

# 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 magnificent 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