

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]