

Big Daddy Kane, No Damn Good

{Big Daddy Kane:}

Hey, you know, [Name]

I'm findin it very hard to understand

The lifestyle of young ladies today

{Male voice:}

Yo, they're hard to figure out, gee

They need a sincere leader

{Big Daddy Kane:}

You know, I've heard it said

You gotta use what you got to get what you want

But I think they're usin a little bit too much when they flaunt

You know

[Name], you know, ehm

I don't understand the way these girls is rolling today, man

How about you, man?

{Male voice:}

Yo, let me tell you somethin, gee

If they ain't lyin they tryin to do some other - wildness

{Big Daddy Kane:}

I know, I know

It's like girls promisin you Thomas's

And can't even cook toast, right?

What I'm tryin to tell you, man, is...

They just ain't no damn good

No damn good

Check it out

[Verse 1]

Now there's this girl named Monique

The type of female that you consider a freak

A big-time player playin like a drum beat

You think her address is 21 Hump Street

She step out every night to swing

With her Lee press-on's and a nefertiti ring

Bamboo earrings all big and lookin silly

With extensions hangin down like Milli Vanilli

And every Wednesday night at the Apollo

First kid she saw with jewelery she'd follow

And Monique would be ready to sleep

With the first kid in a Benz or a Cherokee Jeep

Strung out and givin up the nappy dug out

You're on the critical list, about to pull the plug out

So here, nympho, here's some good info

Stop takin em putts and close your legs, toots

Cause I remember you was one of a kind and a fine - hm

I once was infatuated by the things that you do

But now you're doodoo

It's all about respectin yourself

In order to gain respect from anyone else

Treat yourself like a real woman should

Cause bitch, you ain't no damn good

That's right, there's a lotta young ladies out here

That just ain't no damn good

{Female voice:}

But hold up minute

There's a lotta guys out there that ain't no damn good either

{Big Daddy Kane:}

Oh yeah?

{Female voice:}

Yeah, cause I had to tell one the other night

That his thing had too many 'nots' in it

{Big Daddy Kane:}

What you mean by too many 'nots'?

{Female voice:}

Not big enough, not hard enough, and not long enough

{Big Daddy Kane:}

Yeah, aight

But check this here out

[Verse 2]

Well now, here's another story

About this kid by the name of Corey

A hustler with game tryin to make a name

That was his aim, but his lifestyle was lame

Cause he would front like it wasn't even funny

About his girl, his car, and his money

Pullin out a knot every place

But every single bill had Washington's face

And he went beyond exaggeration

To lie about his means of transportation

Because he said he had a Benz car

Come to find out, it was his friend's car

Talk about simple chronic halitosis

Damn, his breath was ferocious

He had an odor that just won't quit

Smelled like he washed in Oil Of Oh shit

Tellin girls he's daddy long-strokin

(Shit, you must be jokin)

Cause he ain't got no bitches

And couldn't hurt a virgin if her pussy had stitches

See, Corey, there's a lot you're missin

Seems to me, you ain't got a pot to piss in

So let's get one thing understood

Muthafucka, you ain't no damn good

{Prince Paul:}

The moral of the story is

The majority of the population of males and females today

Are just no damn good