

Blackstreet (On the Radio)

Blackstreet

No Diggity
Blackstreet/Dr. Dre/Queen Pen

You know what
I like the playettes
No diggity, no doubt
Play on playette
Play on playette
Yo Dre, drop the verse

(Dr Dre)
It's going down, face the Blackstreet
The homies got me, collab' creations
Pump like Athene, no doubt
I put it down, never slouch
As long as my credit can vouch
A dog couldn't catch me saying ouch
Tell me who can stop when Dre making moves
Attracting honeys like a magnet
Giving em eargasms with my mellow accent
Still moving this flavour
With the homies Blackstreet and Teddy
The original rump shakers

(Verse 1)
Shorty in down, good Lord
Baby got em up open all over town
Strictly biz, she don't play around
Cover much grounds, got game by the pound
Getting paid as a forty
Each and every day, true player way
I can't get it out of my mind
I think about the girl all the time

East side to the west side
Pushing phat rides, it's no surprise
She got tricks in the stash
Stacking up the cash
Fast when it comes to the gas
By no means average
As almost she's got the heaven
Baby, you're a perfect ten, I wanna get in
Can I get down, so I can win

1-I like the way you work it
No diggity, I try to bag it up, bag it up

(repeat 1, 1, 1, 1)

(Verse 2)
She's got class and style
Street knowledge by the pow
Baby never act wild
Very low key on the profile
Catching feelings is unknown
Let me tell you how it goes
Curve's the words, spin's the verbs

Lovers it curves so freak what you heard

Going with the phatness
You don't even know what the half is
You gotta pay to play
Just for shorty, bang-bang, to look your way
I like the way you work it
Trumped tight, all day, every day
You're blowing my mind, maybe in time
Baby, I can get you in my ride
(rpt 1...)

(Verse 3)

2-Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Hey yo, that girl looks good
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Play on, play on playette
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
You're my kind of girl, no diggity
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Hey

(Queen Pen)

Cause that smart peeps and we roll jeeps
Flying first class from New York City to Blackstreet
What you know about me, not a motherf.. thing
Crunching ear, wooded frames spotted by my shortie

As for me, icy gleaming pinky diamond ring
We be's the baddest clique up on the scene
Ain't you getting bored with these fake ass broads
I shows and proves, no doubt, I be takin you, so

Please excuse, if I come across room
That's just me and that's how the playettes got to be
Stay kicking game with a capital G
Axe the peoples on my block, I'm as real as can be

Word is bond, faking jacks ain't never been me
Word is bond, faking moves never be my thing
So, Teddy, pass the word to your nigga Johnson
I be sitting in car, let's say around 3:30
Queen Pen and Blackstreet, it's no diggity
(rpt 1, 2)