

Bond

Slick Rick

Yeah, boy!

Check it out slick, ya know what I'm sayin? No complaining

I reached my destination and it's raining

I'm in columbia, the bond steps off the plane and

I hear a hollar from a bro with ring around the collar

Its chief of police, grease bond, tell me to follow

Treated me to everything, no taxin, maxin

Gives me a hotel suite for me to relax in

Seems everyone was in my silk drawers

A cloud does it have to bug me a daffy nerve

Jumpin out the closet, word up, dead nigga

Said "chief how do you figure tryin to arrest me, the double for the

Murder of the nigga? "

Now in a cell, but not for long, and now I'm out, I hear a weeping

One asleep, other sleep, kept creeping

Bumped into another, my appearance was alarming

(to who) some lady that thought I'm charming

Please, the way I is I don't even have to say hon,

So who's a don?

You better believe the nigga keeps girls fond,

The name's bond! Well, I'm outside and it's the chief with twenty thieves like the brainiac Aware because the

double 0 was bucking like a maniac

Till nobody lives, so hon, nowhere to do correct

Said "excuse me baby, but where they hiding the hooker at? "

"around the block, but chill at least chill till the storm has stopped"

Decided it was a helicopter, sounds like it's warming up

Grabbed ya leg, shot the chief, someone said "stop hawking"

Shook me off at twenty-thou, the bond got up walking

They was laughing as they left they grew thinner like iraqi,

Got the plans from the dying chief of police in her pocket

To make it even worse honey girl was definetly rattin

Was holding her in a club that was happening in manhattan

I'm on the plane in the day seemed nothing was a phasing,

Except for the stewardess jocking the amazing,

But kept my composure, had another honey hon,

Who the don?

Better believe the nigga keep girls fond,

The name's bond!

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