

Yo this O.D.B. and Slum Village  
Detriot wild out! You know how we do

Girl, if you're flexible, intellectual  
Bisexual, can I get next to you  
If you're flexible than, we can keep it dirty and sexual  
If your man front, than we gotta knock the nigga out  
Smack the nigga up, stomp the nigga out, clap clap the nigga up

She got a man, but her man ain't me  
I'm a, M-A-see, to P-I-M-P  
I'mma, show her things, and spend a little cheese, baby  
'cause your man ain't doing the right thing lately  
Yup, so I'm steppin in his house  
If the nigga step up I'ma knock the nigga out  
So I'm here with a beer and a glove  
With some thugs and some chicks with some derry' ass  
She got a man, it ain't fair, I don't care  
I ain't scared with my dudes and I come prepared  
Ladies, lemme see what you workin with  
Make a nigga stay at home like a punishment  
I'm trying, to think of us, think of we girl  
Think about us, and some, and T3

Yeah, you know how Slum do, when we come through  
Gum shoe, Air Force is a pair of Air Jordan's  
Pelle Pel, are old school with gangsta white walls  
Tailor suits, coordinatin' with the gator boots  
Before you hate on what we do, it's a D thang  
You flamin' at a Cappa/Rae offa Alize  
Where the ladies at, pushin' back you Baby Phat  
Make it clap like eight gats  
Stayin' at the Infernum, just use the key  
You got a man, but what your man gotta do with me  
He don't want it, nah, he don't know the nigga  
Roll with Dreadknotts, Cardy boys, and a mil', phat killas  
Raw CD twelve, but don't mind that  
And we should hit the telly up, I got the Remy and the dime bag  
Keep it dirty nuh

What, they don't want to fuck with us  
They don't want to feel the pain and get bruised and touched  
She was down with your team, now she roll with us  
Brought he girlfriend with her and its all a plus  
She want to do what the players do, play how the players play  
And she don't like how you treated her anyway

Yeah, you said you love, but is it really real  
Would you break me off first, and let my nigga Phil hit you  
Picture my Caddy truck, we sexin' in the backseat  
Or in my room, you bucky naked in my black mink  
Girl, it's either 'this or that', like it's Black Sheep  
I know it's on, if you twistin' back my Pistons cap  
Ignore the phone, if it's your man, let the machine get it  
Matter fact, turn off the ringer, and let me lean in it