

# Another Statistic

## Chubb Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Four out of ten murders are love related  
Keep your 'ood, in-a your pants  
And these things won't 'appen to you  
Check out da bwoy-a-story Tell him, excuse me, I beg your pardon  
Inform him, that Chubb is playin' in your secret garden  
'Cause he didn't cut the lawn, correctly  
I have a green thumb, you're not dumb, that's why you sweat me You wanna have your cake and eat it too, so do  
I  
You're sneaking around, we're sneaking around, so why  
Do you wanna continue, comin' to every venue?  
You don't tell him, I'll offend you This ain't right so put him down on the scoop  
That you're a blow-up sex doll for every group  
Where are the footsteps that you followed  
Tippy-toed to my crib and did me a solid You answered every question I ever had  
On the female anatomy, after you sat on me  
Cheating is more serious than the taking of pillum  
So tell him, before I tell him If Mary had told her boyfriend  
Like she was supposed to  
None of this would be happening Tell him, his feelings, you disregard  
You took his credit card, went on the boulevard  
You bought me shirt after shirt with his hard-earned work  
You treat him like dirt My conscience said to me, yo Chubbs you better be careful  
She gave you the keys to his Cherokee jeep  
But I don't wanna go six feet deep  
In the dirt for some skirt I was gonna cut her off but the stuff was kinda dope  
The dope even paid my car note, nope  
I'm gonna let her go yet until I get  
This girl can really get me out of financial debt So I chill, passion kills, tears spilled  
On an innocent grill then overspilled  
The guilt, stuck in my chest so I suggest  
That you tell him, maybe you can start off fresh  
Cheating is more serious than the taking of pillum

So tell him, before I tell him  
If Mary had told her boyfriend  
Like she was supposed to  
None of this would be happening  
Here's one more bang for the road  
Never again will you explode  
Like this you might miss the imprint of my fist  
Embedded in the bed by your head  
"Don't leave me Chubb, don't leave me Chubb", she screamed  
I got access to all of his green  
I lust for your pelvic thrust so why don't you trust  
Don't fuss, he'll never find out about us  
But baby, I can't see you no more and  
Let me see who's at the door  
Yo, who are you?  
Who me? You don't know man?  
Why I'm gonna shoot ya  
If Chubbs had kept his prick in his pants  
Like he was supposed to  
None of this would have happened

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>