

# Pooh-Man, Mellow Man

(Pooh-Man)

Yeah lets make this kind of mellow  
Ant slow it up for me  
We going to do this kind of cool

(Verse 1)

Always on a mellow man  
Kicking rhymes that last  
Grab the microphone and I clock straight cash  
A hustler making payments  
The game of live or die is all that I ever played  
Be hella hard  
Now I am stacking my mail  
The boy from the ghetto straight tipping the scales  
Said I would never make it now look at me now  
From state to state and town to town  
They keep yelling out the name "MC Pooh-Man"  
Look at your women she is screaming it too  
Never faking the funk  
Giving my fans what they want  
If Ant say it slams  
They he makes it bump  
Fools try and hang play around and get hung  
It's only '91 man I just began  
So you get mad I understand  
It's something cool from Eastside's Mellow Man

(Verse 2)

I used to be one of them  
And girls got mad  
Should of shot them cause now there talking bad  
Girls like Miesha with her young girl games  
It's '91 and I am fronting all names  
Did not want to give you action until you hear my tape  
Yelling that love crap, girl your fake  
She gets naked for me  
You play the role of a freak  
Dogging there is a game that I can't be beat  
Women on my tip for the name of the fame  
I give them nothing but that Oaktown game  
Some of ya are pregnant, and I gotta let them know  
Pooh clams nothing gotta go gotta go  
Call me a dogg  
I thought but I'm on mine  
Pockets full of 20's and strapped with a nine  
So run up brothers and feel if that you can  
But you will get hit by Eastside's Mellow Man

(Verse 3)

Now I am back on the streets  
Plotting for richs  
Brothers keep talking man but I ain't trippin  
I talk bad about women  
Only out for the vogues  
I seen deader on Sam Pablo  
Sluts like Alisha don't know where to turn  
Pooh's like fire baby play and get burned  
Ain't ??? that this game that I spit  
One step wrong and I dismiss the trick  
I remember the girls that moved way too fast  
We get in the truck and she expects cash  
The money is mine, so is the house  
Drop my keys on the table baby get the hell out  
I ain't trippin on women

Play them like pony's  
Ride them one day then pass them to my homie  
It goes like this 'cause it's straight from the land  
It's something funky from Eastside's Mellow Man