

The Blues (feat. Next)

Naughty By Nature

Ohh, ohh, oh ohh, ohh, uh, oh ohh ohh
Uh, oh ohh ohh, uh uh uh uh Check it, life sure hurts with your dick in the dirt
Witcha thing in a sling from the work of a skirt
Balls turned black to blue from a tease or two
Well one tease is a few, save your balls from the blues You're givin' me the blues
(The blues, the blues)
Girl I've got the blues
(It's all because of you)
It's all because of you
(I've got 'em, I've got 'em)
And those freaky things you do
(Let me tell you a story) As we leave the club, you know what's up
Thinkin' I'm gettin' some, damn! Was I so dumb?
Take her to the crib, thinkin' I'm gonn' live
But you got, all these excuses
How you've heard about me and you're not ready sexually
After you done teasin' me, you wanna leave
Say it isn't true, I'm so excited by you
Don't know what to do, you've given me the blues
I've got 'em One of the best hoes and S O's, at my crib spot
Got the vessels in my testicles stopped on gridlock
Now why you wanna touch under drawers and tease Treach
If I bust you better duck or get your whole weave wet
Wanna shoot loose the juices, the best of hooches
Blue balls is the sewage, from shit excuses
Now from the first face, on the first date, what?
Five dates, then we do it, still'll be the first fuck
You wanna come and touch, run and duck, you're tricky
Take a hickie come for Moby Dick, and slip a mickie
You came foul and phony, you left me lonely
So when I'm stiff and boney, I go and think about Naomi
With my hand as my homey, uhh! You! You've given me the blues
Girl I've got the blues
(Look what you did!)
It's all because of you
And those freaky things you do
(Ohh yeah) Yeah
You wore panties all fancy with that sheet shit over it
Nuts tend to lock after an hour and you notice

Female 'cause Charlie horse in my shorts
Nuts beggin' me to leave you in the worst part of Newark
Then I thought of a plan and you called me a pervert
Shit, hurtin' and you beefin' cause I want you to jerk it?
I wish I knew your booty call was a coochie brawl
I woulda had a better ball at the booty bar
Balls swole like a bowl with my dick in the dirt
Shoulda wait 'til you got up and went and jumped in your purse
See you felt below the belt, while I kiss it you hug it
Ain't come to suck or fuck it, shit you ain't have to touch it
My thing was cool, takin' a nap on my lap
Then you rub it 'til my balls catch a cramp from the back
Smoke the tight sack, sport the nightcap, you spoke it right back
Balls black and blue, nuts stingin' like a spiked bat
You ain't right rat! Damn! Damn
You're givin' me the blues
Girl I've got the blues
(Said I've got the blues)
It's all because of you
You know what? You ain't leavin'
And those freaky things you do
Get your hat, get your coat
Your purse, and get out! You're givin' me the blues
Girl I've got the blues
(Is it the blues)
It's all because of you
(No, no, no, no, no, no, no)
And those freaky things you do
(I have the blues) Ohh, ohh, oh ohh, ohh, uh, oh ohh ohh
Uh, oh ohh ohh, uh uh uh uh
Ohh, ohh, oh ohh, ohh, uh, oh ohh ohh

Songwriters

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