

# Black Sheep, Blunted 10

[Intro]

Bust it, bust it, Friday night swingin you know what I'm sayin  
With Mista Lawnge and my man Jermaine, and Jack whose names is Joe  
Check it check it check it yo c'mon

[Lyrics]

I been around, I been around  
I been around town  
Sounds you know I'm down  
That many cannot get down  
But not me, we kick it all day and night see  
Although you know in a minute  
Right now you know not who I be  
So I kick it for a second  
Yes I kick it for a sec  
Get wreck, and double check  
Got to play with your select  
Name is Dres, D-R-E-S  
Yes I guess that it is  
Ya gotta bag of buddha well smoke a sess  
I'm the type of brother that the girls always select  
It's not because they're out to come  
It's cause they're out to come correct  
I talk about a ho, because a ho I know  
And if you do the honey Tea  
then I guess too you would talk so  
Play me not, if my phone book is bigger  
Don't get hot cause I clock the fat figure  
Told ya I'm a singa got my finga on the trigga  
Cause everybody hates the fly nigga  
Play me not close if your jean is made of plastic  
If your best to play it down  
Then you should walk faster  
Don't give me a pound if you bust that in your hand  
Play me out never cause I came to understand  
Do it to, for a minute  
I do for me too  
Push me up and I'll pull myself through  
Watch my back and I'll watch my front  
Got what I want, c-ya hate to be ya  
Got a nie, got a shot, got a catch twenty-two  
Damned if I don't and I'm damned if I do  
Fightin over cities how they're fightin on my block  
Over there is liberation over here is for a rock  
No not pop rock, no not pop rock  
Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do  
Do-do-after shock  
Some will part fly gear, while others are suckin  
I game I use to play until I learned to keep steppin  
But one thing I learned, yo roll and take it  
Life is what you make it