

To Whom It May Concern

Black Sheep

You know what?

You know what?

You know what?

You know what?The sugar D I C D A D I E

That's just a title, explaining who I be

Mista l A W N G E

I take a sucker from any phil and injure theeNow that I've spelled it out, and you like the way it sounds

I'm dissing rap music, and rap music on the grounds

You say i'm full of sheep, and for that I give a pound

The sugar dick daddy, Mista Lawnge to break it down

Ladies, step to me for a real neat treat

And if you don't wanna call me Lawnge, you can call me sweet meat

I wear protection, you won't catch claps hereCome over later, but first go get a pap smear

Nine point five okay dear? And don't forget clean underwear

'Cause I don't want the funk to flow

After after I'm done, yo, ya, gotta go

'Don't you know ho, don tcha know ho'

Okay, enough is enough, time to get that off my bladder

And dig deep into the subject matterYou know what?

You know what?I'm sick and tired of rappers not real

And suckers makin' it with a pop feel

Labels signin' acts with nuff bills

Tax write off, 'cause you have no skills

You go make a demo, get a deal and start to sprout

Gold, platinum, and then start sellin' outYou get a Benz and trash the Nova

Double platinum, and start crossin' over

Then you get fall, I won't give examples

Hint, hint, they use the same old samples

But not the sheep, for we are sleek and unique

Top of the peek and others are weakFollow the words that I speak, the situation is bleak

But this is the fly shit that you seek

When the style is dope, Mista Lawnge's a participator

If you wanna battle, later

'Cause black sheep are certified greater than

But, I said later man'I can dig it'

You know what?

You know what?

You know what?

You know what?You know what?

You know what?
You know what?
You know what? I turn on the radio, be a prime time to a late night rap show
Here, the same old, same old, and that's on your, new single
Your product, is a product, of no productivity
Can ya, see G? You kick a wack style
And claim to have brains
Take the funky drummer and give him back to James
I'm dope, I'm dope, heh, I can't cope Keep your cordless, 'cause you bore this
You say you're sure, yeah, but I'm the surest
That, black sheep are unique, funk clever brothers that will
Make the church girl freak, out, without a doubt
You have no wins in a '91 bout, so shout, pout, do what you want
But you're out the picture, and I'ma get you sucka
'Cause youse a dumb mothafucka, better off as a tractor trail trucker But movin' right along to the Woodstock
Stop, remember when the band was on rock
Negro music, heh, seperated, it blew up and became rap
And you hated it, that's of course till you see
A motherfucker that, could be in your family
Drop lyrics then you hear it, with glee, then only thing it tells me
Is that you know a good thing, when you see it You run to get a ten, 'cause you cannot be it
So, off the top off my head, I guess I keep it rollin'
Till the rap gets stolen
Like so many other things called theft
And when it's gone what will be left
You sucker, dumb fucker don't turn blue You know what?
Talkin' to you
You know what? Chump
You know what?
You know what?
You know what?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>