Miss Jones

Rehab

Ms. Jones

Ms. Jones gotta yellow bird

Gotta pretty yellow bird that she be keepin' in a cage

Ms. Jones gotta yellow bird

But she don't want her pretty yellow bird to get laid

Get laid, get laid

But a B boy's gotta get paid

Get paid, get paidSeen her at the corner shop

Sun dress dirty flip flops

Hand full of lollipops

Listenin' to hip hop

She knows everyone that comes around her grows

Waling down a dirt road

Blowin' open doors

And I know better but I keep getting heated

Jonsey want'a front

Don't want her baby getting treated

In the wrong way

But I gotta come along

Been a long day so put it in a song sayAnd I saw her at the fruit stand

And she smiled as if to say

I know that you are watching

When Ms. Jones jerked her away, my cutie

Waved from the car window

With one finger and a grin

And as the car got smaller all I could think about was sinMs. Jones

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Get paid, get paidEven though I'm grown

Got it for this little bitty full blown

But Ms. Jones got her in the home

I'm alone

With her Polaroid in my hand

I try to hide the fact that I live in a trash can, man

How she got me in the zone

Called up to her house but somebody hung up the phone

Dial tone and I'm hinding in the grass

All up in her yard just to get a look at her ass dawnI know she's too young for me

Yo, she asked me to the fair

I wish she would ignore me

Hard to pretend not to care

My friends all say she's skanky

But I dig her armpit hair

And when I get my license

I'm gonna ask her to a picnic, yeahMs. Jones

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Get paid, get paidInnocence and beauty

Such a deadly combination

Innocence and beauty

Such a deadly combinationFinally pulled her from the gridlock

Climax to the plot

Took her to see Kid Rock

Touched her on her wet spot

Now I got her open no Ms. Jones scopin'

Time for pokin' and I know

I don't really want her this way

But Ms. Jones kept her from my clutches everyday

So I go, hey, it will never be the same

And I don't even know her mother-fuckin' nameMs. Jones

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