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Hey, fellas. Where are the treadmills?
Oh, they right there in the back
Ocooweee! She bad! Oh, that's why I love this gym that's I love this gym!
Woo! Man forget the bench press today it is a cardio day for your boy, my go
odness she bad!
Holla at yo boy!
Uh, I can't lie, I admire beauty like the next man. (It's True)
I still remember when I used to get my check cashed
Get my hair cut, I hit the streets with my hair gassed
Lookin' out for little mommas with a fat faaasssss
That's what my auntie used to tell me
Girl in my rear view tryna tell me (Uh oh)
Cause she knew wasn't nothing you could tell me
Always on a trail of another female
Well, well they say my papa was a player
Somebody's honesty is honest in me baby
Somehow in college greek letters made me cuter
All the time online I still couldn't compute it
Uh, I pledge girls then it's on to the next girl
My next girl eventually be my ex girl
But its' funny how it all unfolds
I done finally found a woman I ain't never letting go whoa
Ooh she looking bad (Don't do it)
I wonder if she got a man (Don't do it)
I don't see no wedding band (Don't do it)
I promise you don't wanna go through it (Take it from me)
You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)
You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)
You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)
Find yourself in the obituary
It ain't nothing like a good woman
If you got you one of those, be good to 'em
Keep it a honey love, everybody want it
But the lies and the lust keep lying next to us, but
I got past, and I'm known to pass it
Up from my passion and I ain't here blastin'
Born a sinner just like any man standing
Couldn't keep standing so God sent a stand-in
If you creepin' when you feel desire creepin'
I know another way to win that don't involve cheating
Don't involve another heart broken into pieces
When a girl call you tell you she saw you on Peach St
Meet pretty underscore nice features
Had a couple drinks and have yourself a little peace and
Now you feel like the man in the streets pull 'em to the crib
I see your pants in the street, man
Ooh she looking bad (Don't do it)
I wonder if she got a man (Don't do it)
I don't see no wedding band (Don't do it)
I promise you don't wanna go through it (Take it from me)
You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)
You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)
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You don't want no problems (You don't want no problems)

Find yourself in the obituary
Baby, why are all my clothes in the street?
Oh, you don't know why your pants is in the street?
Hah, yeah, Shiquita told me she seen you on Peach St
Uh huh, all up in the girl's face - you gotta go!
You see, that's my cousin, that was my sister, like my friend
No, I don't wanna hear it
Shut up!
Get your stuff and go! Bye!