Cause I heard many things about Georgie
Nothing kinky, like no orgies
I heard he knows how to make love
Like an angel from the heaven above
Who was I kidding I'd give him a try
Cause Lyte needs love too and that ain't no lie
Keep your ears open, hope that you listenin
Cause I'm about to take you on a George Porgie mission

'Can it be I've stayed away too long'
'Can it be I've stayed away too long'

I gave him the number, I saw it in his eyes
'She gave me the number? Hmmm I'm surprised'
Good conversation, over the phone
He began to come for me whenever I was alone
George was sweet, so nice and so neat
With any other guy he didn't have to compete
George was mature, he made sure
That he was the only one I'd ever adore
Girls, have you, ever had a friend
That you'd get with, every now and then?
I know for a fact George had a lot of girls
Spread out from state from state around the world
As long as he was smart and kept his girls in check
Made sure I never saw them and showed me respect
He didn't have to be loyal, like men should be
I don't care about the other girls, just be good to me
But if I ever saw one, that would be the end
He couldn't kick the storyline that she was just a friend
The girls I didn't care, fine legs don't lie
See cause Georgie was into making your girls cry

'Kissed the girls and made them cry'
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'Can it be I've stayed away too long'
'Kissed the girls and '

George was clean, no drugs and such

But once in a while, he'd drink too much
Hangin in a club where they play rockers
Him and his friend, drinkin vodka
I was lookin for him, and I found him there
With his clothes messed up and his (fucked) up hair
I told him he was messin up he wouldn't go far
He got mad and asked his friend for the keys to the car
I said, 'Don't drive, use your head
Drive while you're drunk and you'll kill yourself dead'
We begin to argue, bad words were said
Then he got kicked out by some longhaired dread
Ran into the car as if, in a hurry
He started the car but his vision was blurry
He didn't care, he drove off into the night
Riding for miles, without his headlights
Georgie Porgie had too much on his mind
He was still young yet running out of time
Last week he took tests as the doctor told him
George had cancer in his lungs and his colon
See when he was young, he started smokin
Paid no attention when he started chokin
Thoughts flashed through his head, there they stuck
Till Georgie Porgie, crashed into a truck
I wished I woulda told him how I liked him so much
How he made me feel with the slightest touch
Now he's gone and I can't tell him nothin
Wish he was here so I could say somethin
The story is not to say that I'm in sorrow
Just to say no one is promise tomorrow
If you love someone you should say it often
You never know when they'll be layin in a coffin
Wake up, it's important that you know that
No one on Earth is promised tomorrow
Believe that! And don't think that it can't happen to you

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