

# Butter

## DJ Maestro

1988 Senior Year, Garvey High

Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly

Loungin with the Tipster, Coolin with Sha

Scopin out the honeys - they know who they are

I was the b-ball playin fly rhyme sayin

Fly girl gettin but never was I sweatin

Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll

Until I met my match - her name was Flo

Yeah - I messed around with the one called Flo

All the troopers round the way used to call her a ho

But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go

Cause I thought it was me - like Bell Biv Devoe

But little did I know that she was playin' with my mind

The only thing I learned is, good girls are hard to find

I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me

Not someone who's mind is blank and tryin' to juice me for my bank

Swingin' with my main man Lucky behind my back

What type of crap is that - yo, hows about a smack?

Word life, I can't front - thought I was all that

But now it seems, I met my match

Was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack

Settlin' down with one girl, wasn't tryin' to hear that

I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen

Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy

Used ta love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em

Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em

My whole attitude was new day, next hon

And believe it or not, they all got done

Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal

And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal

Is this really love, then again, how would I know

After all this time tryin' to be a superhoe

She finally played me, but yo, I'd find another

Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butterButter, like butter baby Butter, like butter baby

Not no Parkay, not no margarine

Strickly butter baby, strictly butterI remember when

Girls were goodie two shoes, but now they turned to freaks

Allofasudden "We love you Phife" - ease of ho, my name's Malik

Phife this, Phife that, where you goin', where you at

These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack  
You didn't want me then, so hon, don't want me now  
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow  
And take the Ccontact out your eye, you're far from lookin' fly  
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try  
Now tell me what's the reason, for dyin' your hair  
Slum village gold still danglin in your ear  
You barely have a neck but still sportin' a rope  
Four-finger ring just so Phifer can scope  
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do  
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue  
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true  
And if you really loved yourself then you would try and be you  
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya  
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya  
If you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it  
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it  
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it  
I asked who did your hair and you tell me "Diane made it"  
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe  
But I can't stand, no bionic lady  
Tryin' hard to look fly, but yo, you're lookin' dumber  
If I wanted someone like you I woulda swung with Jamie Summers  
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC  
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sensitivity  
See I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers  
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like Butter

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>