

Handsome Boy Modeling School, Once Again

Yeah

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Grand Puba, Dattie X, dig it

Get up out my way, it's Grand Pub's turn to shine
Heard emcees ride the pine and get paid, no, nevermind
One time as I sew it up like Dr. Frankenstein
Chickens ride the pony 'cause the rhyme flow genuine
As I do it like that
Do it like this
Shorty, watch your step or you might get rocked like Chris
You feeling this?
You dig the way it's going down?
Now we back in town watch all the chickens crowd around
N****s try to duplicate my flow but it's difficult
Like a game of Yahtzee
Chickens stress me out like paparazzi
As I flip a flow you desire
Dattie blaze those trees and let's start this forest fire
My rhymes carry like the weight on Barry
Stack cheddar like Combs and buy homes like Larry
I be smoother than Tal, Sharpton like Al
When you ballin' everybody wanna be your pal
No dilly dally, bagging up the shorter alley
Bouncing in German cars, still playing shot ball
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
For sure, dog, 'cause this is how we do

Just an old fashioned love song playing on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

Ahh shit, I see I'm in the mix
Watch the green van 'cause inside's the dicks
The prayer beads bleeds from the crucifix
Went tight coming out when I be down in six
Or when the sun go down, or when it's down in the BX
Cats on the concourse still call me DX
Bums on the street often ask me for change
What's change, when I'm trying save up for the range?
I want the whole world and my old girl back
Change that, I want half the world and fuck my old girl
You can play the hell out, like those that came before ya
Your style is butt, similar to a coconut
You pimp strut
But what you fools is really doing
Is leaving your empire in ruins
I'm the problem solver
I got the brand new revolver
But I got a new album too
I want to be here for that money and the rest of my crew
Ya'll know it's true, a n***a like me is due

Just an old fashion love song playing on the radio
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Now you know I gots to come back strong
See I been doing this too goddamn long
For me to ever try to come back wrong
Check my pockets and my empty light just came on
Don't wanna do wrong so I think I'm best to make this song
Undeniably satisfiably master microphone mutilator
None greater, ain't no Automator
Grand Puba and Dattie, riding shotty in the Maserati
As we come and blaze you n****s body

Corner poets get smacked and hit, savagely bit
I go get and then you out of it, permission to quit
I mean right, I keep the green light specials half price
A slice, you blink twice, I done picked up the dice
I'm that nice, Dattie X the party starter
Number one heart-ripper-aparter
More vice and gambling than Las Vegas, Nevada
I try harder everyday, it's all work and no play

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