

# Gang Starr, Ex-Girl To The Next Girl

## Verse One

You know I used to be a player, fly girl layer and a heartbreaker,  
lovemaker, backbreaker but then I made a  
mistake yes I fell in love with this ill chick  
sweatin' me for money, my name and the dilsnick  
my homeboys told me to drop her for it would be to my benefit  
she used to say I'd better quit hanging with those derelects  
romancing is my thing but I can't swing with no scheming hoes  
wherever my beema goes you know that I'm driving  
surviving in the 90's is a must so I trust  
that everyone listen up as my vocals give thrust  
I bust my rhymes first never chasing a skirt  
do much work while other suckas need more time to rehearse  
now back to the ex-girls, ex-lovers, ex-friends  
it made me mad to find that she was only after my ends  
she phones me and goes on about her new life now  
I wish she knew right now  
I think she's busted let's discuss it  
when I was with her no trust, just fights  
just the he-say-she-say and the neighborhood highlights  
bow I got my new girl or as I say my baby doll  
but I'm still gettin' crazy calls, my ex-girl's got balls  
don't wanna play the field cuz I get lovin' at home base  
don't gimme no long face just exit with a grace  
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, much respect girl  
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm on with the next girl

## Chorus

Next

&lt;cuz girls look so good&gt;

## Verse Two

she had much loot liked to buy me fresh-dipped gear  
liked to have me near cuz of my svoir faire  
the time we shared was brief cuz I needed relief  
from her high-classed antics and all her conceit  
now she's crying wolf and I like don't wanna hear that  
I told her the bear facts when things started out  
she wines and she pouts about how I did her bad  
yo but she'd tried to buy me  
even tempt me with the hiney  
I fell for a sec cuz the clothes were real fly  
I could almost feel I  
would give into her whims  
her thoughts were erratic, sporadic, crazy in nature  
I told her hey look I can no longer date ya  
Tried to pimp with bank and fell short, your ship sank  
many thanks for the time and the watch and the link  
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, nuff respect girl  
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm straight with the next girl

## Chorus

## Verse Three

you saw my mom in the supermarket and gave her your number  
you asked how's my sister then asked how's my brother  
didn't ask about my father cuz you know he ain't like ya  
every time I left for your crib yo he'd really get hyper  
the advice he used to give me makes much sense now  
I can't believe I used to let you break my confidence down

you used to ask me why the hell did I wanna live in Brooklyn?  
you messed up my flow although you were good-lookin'  
yes darlin' was fly and this was the problem  
cuz back in the day she had me scheming and robbin'  
to get her things to wear so when she went to the club  
all eyes were on her and me I just bugged  
caught in between felling proud and feeling more like a sucker  
had to go undercover, get away, find another  
been in Brooklyn 9 years and been around the world too  
I've seen so many fly girls and I knew just what to do  
I went from ex-girl to next took my time with each one  
and you know they still love me so stop jellin' me hon  
went home to see mom and I saw you at the bus stop  
must I stop? nah I think not  
you and I are the past c'est la vie, much respect girl  
but now you're my ex-girl & I'm out with the next girl  
out...

Chorus