

Pull Ya Card

Lord Finesse

I wonder how brothers' heads are screwed on
When they frontin around town with the next man jewels on
Talkin 'bout they could've been a star
Sportin turned off beepers, drivin around in rented cars
That only happens in America
When you catch a brother frontin with a turned off cellular
Out there tryin to jingle
Like he's the muthaf**kin man and got a knot full of singles
And always half-steppin
Cause even at a dice game niggas gotta start ass-bettin
They have the whole plan plotted
Till you say, "Celo, everybody pay up," they yell: ("My man gotta")
Kickin game at random
His favorite line is: ("Don't worry, I'ma hit you off when my man come")
And how claim he got power
When he doesn't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of
And always frontin like the other kids
Not a dime to his name and still livin in his mother's crib
So why you're frontin like you're large?
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthaf**kin card
Pull they cards, yo, tell em how you feel
I gotta it lay it on down (on the real to real)
Nowadays hoes is ahead of ya
(Why you say that?) Cause bitches be frontin on the regular
For instance, take the neighborhood freak
Let her get a outfit and her hair done and the bitch won't speak
Frontin and actin all fly
But pull up in a 535 and homegirl'll be like: ("Hi...")
Girls kick the same old song
(As long as he got money everything is alright) Wrong
Yo, she's all out of order
When she barely keeps a quarter lookin for a brother to support her
Hangin out and she stay frontin
Wear the tightest shit and get mad when a muthaf**ka say somethin
Catch homegirl walkin through
And be like: ("What's up shorty?") She be like: ("Who you think you talkin t
o?")
Me, I'm quick to say, "Walk, hoe"
And save that conversation for a talk show
You wanna know what Finesse think?
I don't give sluts enough to make they muthaf**kin breath stink
Especially when they frontin like stars
I shout ya out, bitch, and pull your muthaf**kin card
Nowadays you got jerks frontin
The softest niggas talkin 'bout they wanna hurt somethin
Matter of fact, I know plenty of frauds
The way brothers act, they deserve muthaf**kin Emmy Awards
Nowadays brothers ruin rap
With all this murder and the killin when them niggas don't be doin that
You startin to bore me, fellas
Y'all ain't murderers, but yo, y'all great f**kin storytellers
I speak what I feel
And if niggas ain't real, then keep they f**kin lip sealed
Because they front like vandals
Runnin all them scandals when they softer than Tevin Campbell
("I kill a nigga") That's what most say
When they wouldn't shoot a fly off the wall if they had a can of roach spray

So why you're frontin like you're hard?
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthaf**kin card