

Teena Marie, The Ballad Of Cradle Rob And Me

Saw Cradle playin' in the schoolyard one day
Pretty young boy-I takes him home to play
Soon we was hangin'-Venice alleyway

Robbin' the cradle-No-Cradle Rob and me

Rob and me lived on the same block
He's kinny garden
I in knee socks
He goin' play doctor over by the docks

Robbin' the cradle-No-Cradle Rob and me

Cradle's still fresh in junior high
Rob ain't so fresh at fourteen
Me, I was just the last word
Ooo have you heard the heresay
I was robbin' the cradle
No, it wasn't that way

I 'member one day back in seventy-four
When Cradle's mamma said it wasn't cute no more
I was three years too old for them to ignore
She said I was robbin' the cradle
But it was Cradle Rob and me

We hung around about a year after that
'Til Rob found another girl to put his hair in plaits
And I said, "Girl, don't you worry me
And we'll have none of that"

Robbin' the cradle-no-Cradle Rob and me

Crae's semi fresh in college now
Rob ain't so fresh at nineteen
Me, well I'm still the last word
Ooo have your heard the heresay
I was robbin' the cradle-no-it wasn't that way

Robbin' the cradle