

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-storyTell 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 meYou 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 youThis 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 solidYou answered every question I ever had

On the female anatomy, after you sat on me

Cheating is more serious than the taking of pellum

So tell him, before I tell himIf Mary had told her boyfriend

Like she was supposed to

None of this would be happeningTell 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 dirtMy 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 skirtI 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 debtSo 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 pellum

So tell him, before I tell himIf Mary had told her boyfriend
Like she was supposed to
None of this would be happeningHere'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 usBut baby, I can't see you no more and
Let me see who's at the doorYo, who are you?
Who me? You don't know man?
Why I'm gonna shoot yaIf Chubbs had kept his prick in his pants
Like he was supposed to
None of this would have happened

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