

# GangStarr, She Knowz What She Wants

This jam is dedicated  
To that woman that knows what she wants  
And just how to get it, word up

She knows what she wants (2x)  
Yo, she knows what she wants  
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants  
Yeah, she knows what she wants  
She knows what she wants  
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants, she's bold so she flaunts  
Her hourglass jewels to mad clientele  
Rejected oh well, she ain't goin to no hotel  
Not the frantic freak type, but if you speak right  
You get to take her out and dig her out on a weeknight  
Weekends, she wants to spend your ends  
Her shopping spree is colossal, attitude semi-hostile  
Mack diva seniorita, no reefer, no pizza, just  
Shrimp and lobsters, champagne and mobsters  
Suckin up the cream like a vac to a carpet  
Strictly black market now you're her next target  
Watch out... cause yo she knows what she wants

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Spotted her in the club, with her crew nearby  
Her looks are a lullaby, to pass us by, she's too fly  
Never gunshy, hair is blown dry  
She craves a wiseguy to help her gain amplify  
So when you say, "yo baby," she ain't gotta say hi to ya  
Cause prior to this, he put rocks on her neck and wrist  
Plus a fat joint on her finger  
You best to have a batch of scratch and treats to bring her

And if you happen to luck up and get in  
You'll find yourself another jealous trick-ass boyfriend  
And furthermore the mink she's donning is stunning  
Blinding your senses dunn, never put the two  
Before the one son...

"it's the lesson well learned"

"it's going down!"

\*scratched\* "it's the lesson well learned"

"it's going down!"

She knows what she wants (2x)  
Yo, she knows what she wants  
Yeah, she knows what she wants and just how to get it

Never fall victim to a chicken you was stickin  
Even if you think the punanny might be finger-lickin  
Never fall victim to a wicked woman's ways  
"why son?" she's trying to get paid, check it  
One: she said she wanted to give me a son  
Two: she said she didn't like my crew

Three: she never ever cooked for me  
Four: she was my cheri amore -- yeah right  
It was all hype, I needed more insight  
In retrospect, I know I slept from the first night  
She did a split and that was it  
Gave up my pimp license, and flipped my whole friggin script  
But now I'm back like the isley's moving wisely  
Sizing up the situation, keeping honies waiting  
Cause I got more to do, than to be sucked dry  
This tough guy, will get by, while the chickens wonder why  
I don't be callin cause it's like ex to next kid  
I know what I want, and just how to get it  
Like her, no disrespect miss