## **3 Days Later**

Smoothed out without the R and B (Mercy) Come on! (Mercy) Come on y'all! (Mercy) Come on! There's no R and B in this song So come along fly children come along Come along fly children come along There's no R and B in this song!

Pushed up a dame by the name of Crystal Who flaunts to the point just like a missile A habit wit ear kiddin' wit gold mags And since she fancies facial hair she asks my name (Hey baby what's your name?) Now ever so fab I said I'm wala Miss Wild who used to run tough wit Koala She was a winner of my metaphor and she knew that I said I'm gonna feed your mouth she said you do that Now Crystal stops the jeep I think I'm mad fly She used to have a man wit lots of mad signs Her strut was guaranteed to make a gay smile And in bed she had proved to be real agile I show her to the lounge and I dined her Then she gave me some digits where I could find her I licked her like a stamp Laid and sticked her like a champ But the... um she gave me burn I had to go see the doctor

(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Uhhhh)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Oh yeah)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

Well it was thirty after nine and I was loungin' Tokin' on some smoke that I was poundin' I rang up seven up so we can skip to the mall Thinkin' a good day to shop But then we got stopped A shooter man said "Yo this is a stick up" A whole lot of dirt was 'bout to kick up I had screens in my pocket And man, tonight's my date Wit Smokey Sue, now what was I to do? In my head I'm thinking, 'Should I dodge the bullet?' 'Man this kid is bluffin' you can pull it' I feared the whole scene, The shooter didn't bluff Now look at me now, He shot my ass dead (Yeah)

(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so let's get in the van)
(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so get in the fucking van!)

(I love you babe) (I.. I love you babe) (I love you babe) (I love you babe) Skeezer skeezer skeezer Skeezer skeezer skeezer Skeezer skeezer skeezer!