

# Play the Next Man

## EPMD

What's up wit' that homegirl, why you frontin'  
My raggamuffin', c'mon, help me wit' somethin'  
You like me, I can tell by your wicked actions  
I wanna rock wit' you like Michael JacksonErick, what slow down, baby  
You're not Seal, so why you actin' crazy  
I wanna be your man, the whole nine sounds cute  
Us buggin' out, and us knockin' bootsBut you, you wanna go out and start cheatin'  
Hangin' tough like the New Kids every damn weekend  
Thinkin' I'm stupid, girl, you must be buggin'  
The boy you messin' wit' is my cousinTryin' to play the E-Double wit' the old weak flim flam  
Don't play me and reach out for the next manDon't play me, play the next man  
Don't play me, play the next man  
Don't play me, play the next man  
I was wonderin' why you went to work everyday  
Okay, yeah, maybe to get extra pay  
But when you stepped out, you was dressed to impress  
(How fresh)  
So fresh, that you walked wit' finesseWord is bond, I could've sworn you was minglin'  
The way you was movin', the way your earrings was jinglin'  
Of course, you was messin' wit' the Boss  
Not Bruce Springsteen, your boss drove a PorscheRemember, you went to work one night  
While me and D-Wade was home watchin' the Mike Tyson fight  
You said goodbye, gave me a couple of kisses  
I peep the coat, I didn't buy you for ChristmasYou went out to a fancy restaurant  
Came in actin' all nonchalant  
Asked you a question, shook up like Elvis Presley  
Your makeup smudged, your hair messyShh, quiet, I caught cha  
Tell him my name is Parrish Smith  
I used to mess wit his daughter  
Yes the Mic Doc and I'll be damned  
Don't play me, play the next manDon't play me, play the next man  
Don't play me, play the next man  
Don't play me, play the next man  
Don't play me, play the next man  
Now if ya girl's on your back Jack, cut her like a lumberjack  
(Cut her off, cut her off)  
And if your man done son, trade him in for a new one  
(Cut him off man, cut him off)  
Now if ya girl's on your back Jack, cut her like a lumberjack  
(Cut her off, cut her off)

And if your man done son, trade him in for a new one  
(Cut him off man, cut him off)So if ya man is runnin' wild, slow 'em down, school 'em Jack  
Before he plays you off, girl, just to prove a fact  
And get your feelings hurt kid, plus your heart broken  
Bust it  
(Can't truss it)What, a relationship, friendship  
Hardship, fell on the booze when ya boy tripped  
So pick ya pride up boy, oopsy daisy  
See ya, Audi Ghost Patrick Swayze

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