

Something About Mary

Cupid and the Romantics

Yo, I'm a dedicate this to everybody that was at Woodstock '99
DMX, Limp Bizkit, Sheryl Crow, amongst many
Yo, just before I got on stage, this chick came on to me
She offered me sumthin', it looked kinda strange
It was in a bag, I said, "Yo, girl, let me talk to you real quick"
Yo, I don't sniff cocaine 'cause it mess up my brain
For sexual stimulation I never did no Ecstasy
I don't pop pills, I never did no LSD
But I wouldn't mind a kiss from Ms. Mary
'Cause she's homegrown an' you can hold her in her backyard
She's homegrown an' you can get a kiss in her backyard
I remember when I was a young boy
I went to my grandad, "So Daddy can I get a puff?"
He looked at me, he says "Son, man, you're too young kid
When you get older now an' you understand that
I let you get one kiss from Ms. Mary"
'Cause she's homegrown an' you can grow her in her backyard
She's homegrown an' you can hold her in her backyard
If she allows you to you can roll her up
She's homegrown an' you can kiss her in her backyard
She's homegrown, I like to be with you Ms. Mary in your backyard
That's when she looked at me an' she said
"Wyclef, this' what I want you to do, son
Come on, inhale, exhale, exhale, inhale, inhale, exhale
Now hold it now, inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale
Exhale, inhale, now breath in my face"
Mary J, Mary J
She said that
She's homegrown an' you can grow her in her backyard
She's homegrown, she said, "'Clef, I'll kiss you in my backyard"
An' my daddy don't need to know she said that
"I'm homegrown an' you can grow me in your backyard
I'm homegrown an' you don't need to worry for my backyard"
That's when I said, "I'ma get in trouble, I gotta go, girl"
This' what she said
Laa la la la, strictly la la, to take me higher an' higher
Laa la la la, strictly la la, to take me higher an' higher
Laa la la la, strictly la la, to take me higher
I'm about to take it higher

Come on y'all
I'm about to take it higher
Come on y'all, come on
Yo, I want for everybody sleepin' on my guitar skills
It's about to beat on right about now
Turn my guitar up, yo
What up Jimi Hendrix? I'll see you, baby
Yo, Carlos Santana, thanks for the lessons, baby
Yo, Steve Rod, I ain't forgettin' you, man
To the godfather, B.B. King an' to my man, Eric Clapton
I think I'm forgettin' somebody, man
The Artist, ha ha, yo, Jerry Wonder, man
You're playin' that bass like Bootsie Collins, man
Don't hurt 'em, baby boy, Sedeck

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