

Stay Out Of Bars

GZA

Yo, check this shit out

Hangin out in bars can become no joke
When you start to drinkin gin rum bacardi and coke
Or Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante
Even forties being shared throughout the posse
Jukebox is slamming throughout the bright moon
With the melody, of a soft Barry White tune
I sit back, like I got it made in the shade
Holding my dick as I talk to the barmaid
Excuse me miss, "Alright here I come
May I help you?" Yeah, double shot of rum
"On the rocks sir?" Mm-mmm, not at all
Who the fucks need ice inside of burning alcohol
I reach in my pockets to tip the whore
But I'm clumsy, my change start falling on the floor
I play macho, and say leave it for the sweeper
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP my fucking beeper
I start stumbling to the phone booth
Revealing all symptoms of drinking ninety proof
The phone booth door is closed, the light is on
The girlie just dialed nine-seven-zero porn
She sit back, with her legs cocked in the air
While her fingers do the walking through her knotty pubic hair
Her eyes are shut tight, she moans and groan
I hit the glass, "Get the fuck off the phone!"
She jumped up and said, "You just had to be the one
to interrupt me when I was having so much fun"
I said, "Hold up, yo, bitch you think it's cute
To be perverted let alone a sleazy prostitute"
She said, "How can you try to disrespect any female
Or me and my homegirls just because we sell"
I said, "Pussy? That's what you call it?"
She screamed out, "You're god damn right you alcoholic!"
She said, "This is a public phone and you do not run it"
I said, "So is your pussy but can I use it when I want it?"

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I was in Times Square, loungin hard
Me and the Prince Rakeem, you know the God
Watchin females posin for a flick
Thinking of who would be the first to turn a trick
"Yo Genius you see that?" "Yeah" "So what you think?"
"Let's swing em to the nearest spot to have a drink"
I winked at one she said, "Hi" in a low pitch
Rakeem started flowing and bagged the other hoe bitch
Now we searchin for a zebra lounge
to settle down, right in the heart of midtown
Went to this place, called the Sting Pit
Got inside and seen all types of shit
Men who looked soft but acting wild
Dancing to the beat, Ten City style
Females who wore jeans that were tight
With faces resembling transvestites
Everyone in the bar gave my girlies mean looks
As if they were fugitive crooks

They smiled at me and the God, showin all thirty-two
That's when I caught the clue
As this red-bone, who thought she looked fly
Rolled up on me, and she said "Hi"
That one little word fucked up the whole night
Her voice was deeper, than Barry White
I jumped up, and boy did I flip
I pull out a nine and I empty the clip
The place was flowin with crazy blood
A little midtown massacre type flood
And as we stepped off from the scene
Here's the message I got from Rakeem
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