Pen Queen, Man Behind The Music

Step right up, step up, step up, (repeat)

(Teddy)
1 - This is how it should be done
Cuz this style
Is identical to none
How can I make you dance some more (TR)
That's what I came here for

This is how it should be done
(And now, here's the magnificent Funkey Mama)
Cuz this style
Is identical to none
How can I make you dance some more (TR)
That's what I came here for

(Queen Pen)
Feel your blue flows like water
The man behind the music will make you jump
Ooo Jack you're swingin'
Make you shake your rump

No dick or fee tellin' me this is what you want
Baselines and snares that will make you funk
Intimidated by his 14 year old
At 97 he's a different kind of funk

We push together like a perfect hand and tongue
You pressed your luck and now your back to should be sunk
Be comming, free the future, with yo' face punked
Forgot about the past now what you want
Platinum tracks to put you on the map

Cuz we gotta keep it in the fam'
You had yo' chance to be down wit da man
So busy playa hatin', perpetuating, articulating
Balla's down four, you can't take me

(Teddy)
What the deal ma
Funkey Mama plays the track so you could feel, huh?
I'll make a D, I'm all about the dolla' bills y'all
Rock the diamond Lex while I sit behind my desk
And sign the checks

If you like hits baby
Got 'em going crazy on Blackstreet
You know it's plaque time when me and the track meet
Save all yo whack beats, QP and TR so precise with mics
We should be surgeons in E.R.

The block knows
Baby girl be my diamond cuz she rocks shows
See my one's ain't no way that you can stop those
Little man got your breath together
With Queen Pen, now it's hot to death

So take a look back
What I did, what I'm doing, where I take this
It's kinda simple cuz it's nothing just to make hits
Peep the facts, keep 'em stacked
When the streets are Black
Ladies scream he's the Mack

Cuz I kick (what)
Shit that make the fly chick you with my chick
And plush funds just ridiculous
Cuz I'm rich
We are TR, you see, QP, that's we, Blackstreet, gone

(Queen Pen)
You can't take it
(And now, here's the magnificient Funkey Mama)

Now Teddy jam for me one time
Enforce that then I'd make my hips bump and grind
We'll just happen
All this shit in this cuz of platinum hits
Little man be the shit, Funkey Mama represent
It ain't never been no different

And we got witnesses
You account for all of this shit
Just we, and get your block knocked off
You can keep your I-pinion till you get there

'Cause it don't matter
We don't follow chit chatter
We make hits
And calls, my situations get thick
Ask St. Nick, about the repertiore
For those in the past, they know who they are

If the shoe fits, trust
We gon' wear it
Can we be's the baddest clique up on this planet
We paid the cost to be boss guys
Cuz scare money don't win money, now drop it

(Teddy)
This is how it should be done
Cuz this style
Is identicle to none
How can I make you dance some more
(Little man)
That's what I came here for

Repeat 1