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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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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