

# Please Don't Mind

## Philly's Most Wanted

You could turn the mic down a lil' bit  
C'mon, yeah, yeah, see  
We need all the chicks hit the floor, come on  
We need all the chicks hit the floor, come on  
Y'all niggaz, hit the floor, come on  
Excuse me bitch what's your name?  
Couple dollars ain't it so what's your game  
Known fact 'cos I'm gettin' the cash  
Don't dance face to face, bitch gimme the ass  
I'll help you out if you had a long day  
Dick like, good advice, it could go a long way  
Front, 'cos I knocked ya'll down  
I could remodel homes, I knock walls down  
I'm wit all, that shit y'all  
Talk about, oh what I don't hit raw  
Naw, you could flow like a bank hold up  
Have I ever loved a chick lemme think, hold up  
No, I'm all about the dough  
He shouldn't give a fuck if it's not your hoe  
Oh, that hatin' shit you did, ain't done us  
Playas and we get more head then new hundreds  
Please don't mind, how I pursue  
Don't take it personal, girl that's how thugs do  
Let's get by, sit for a few  
Then after that let's go, I'll fuck in you  
Yo, let me tell you how I pursue  
Spit game in they ear and it's proper too  
Say we stayin' at the Fount with Blue  
I'ma ball every day, spend a grand or two, psyche  
Hit the beach, forget the sheets  
Get it down right there, chick touch your feet  
Loc roll, that's so much game  
Y'all think y'all know my aim  
That's a joke like Marlon Wayans, lame  
And it ain't got no change  
Chick listen up, want dick or what?  
Take that, that's the only thing I'm givin' up  
Only sent, it's the dream that your 'gone get  
Hit for free, then Boo 'gone hit

No they not like MO dot  
I hit, touch base, and ball like White Sox  
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Then after that let's go, I'll fuck in you  
Look around dawg, what you see nigga?  
Whole lotta model bitches then me nigga  
Me and Don in a drop and this pearl  
With jewels so sick make niggaz wanna hurl  
Do it look like I care that's your girl?  
She diggin' me, and love that I'm all the way ferl  
You talkin' shit, don't concern her  
If I fuckin' go, hit more bitches than Ike Turner  
I send 'em home in the cab to tell  
I play 'em more high notes than Patti LaBelle, plus  
You gel, heavywear at and  
Got ice and your bezie wear that  
Y'all doozers are strictly losers  
We 'gone blow bright like bulbs and fuses  
Tell your man he better slow his role  
Our guns'll make James Brown lose his soul, come on  
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