Have U.n.e. Pull

Black Sheep

Dag, I wish I was like Jordan So I could just fly through the air no one could ever stop me Or, or like Mike Mike Tyson so I could just knock people's heads off Nah, more like Prince so I could pull all the honeys Well a brother like Chi Ali is pulling all the honey's anyway But still, it would be nice

What's going on kid? At times I dress to be in I see you grinnin I'm beginnin to think that we're friends And if we are friends, then we are far from fools So I will then kiss and let you into my sphere cool

Now listen I'm known, as a Black Sheep And if you try to pull the cover and attempt to sleep You won't get rest nah you can not sleep on this For I make noise, see

But anyway, I It's where I live and though therefore I pray with hay I live on nonetheless sometime I've got my body and my intellect

I'm buddha blessed now my chalantness Or rather lack of this you call the spade a spade Well I will call the spade a kiss but in the meantime You try to and if the source I get a verbal bat Until I get through that we are rich with wealth Can you understand that you should be yourself?

Bah bah Black Sheep, have U.N.E. pull? Bah bah Black Sheep, have U.N.E. pull? Bah bah Black Sheep, have U.N.E. pull? Or are you full of sheep tryin' to pull the wool

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What's going on black? You want a hand to smack Well I can never be all that so I will give you daps I do the 'Hey yo', your girl is on the strobe? Oh no that's kind of trip but gee I gotta go

You see it's not the style of me so I'm not mending And I won't pull you leg nor start pretending To be a fair weather with a plea to come 'Cause you never let me hold your

You see it's like this I'll start explaining Dres is down with self maintaining Don't say I can't, I know that I can Black Sheep rule, me and my man

Or my man and I, Mista Lawnge and Dres Baby sounds are in the sphere Better do as Chris says as for me, to say just how You didn't know me then so you could never know me now

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What's going on hon? You say you're out for fun I got a pocket full of posies you say I got a gun Then take a step back away from Flipper I'd rather shoot you with the joint inside my zipper

But not to be fresh for then I lose the groove I'd rather see you smile and move your booty smooth Then I get to know ya got things to show ya Is there the chance of me getting over

And over and over and over again Now tell me are you gonna let me in? For it's getting hot what I have have not Give me a second thought

I have a mansion and a yacht A caddy for my daddy something' new for mom too A coat for Mista Lawnge and some hookers for the crew Honey don't get mad you know my love is greater But, I'll dig you later

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I can dig it, I can dig it, I can dig it I can dig it, I can dig it, I can dig it