

# Handsome Boy Modeling School, First...And Then

(feat. Dres)

[Dres whispering:]

Shhh.. I'm sayin' I wasn't even gonna do this shit..  
But I owe this motherfucker a favor  
Y'all motherfuckers better stay quiet

[Verse 1:]

Open the door, catch ya, coping for more  
told you before, velvet, smooth as velour  
Step in the light, Black Sheep, reppin it right  
never we hide, too much ebony pride  
Something to see, scratch that, something to be  
paying my dues, god knows, there's nothing for free  
Taking it back, paper, making a stack  
counter-attack, dance floors, making them crack  
Running the course, got black, running with force  
rocking the spot, got y'all, loving the choice  
Feeling the flame, Black Sheep, killing the pain  
spilling the love, sunshine, feeling the same  
Setting the tone, Black Sheep, let it be known  
cooler than ice, hemming it up, keeping it's own  
Making it knock, all the way from the writer's block  
geek in ox tails, with cocktails, holding my cock! Yo!

[Chorus:]

First. Excel with the XL, and then, call your crew on your Nextel  
and then, open up a beer and roll an L, and then, party all night n rest well  
But first, excel with the XL, and then everything you do you do it well  
and then, even if your hurt you never tell, and then, everybody love the clientele

[Verse 2:]

I'm the type to not follow, lead and drop throttle  
recline and pop bottles with designer top models  
The type to not sweat it, stacking not regret it  
said it with hot head, my thing, got to get it  
I move, like a phantom, amidst the meddlesome  
destined to hit the top, tight as the kettledrum  
Kennel one pedigree, the flow stay dingee  
share my point of view in a world waste din gee  
I be the principal, that be invisible  
there be no obstacle, above the pinnacle  
Blow like I got a fuse, for when you got to choose  
who in a lot of crews, a million molecules  
There won't be no debate, my skills are overweight  
if you can't hold your hate, I over compensate  
It's Dres, D - R - E - S, the one that does it best  
my styles illustrious, my moves are limitless

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Now it doesn't even matter if I do or if I don't have dough  
It's like I'm walking on red carpet everywhere that I go  
A renegade with rhymes rolling to the tune, low key  
opposite the velvet ropes where Heinekens flow free  
And I'm known throughout the world for what I do with one bar  
slap a rapper even crack a nigga lower lumbar  
Ain't gotta front for nada, it don't mean a thing  
the only keys I got are the one's swinging on my key ring  
Ain't gotta toss threats, throw bows, or dress funny  
just gotta be Dres, stay black, and get money  
Ain't gotta smoke weed, pop ex, or sniff blow  
just gotta be Dres, stay black, and get dough

So cool, they called me old school in the eighties  
with ladies in their Mercedes at the foot of the good Fridays  
On some handsome boy shit, telling her to trust me  
till she's speaking in tongues, screaming out 'muck fe'

[Chorus]