

She's Not Just Another Woman (Monique)

Biz Markie

I once knew a girl by the name of Monique
She was my childhood sweetheart every day of the week
Whether PS46, or 151
After school I'd go to her house, to have some fun
We both lived in Colonial Projects
I lived in building forty eight, she lived in building twenty six
We used to play Ringling, Coke or 1-2-3
But when I'm in Monique's presence, I would just freeze
The relationship began when I was five startin'
She was in nursery school, I was in kindergarten
We was more closer than a hand and glove
This is what you call real puppy love
When we'd go trick or treating, I would carry her bag
When we moved to Long Island, it was all such a drag
'Cause I know it would be difficult to see her again
I wouldn't miss her more than I'd miss all of my friends
Even though we was little this love was unique
And this is what I say to my love Monique, because

"She's not, just another woman
She's not, no no!"

Let me tell ya a little somethin', about Monique
Even though we was little she had a physique
Indian brown skin with a nice complexion
She always gave me tender love and affection
I knew she was different in her own little way
I used to knock at her door bout every single day
I remember when we used to go trick or treatin'
I used to snatch bags, so she could sink her teeth in
Crazy big variety of a lot of candy
She would share it with her friends Kim Ron and Fran and
Lee-nette, the girl she called her cousin
We never had an argument, oh we was never fussin'
That's why me and her got along so good
Anything I asked her to do, you know she would
We would have family day, in back of building seventy
I would win her a prize, so she could treat me heavenly
I don't care what nobody say, because
This girl would make my day, and

Now this is the epilogue of this story
About a young little girl, especially for me
No matter how many years ago I can't forget
But then again 1986 hit
She looked just the same, but in a bigger version
My mind started goin' on a love excursion
I started reminiscin' to her bout old times
She began to smile, I guess I rang her chimes
I didn't see her again until 1988
And I saw her again, and she still was straight
Now this time I had enough courage to speak to her
I told her would you be with me, and what would occur
Then I asked was, she swingin' any capers
She said no not me, nobody got no papers
I couldn't believe, after all of these years

I was so happy she waited it brought me to tears, cause