

# Queen Pen, Man Behind The Music

(feat/Teddy Riley)

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

(Teddy)

1 - This is how it should be done

'cause 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)

'cause 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

'cause 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 'cause 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 'cause it's nothing just to make hits

Peep the facts, keep 'em stacked

When the streets are Black

Ladies scream he's the Mack

'cause I kick (what)

Shit that make the fly chick you with my chick

And plush funds just ridiculous

'cause 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 'cause 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  
'cause scare money don't win money, now drop it  
(Teddy)  
This is how it should be done  
'cause 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  
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