

# Black Sheep, Have U.N.E. Pull

[Intro: by Chi Ali]

Dag, I wish I was like Jordan  
So I could just fly through the air no one could ever stop me  
Or, or like Mike Mike Tyson  
So I could just knock people's heads off  
Naaw, more like Prince  
So I could pull all the honeys  
Well a brother like Chi Ali is pullin all the honeys anyway  
But still, it would be nice

[First Verse]

What's goin on kid?  
At times I dress to be in  
I see you grinnin I'm beginnin to think that we're friends  
And if we are friends, then we are far from fools  
So I will then kiss and  
let you into my sphere cool  
Now listen I'm known, as a Black Sheep  
And if you try to pull the cover  
and attempt to sleep  
You won't get rest naaaaah  
You can not sleep on this  
For I make noise... see  
But anyway, I  
It's where I live and though  
I live on nonetheless  
Someime  
I've got my body and my intellect  
I'm buddha blessed  
Now my chalantrness  
Or rather lack of this  
You call the spade a spade  
well I will call the spade a kiss  
Butt in the meantime  
You try to  
And if the source  
I get a verbal bat  
Until I get through  
that we are rich with wealth  
Can you understand that you should be yourself?

[Chorus x2]

[x3]

'Bah bah Black Sheep'  
Have U.N.E. Pull

Or are you full of sheep  
Tryin to pull the wool

[Second Verse]

What's goin on black?  
You want a hand to smack  
Well I can never be all that  
So I will give you daps  
I do the 'Hey yo'  
Your girl is on the strobe?  
Oh no that's kind of trip  
But gee I gotta go  
You see it's not the style of me  
So I'm not mending

And I won't pull you leg  
Nor start pretending  
to be a fair weather  
with a plea to come  
Cause you never let me hold your  
You see it's like this I'll start explaining  
Dres is down with self maintaining  
Don't say I can't, I know that I can  
Black Sheep rule, me and my man  
Or my man and I, Mista Lawnge and Dres  
Baby sounds are in the sphere  
better do as Chris says  
As for me, to say just how  
You didn't know me then  
so you could never know me now

[Chorus]

[Third verse]

What's goin on hon?  
You say you're out for fun  
I got a pocket full of posies  
You say I got a fun  
Then take a step back  
Away from Flipper  
I'd rather shoot you with the joint  
inside my zipper  
But not to be fresh  
For then I lose the groove  
I'd rather see you smile  
And move your booty smooth  
Then I get to know ya  
Got things to show ya  
Is there the chance  
of me gettin over  
And over and over and over and over again  
Now tell me  
Are you gonna let me in  
For it's gettin hot  
what I have have not  
Give me a second though  
I have a mansion and a yacht  
A caddy for my daddy  
somethin new for mom too  
A coat for Mista Lawnge  
and some hook-ers for the crew  
Honey don't get mad  
You know my love is greater  
But, I'll dig you later

[Chorus]

'I can dig it' [x6]  
with gradually decreasing emphasis