

Pooh-Man, Explicit

(Female voice)

We're here today interviewin' one of America's controversial artist, MC Pooh...

MC Pooh, your listeners would like to know why you use so much profanity in your songs?

(Pooh-Man)

Rated X, I wouldn't give a f**k about it

Explicit lyrics, bitch

I can't do or die, yeah, I like to talk a lot of shit

But as long as my record sells

What does it mean, bitch?

Critics, moms and dads, they all hate me

But what the f**k have they done for me lately?

See, I give damn, see

But I give a f**k less about MC B

See, the message is to the damn streets

So I don't give a f**k, see

I use 'bitch' and 'hoe', they gotta fend it

Said they wanna compromise, they pretended it

To you out there, I ask you this

Do you consider yourself to be a bitch?

Answer, thought so, hell no!

So why they let all that drama go?

Females get mad when they know

At onetime or another they been a bitch or a hoe

See, a bitch to Pooh is a dog, as to a hoe

She can lick my mothaf**kin' balls

See, I ain't trippin' on negative reponse

But try to ban me and the war is on

See, you out there, you gotta fear it

What they hate about? Yeah

The gangsta hittin' explicit lyrics...

(Female voice)

Now, Pooh, that's very interestin' point of view...

But can you give me an example why the females of America disparage you so much?

(Pooh-Man)

Bitch, suck my dick and lick my balls

Get on the floor and drop your mothaf**kin' drawls

Trick, you don't like what I just said?

Yeah, you simple minded bitches can get a boy's head

F**k you, choose the right to criticize

This crackfiend is stamped so open your eyes

Crack is a world wide problem

As far as I know, bitch, you might use it

Say I glorify the life of a gangsta

And poison the minds of the youngstas

Come in my neighborhood, what do you find?

He's only eight years old but he's hard on the crime

Now, why it is that I'm blamed for that?

Look at his mommy and daddy, they both smoke crack

But he heard my song so I'm the co-operate

Put my dick in your mouth and then choke, bitch

Black on black crime was heavy for me, hoe

I think it's about time that I let you critics know

See, Pooh's gotta fear it

Critics wanna drive my car and they want my jewelry

See, they wanna be me cause I got the women

And all the f**kin' money

I made a record and they could'nt bear, so fear it

What they hate about me? My explicit lyrics...

(Female voice)

Yeah, Pooh, I can definitely understand why young ladies would dislike you...
Why would you use such a racketery statement as a female dog to prefers young ladies?

(Pooh-Man)

Oh, you mean bitch?

Why would I call a woman a bitch?
Cool question, so let me answer that
See, a bitch likes to play
But I'm a type that I blow a punk bitch away
Some girls are cool but some like to be a pain
When I won't give'em cash
I apply for welfare, bitch, I ain't bein' had money
It's way too scared
We work for all signin' money for us, players
A brotha like me don't pay to play
Girls like wetnose puppies can get a hell away
It's only meat on the bone
I can f**k it, suck it and leave it alone
You control the body and I control the mind
Like I said on my last tape: a bitch is a waste of time
But maybe you didn't hear it
What do they hate about Pooh? My explicit lyrics...

(Female voice)

I can tell these interviewes that you are not only ignorant but profane, foul, immature and ridicilous...

(Pooh-Man)

I be all of that...

(Female voice)

But before we go would you like to have any other words?

(Pooh-Man)

Yeah, get the f**k out of my face, bitch!

Recognize game, young bitch
Say my lyrics and suck my mothaf**kin' dick
90 the year of real mack
Fools talk shit, bitch, but I ain't with that
Big time, straight from the Villa
I'm better known as a goddamn killa
Rhymelord, more rhymes what you ever make
What ever it is, man, Pooh-Man don't play
Again you get back to a brotha named MC Pooh
Never givin' a f**k cause life's like that
You better wear vest and strap your gat
Cause a player like Pooh is on a creep
Talk some more shit and get your mothaf**kin' ass beated
What about in jail bein' locked down?
Kickin' it with a pretty boy on a f**kin' campaign
Institutionalized, cross a game
And loose your mothaf**kin' life
But once in the system: game gets real
Yeah, I made it big and you bitches couldn't hear it
What do they hate about me, Ant Banks?

(Ant Banks)

Your goddamn explicit lyrics...

(Female voice)

Now, Ant Banks, aren't you the producer of this X-rated trash?

(Ant Banks)

Yeah, that's right! Me and Big Bruce and the 7-Duce got it goin' on...

You know what I'm sayin'? With the B.G. gettin' paid like a
mothat**ka with explicit lyrics, bitch!