Another Statistic

Chubb Rock

Four out of ten murders are love related
Keep your 'ood, in-a your pants
And these things won't 'appen to you
Check out da bwoy-a-storyTell him, excuse me, I beg your pardon
Inform him, that Chubb is playin' in your secret garden
'Cause he didn't cut the lawn, correctly
I have a green thumb, you're not dumb, that's why you sweat meYou wanna have your cake and eat it too, so do I
You're sneaking around, we're sneaking around, so why
Do you wanna continue, comin' to every venue?
You don't tell him, I'll offend youThis ain't right so put him down on the scoop
That you're a blow-up sex doll for every group
Where are the footsteps that you followed
Tippy-toed to my crib and did me a solidYou answered every question I ever had
On the female anatomy, after you sat on me
Cheating is more serious than the taking of pellum
So tell him, before I tell himIf Mary had told her boyfriend
Like she was supposed to
None of this would be happeningTell him, his feelings, you disregard
You took his credit card, went on the boulevard
You bought me shirt after shirt with his hard-earned work
You treat him like dirtMy conscience said to me, yo Chubbs you better be careful
She gave you the keys to his Cherokee jeep
But I don't wanna go six feet deep
In the dirt for some skirtI was gonna cut her off but the stuff was kinda dope
The dope even paid my car note, nope
I'm gonna let her go yet until I get
This girl can really get me out of financial debtSo I chill, passion kills, tears spilled
On an innocent grill then overspilled
The guilt, stuck in my chest so I suggest
That you tell him, maybe you can start off fresh
Cheating is more serious than the taking of pellum
So tell him, before I tell himIf Mary had told her boyfriend
Like she was supposed to
None of this would be happeningHere's one more bang for the road
Never again will you explode
Like this you might miss the imprint of my fist
Embedded in the bed by your head"Don't leave me Chubb, don't leave me Chubb", she screamed
I got access to all of his green

I lust for your pelvic thrust so why don't you trust
Don't fuss, he'll never find out about usBut baby, I can't see you no more and
Let me see who's at the doorYo, who are you?
Who me? You don't know man?
Why I'm gonna shoot yaIf Chubbs had kept his prick in his pants
Like he was supposed to
None of this would have happened

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