

# Selfish

## Slum Village

I'm callin'  
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
Out to  
(I want you to myself I can't help it)  
All my  
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
Y'all my, ladies and I can't  
(Maybe I'm selfish)  
I can't, let you, let you  
(I want you to myself I can't help it)  
Be with, yeah, no one, yeah, but me, yeah, baby To my thick chicks down in Texas  
All the way to New Orleans where the girls cook catfish  
And in L.A. every chick's an actress  
Hollywood status with the shaded glasses To Detroit, yeah, the place that I rest  
Where the ladies got ass to sell a lot sex  
And hot Atlanta y'all is one of the best  
Where they speak southern and slang and smoke la cessa And New York women are way too fresh  
Too much on your mind let me ease that stress  
I wish you all were mine it's so selfish  
Maybe I'm feelin' myself too much I guess But to my ladies all across the globe  
In small towns that I don't even know  
To all local international codes  
Whether you see me in streets or catch me at shows I'm callin'  
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(I want you to myself I can't help it)  
Be with, yeah, no one, yeah, but me, yeah, baby Uh, and I'll be tryin' to come around my girl actin' like Mr.  
Friendly  
And steal the spotlight like Mr. Bentley  
I spotted her like Spud McKenzie  
And for them fake boobies I payed them Benjies Get your own, I got Paris he got Nicky he tried to get 'em a  
clone  
He said yeah you know you got extra hoes

And everything you do is extra cold  
 From the Polo fleece to the Jesus piece  
 I got family in high places like Jesus niece Can I please, say my peace  
 If y'all fresh to death, then I'm deceased  
 And this one here, is a heat rocks  
 Spit like a beat box, the way the beat rocks  
 New version of Pete Rock  
 But for that Benz I get CL love  
 So I switch my girls around like 3L-dub I'm callin'  
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 (I want you to myself I can't help it)  
 Be with, yeah, no one, yeah, but me, yeah, baby What up Pam how your little man doin' in New Jersey  
 Last I heard he caught the flu and you was worried  
 Hope he feels better, and thanks Jonetta from Cleveland  
 For that good head in your Jetta better believe it Shanice you're my piece from Compton  
 Before I mark the plane make sure you cop them trees to spark up  
 Danielle ATL got them pictures in the mail  
 You sealed with a kiss and you send it with Chanel You lookin' good in that one showin' off your body  
 Had a Beverly Hills mami that would buy me Cardi's  
 Take me to after parties her name was Carrie  
 And it sucks that we didn't keep in touch I'm sorry But, hey Kim how's Minneapolis?  
 You so pretty hate to show off your titties for silly classes  
 'Cause I love you girls though you ain't mine  
 I wish my arms was long enough to hug you all of the same time I'm callin'  
 (Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
 Out to  
 (I want you to myself I can't help it)  
 All my  
 (Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
 Y'all my, ladies and I can't  
 (Maybe I'm selfish)  
 I can't, let you, let you  
 (I want you to myself I can't help it)  
 Be with, yeah, no one, yeah, but me, yeah, baby I'm callin'  
 (Callin')  
 Out to  
 (Out to)  
 All my

(All my)  
Y'all my, ladies and I can't  
(I can't)  
Let you  
(Let you)  
Be with, no one, but me, baby

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