

(Speak!)

Well, it ain't no fun if the homies can't run
Train on a dame that they met up at Chili's
She need good dick, so I make her pop a wheelie
Wristwatch T-Bos, diamonds chilly
Silly bitch, fuck you and your TLC
Go and fetch me a sandwich, a BLT
No lettuce or tomato, but double on the bacon
After that, collect your shit, you need to get to shaking
Silly bitch
Ugh, I wouldn't call myself a chauvinist
You just a dumb slut who can't accept my openness
Hopeless romantic and such
You trying to get me stiffer than a mannequin touch
Manic depressive, obsessive compulsive
And it's hard to stay focused with your legs wide open
And I'm sorry that I'm easily distracted
But I got a thing for southern girls with them accents
Yep, I tend to think with the wrong head
So don't get mad if I end up in the wrong bed
Next to, a perfect pair of tits
With a glass of OJ and some Eggs Benedict
Over easy, sleazy, and you don't believe me
When it's 9am and I say that I'm drinking
Cause I really got a problem
And as my father said on his deathbed
Breakfast is the most important meal of the day
And weed