

# After Hours

## Reuben Wilson

Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
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Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized  
With your black hair and your fat-ass thighs  
Street poetry is my everyday  
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way  
If I was workin' at the club you would not pay  
Aiyyo, my man Phife, dig it, he got somethin' to say  
I like 'em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian  
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu nation  
Told you in the jam that we can get down  
Now let's knock the boots like the group H-town  
You got B.B.D. all on your bedroom wall  
But I'm above the rim and this is how I ball  
A pretty little somethin' on the New York Street  
This is how I represent over this here beat, talkin 'bout you  
Yo, I took you out  
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route  
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state  
But I couldn't drop dimes 'cuz you couldn't relate  
Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
(You couldn't relate)  
Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
(You couldn't relate)  
Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
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Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl  
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall  
Starin' at your dome-piece, very strong  
Stronger than cries, stronger than Teflon  
Take you on the ave and you buy me links  
Now I wanna pound the Putang until it stinks  
You could be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy  
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy  
Not to come across as a thug or a hood  
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods  
By the way, my name's Malik, the five-foot freak  
Let's say we get together by the end of the week  
She simply said, "No", labelled me a hoe  
I said, "How you figure?", "My friends told me so"  
I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap  
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that  
I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak  
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep  
Keep it on the down, yo, we keep it discreet  
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets  
If my mom don't approve, then I'll just elope  
Let me save the little man from inside the boat  
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia  
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture  
Shaheed, Phife and the extra P  
Stacy, Philo, DJ and my man L.G.  
They know the abstract is really soul on ice  
The character is of men, never ever of mice  
Shorty, let me tell you about my only vice  
It has to do with lots of lovin' and it ain't nothin' nice  
Relax yourself girl, please settle down  
(It ain't nothin' nice)  
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