

# Persons Missing, None Of Your Business

What's the matter with your life, why you gotta mess with mine,  
Don't keep sweating what i do, cuz I'm gonna be just fine  
check it out

(chorus)

if i wanna take a guy, who will me to knock,  
it's none of your business,  
and if she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend  
its none of your business  
now you shouldnt even get in to who i'm giving skins to  
its none of your business  
so dont try to change my mind, i tell you one more time  
its none of your business

now who do you think you are? putting your cheap two cents in,  
dont you got nothing to do than worry bout my friends?  
check it  
i cant do nothing girl without somebody buggin  
i used to think that it was me but now i see it wasnt  
they told me to change, they called me names and so i popped one  
a 'p' is all i those assholes and everbody's got one  
i never put my nose where i'm not supposed to, belive me if it's something  
that i want i'm stepping closer  
i'm not one for playing high pole like the house of diddy 9 0 2 1 0 type  
of hoe  
i treat a man like he treats me  
the difference between a hooker and hoe aint nothin but a fee  
so hole yor tongue tightly, wish you could be like me, pop that all on me  
just to stress and despite me  
now you could get with that or you could get with this, but i dont give a shit  
cuz really it's none of your business

1993 FNB packing n macking, bamboozing and smacking suckers with  
this tracking, gonna get back in...

(chorus)

i may be losing mine to break before you understand that your double standards dont mean shit  
to me, i know exactly what you say when i turn to walk away  
but that's ok cuz i dont let it get to me  
now every move i make somebosys talking,  
dont ever leave me alone  
never mind who's the guy who i took home  
to bone

ok! ms. thing never givin up skins  
if you dont like him or his friends what about their  
been, your pep pep's got a ill rep, with all the macaroni trap for rap  
you better step, or better yet get your head checked  
because i refuse to be palyed like a innocent trick  
pick a card, no i aint hard liek the bitches on the boulevard  
my face stays hard and i dont dance in bars

you can call me a tramp if you want to,  
but i remember the punk who just humped and dumped you  
or you can run if you have to, but everybody gets horny just like you  
so yo, so yo ho  
check it, double deck it, on a record but neck it  
this ass gets respected, and this but is none of your business

(chorus)

so, the moral of this story is: who are you to judge?  
there's only one true judge and that's God

so chill and let my father do his job

the salt and peppers got us swinging again.....