

## 718 Kit

## Jungle Brothers

718 K-i-t, baby  
You gotta keep in touch if you wanna be my lady  
Like finders keepers, losers beepers  
Cellular phones, metergrams and beepers  
All around my waist with the boomin bass  
Bouncin up against your body if you want the taste  
You can leave your name and number on the sex machine  
Or better yet the address of the disco scene  
And I'll come, bring some of the good homecookin  
Just for you, girl, all the way from Brooklyn  
Scream, shout, good lookin out  
I guess that means you wanna get taken out  
So pass the peas and let me fix your plate  
And let your hair down so I can set you straight  
And chill, put your body on the pill  
Turn to channel 9 and let me watch Benny Hill  
No need to rush when I'm knowin that I'm gettin it  
Relax because you see, I ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
I ain't sweatin it

Mike G on the run-through, scoop on the poop  
Turntables take one and mics take two  
Rhymes crazy fat like a baseball bat  
Or some booty in your lap, and things like that

So let me see you shake that booty  
So I can swing my roo-too-tootie  
Let it hang from left to right  
Do my thang to ya all damn night  
Like that y'all...

...and the beat goes on  
And when you're runnin with the Dready nothin can go wrong  
Now hold on tight as the Bear sets flight  
The softer the seat, the longer the night  
Seven hineys deep and I'm gettin no sleep  
I keep lovin you girls and keep changin the sheets  
I got my meter runnin so I can't stay long  
I done came and gone, you're still singin my song  
Man won't get it and he seem to be frettin it  
I got another, so you see I ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
I ain't sweatin it

Yo, I start sniffin like Mr. Snuffleupagus  
And all the freaks, they just can't enough of this  
Could it be my sex appeal  
Or could it be the way I wheel and deal?  
Kick a little lingo, baby, I'm single  
Gift from God but I ain't Kris Kringle

Fly cutie, you in the Timberland boot  
Down with the Brothers and the JB troop  
Cooler than cool, coolin in my coupe  
So Dready Bear if you're here, tell me what's the scoop

Shootin down suckers from town to town  
Raise my eyebrows and I mop the clown  
Honeys on my back from the vibe I send  
Troopers on my tail from the laws I bend  
Dready Bear the cowboy, six shooter and all  
Step in the door and all drawers hit the floor  
Never go dry cause I just ain't lettin it  
I'm the Bear and you know I ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Sweet Daddy ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Dready Bear ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Billy Bear ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
The JBeez ain't sweatin it

Ahhh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
I ain't sweatin it  
(4x)