

Jeru the Damaja ft. Miz Marvel, Anotha victim

ft. Miz Marvel

(Miz Marvel)

It's the sinister sister, leave mics so hot make hands blister
Try to catch me but all you heard was "Damn you just missed her"
Daily means and whereabouts, more secret than a whisper
Cut sharper than a scissor, lookin for the love elixir
Like most listeners, let them know it's all in they reach
Spittin my verbal attack with the impeccable speech
How bout niggas, gotta keep your dog on a short leesh
Got 'head speak, if not they try to play us like suckas
The most commitment, wanted non commitment givin mothafuckas
Not sayin that all men fall in this category
But one look in his eyes and I can tell they whole story
Lookin for a friend or wife for late nate creep if he's horny
If he's sincere, got G, or pick up lines that corny
Tryin to say that he adore me, when he don't even know me
That type of weak game will leave a nigga, poor broke & lonely
Willin to go and stick anything that let's em stick 'em
Cuz thru all that bullshit, he's lookin for anotha victim

Chorus 2X: Jeru The Damaja

Brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

Brrr, brrr, stick 'em, hahaha, stick 'em

Brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

Hahahahahaha

(Miz Marvel)

Perfect example, it was like Monday the 10th
Late afternoon, just on my king and it was time well spent
In any event, this niggas eyein me, it's evident
Try hard to cement, to ignore his twisted compliments
He seem hell bent for my time, a hundred percent
Asked to come to sit at my table, if I was the age of contended
And no why he would put himself thru such torment
And despite the corny line, you could see the extent
That he would go, said he'd pay my rent, dress me and give me dough
Follow by cants and comments bout my bodies measurements
I said "I don't drink moet, take loot to get bent
Or use niggas to pay rent, I'm independent"
His response that "You heaven sent
But I haven't met a chick that ain't have a price yet"
I said "Well, I must be a different type of female
While bitches waitin to exhale, I plot schemes to black male
Talkin bout, you wash your car, who you knew and your wealth"
A new expirement, thinkin this niggas playin himself
With just his arogance, not to exclude his rude attitude
How he pursued, relentless references to seein me nude
The wrong move, this jiggy nigga really thinks he's smooth
Like he got somethin to prove, and I got nothin to lose
I know his style, never ran into a femme fatale
Like you hearin right now, comin thru ya ear canal
I smile politely, so as not to blow my cover
Carryin on conversation, knowin that I'm on some other shit
Should have stopped when he had the chance to quit
Talkin about his income, and how bout he wanna get some
Next time we meet, he'll just be the next victim

Chorus

(Miz Marvel)

Like my girl Nina, bangin body and she was cute
But she'd only fuck with niggas if they had mad loot
Plenty ice, nice ride, but she'd always have to drive
Trying to compesate the shit, that as a youth she was deprived
She survived, only to end up to being 85
Talkin bout I played that nigga, keep it real baby...