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Make-Make 'em-Make 'em clap to this!
Yeah! (**Yeah!) (*I got to talk I gotta tell what I feel)
(**Erick Sermon!) Uh Huh! No doubt! (**That's it! Def Squad nigga! 50 Cent n
igga! What What nigga!)
All these chicks they think so fine, playin them head games all the time
When they talk pay them no mind (***Make-Make-Make 'em-
Make 'em clap to this!)
Yeah! Let me break somethin down, homegirl she approach son (*UH HUH!)
She's world renowned around town
I've seen that face before best believe
You lost a couple of pounds changed your hairweave
And now you got that Mary J. Blige look jumpin off
Bitch you ain't famous whatever your name is
You might have been in V.I.P. maybe
But you ain't even a ball player and tryin to game me (*UH HUH!)
Huh! I've seen you hoppin out that truck
Yep you came there with them but you left there with him
Maybe 'cause the 6 it did have bigger rims
So you could jump it off with Cheeks and Lil' Kim
But for real girl (Why are you flirtin?)
You ain't fam, you's a fan (*UH HUH!)
As for me I know, that's I'm relayin
Sayin I ain't playin I ain't payin so get the steppin HOE!!!!
First they didn't like me, now they let me hit it up
Shorty is a pro son, she know how to get it up
You ain't gotta keep it on the low son her head game's crazy, crazy, crazy (
So crazy.....So Crazy)
First they didn't like me, now they let me hit it up
Shorty is a pro son, she know how to get it up
You ain't gotta keep it on the low son her head game's crazy, crazy, crazy
Aiyyo I was uptown, doin what I do
Fresh to death fresh cut you know me bein beautiful (UH HUH!)
Posted up with my nigga Funk Doctor
We blew blockers T and they fly bird watchers
Then my man tapped me on my shoulders like yo
(*Aiyyo isn't that homegirl from that Summerjam show?)
And you know me I come with somethin fly to say
WHATTUP BITCH!!!! I mean that in a good way
She twisted up her face and then smiled
I said don't play me like a herb from the suburb 'cause I'm from Strong Isl
Frontin in your lil' benz with your lil' rims
Actin high post for your lil' stank friends
She said Murray you cute but your too hardcore
I'm thinkin yeah she could probably suck a nickel through a straw
Then guess who I saw later on that night B?
(*Don't tell me?) And the filatio was crazy
First they didn't like me, now they let me hit it up
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You ain't gotta keep it on the low son her head game's crazy, crazy, crazy

All these chicks they think so fine, playin them head games all the time When they talk pay them no mind (Make-Make-Make 'em-Make 'em clap to this!)

Uh Huh! Yeah! The buck stops right here, so go figure Trick, ain't nothin changed since Golddigger You had your chance but now it's the fourth quarter You had one shot but that got locked And...game's over, just like that You was hot girl two years back Like Big Pun said, go that way!

Smiley face, have a nice day see ya!!!!

First they didn't like me, now they let me hit it up

Shorty is a pro son, she know how to get it up

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E. Sermon Def Squad nigga!!! Bop to that!