

## Next (Interlude)

Grits

See it's not that you ain't fine  
It's just that I ain't interested  
Yep you guessed it I'm the result of a love that never lasted c  
ause lust was always present. I was hoping by the way I dressed  
and ignored your previous attempts that it would be evident th  
at sweet talk leaves a sour taste in my mouth and there's no su  
bstance behind the shallowness of your arrogance.

Yo-Coach gives me the impression that you think I would find it  
a privilege that you extended a compliment my way. All I can s  
ay is your affirmations or confirmation's not revelations that  
I'm the one to be pursued--brother I thought you knew.

Yeah you're fine but good looks and tight gear won't get my tim  
e nearly as fast as a man who's got enough insight to see beyon  
d my Coke-bottle figure and enough vision to make me believe wi  
thout "priority's" not a bed buddy but a soulmate.

Time's a tickin I have no more to waste on little boys or Usher  
-like confessions. But that Mac-daddy garbage you just recited  
you're my carnal curse not a spiritual blessing. Fine men befor  
e your time taught me this lesson and now I'm the one teaching  
you how to treat me and those young girls who are following unk  
nown that a fine man makes them no less beautiful or deserving  
of

Better

More

God's best

No less

I'm sorry about this for sounding rude

Next