

# Skins

Pete Rock

Uhh  
Ahh yeah  
What we talkin' bout? Talkin' 'bout the skinz  
Skinz? Yeah the skinz, you know, girls  
Fine women  
Skinz, listen listen to my man

I hear it callin' never stallin' hit the skinz bed or shelter  
Love to tap her on the shoulder, roll her over, then I belt her  
Leave a bite when the joint is tight, lovely when it's loose  
Produce the proper juice, plus I never hump a deuce  
Give me the head on the waterbed, play you like a Pro Ked  
Slide the flavors on the sled, listen to what he said  
Come and lie on the bearskin, notice how the firm make him grin  
Cover the checks and then I go cash em in  
Hold the zipper, unlock, and grab the whole bag of treats  
Hear the hooker slam the butcher with the biggest stack of meats  
Take two hands to hold it, flip it out and unroll it  
If you spot a brother larger then the next man stole it  
Oochie coo now, you know the Mecca wanna bang bang  
Beggin' a pardon as I knock a new skinz stank thing  
CL, kickin' flavor with the Grand Puba  
Speakin' on the wins, I'm about to hit the skinz

Talkin 'bout the skinz  
The skinz  
That's right, talkin' bout the skinz baby  
No disrespect, just talkin' bout an everyday thing  
C'mon

Nowadays I'm on some extra be careful (shit)  
I take precaution, before I slide up in the slit  
Man (fuck) that I put aluminum foil on my (dick)  
Cause if you catch it, boy that (shit) 'll kill you quick  
Better yet, you can pass me a Ziploc  
A bag of boom, and a 40 then some boot knock  
I get stiff and it's hard like Charles Bronson  
It's kinda (fucked) up what happened to Magic Johnson  
But anyway, you know the resume  
Time to drop the Girbauds and parlay, HEY  
I rock the world of a big batty girl  
Won't hit the skinz if she gotta jheri curl  
Cause when I jump into my thing I make the bed spring sing  
And you can ask my old fling, who's the bedroom king?  
Hit the skinz hard, she'll hang on to the bedpost  
Then I drop my load, then get up and make some french toast  
Run and get the paper and it won't be the Post  
After that you know the flavor I'm ghost!

That's right, be out...  
Hit it off... on the skinz  
C'mon, with the funky flavors  
Uhh, gonna hit this off right quick

Hit the skinz they're forever wins, cozy like my Timbs and brims  
But never heard a bigger limb around the rim  
Set to hurdle when I pop a girdle, sum it up surgical

Lay down the pubic and the stuff won't curdle  
I got the remedy for competition of any  
Sleepin' with the enemy who never got a pretty penny  
Skinz I'm with, check the lower lipped pal of mine  
Now you know the Pete Rock, skinz all the time

Oh Pete Rock, raw as I ever been  
Give me room so I can speak about the skinz  
Take a tidbit, but God (damn it) can you dig it  
Sisters play me close and they want my beeper digits  
Cause I love em undercover, the Chocolate Boy Wonder  
Break like an earthquake, boomin' like thunder  
'Til the honey dip the blouse, slip in the house  
Sip the Stout, rip the boots, and I'm out

Like the Isley's, apply these, in-Between the Sheets  
Follow yes another trail as if I had on cleats  
Rip my way through a negligee, park it like a valet  
Sure it's OK, just met the skinz yesterday  
Tap the baggy drawers, lay the laws, lovely puff it up  
For the ride, honey buckle up, smearin' all your makeup  
CL can wreck it well a bombshell finishin'  
So get the tunnel vision on how I hit the skinz

How I hit the skinz, uhh  
It's fat, yes  
As you know I like to flow  
Don't try to show  
Because I'm, the accurate man  
Everybody knows it  
Peace to all stealers  
Of the Mount Vernon  
Young poets and players  
New Rochelle, the Bronx...