

Explicit

Pooh Man

We're here today interviewin' one of America's
Controversial artist, MC Pooh...
MC Pooh, your listeners would like to know
Why you use so much profanity in your songs?

Rated X, I wouldn't give a fuck about it
Explicit lyrics, bitch
I can't do or die, yeah, I like to talk a lot of shit
But as long as my record sells
What does it mean, bitch?
Critics, moms and dads, they all hate me
But what the fuck have they done for me lately?
See, I give damn, see
But I give a fuck less about MC B
See, the message is to the damn streets
So I'd on't give a fuck, see
I use 'bitch' and 'hoe', they gotta fend it
Said they wanna compromise, they pretended it
To you out there, I ask you this
Do you consider yourself to be a bitch?
Answer, thought so, hell no!
So why they let all that drama go?
Females get mad when they know
At onetime or another they been a bitch or a hoe
See, a bitch to Pooh is a dog, as to a hoe
She can lick my mothafuckin' balls
See, I ain't trippin' on negative reponse
But try to ban me and the war is on
See, you out there, you gotta fear it
What they hate about? Yeah
The gangsta hittin' explicit lyrics...

Now, Pooh, that's very interestin' point of view...
But can you give me an example why the females
Of America disparage you so much?

Bitch, suck my dick and lick my balls
Get on the floor and drop your mothafuckin' drawls
Trick, you don't like what I just said?
Yeah, you simple minded bitches can get a boy's head
Fuck you, choose the right to criticize
This crackfiend is stamped so open your eyes
Crack is a world wide problem
As far as I know, bitch, you might use it
Say I glorify the life of a gangsta
And poison the minds of the youngstas
Come in my neighborhood, what do you find?
He's only eight years old but he's hard on the crime
Now, why it is that I'm blamed for that?
Look at his mommy and daddy, they both smoke crack
But he heard my song so I'm the co-operate
Put my dick in your mouth and then choke, bitch
Black on black crime was heavy for me, hoe
I think it's about time that I let you critics know
See, Pooh's gotta fear it
Critics wanna drive my car and they want my jewerly
See, they wanna be me cause I got the women

And all the fuckin' money
I made a record and they could'nt bear, so fear it
What they hate about me? My explicit lyrics...

Yeah, Pooh, I can definitely understand why young
Ladies would dislike you...
Why would you use such a racketery statement as a
Female dog to prefers young ladies?

Oh, you mean bitch?

Why would I call a woman a bitch?
Cool question, so let me answer that
See, a bitch likes to play
But I'm a type that I blow a punk bitch away
Some girls are cool but some like to be a pain
When I won't give'em cash
I apply for welfare, bitch, I ain't bein' had money
It's way too scared
We work for all signin' money for us, players
A brotha like me don't pay to play
Girls like wetnose puppies can get a hell away
It's only meat on the bone
I can fuck it, suck it and leave it alone
You control the body and I control the mind
Like I said on my last tape: a bitch is a waste of time
But maybe you didn't hear it
What do they hate about Pooh? My explicit lyrics...

I can tell these interviewes that you are not only
Ignorant but profane, foul, immature and ridicilous...

I be all of that...

But before we go would you like to have any other words?

Yeah, get the fuck out of my face, bitch!

Recognize game, young bitch
Say my lyrics and suck my mothafuckin' dick
90 the year of real mack
Fools talk shit, bitch, but I ain't with that
Big time, straight from the Villa
I'm better known as a goddamn killa
Rhymelord, more rhymes what you ever make
What ever it is, man, Pooh-Man don't play
Again you get back to a brotha named MC Pooh
Never givin' a fuck cause life's like that
You better wear vest and strap your gat
Cause a player like Pooh is on a creep
Talk some more shit and get your mothafuckin' ass beated
What about in jail bein' locked down?
Kickin' it with a pretty boy on a fuckin' campaign
Institutionalized, cross a game
And loose your mothafuckin' life
But once in the system: game gets real
Yeah, I made it big and you bitches couldn't hear it
What do they hate about me, Ant Banks?

Your goddamn explicit lyrics...

Now, Ant Banks, aren't you the producer of this X-rated trash?

Yeah, that's right! Me and Big Bruce and the 7-Duce got it goin' on...
You know what I'm sayin'? With the B.G. gettin' paid like a
Mothafucka with explicit lyrics, bitch!