

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