

# Blues

## Bob Mintzer Quartet

Check it life sure hurts with your dick in the dirt  
Witcha thang 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 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 gon' 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 want to 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 SO's, at my crib spot  
Got the vessels in my testicles stopped on gridlock  
Now why you want to touch under drawers and tease Treach  
If I bust you better duck or get your whole weave wet  
Want to 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 want to 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 (ohhh yeahh)

Hahaha, 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 thang 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)

Wit yo' TEASIN ass

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 oahhhh

Uh, oh-ohh oahhhh, uh uh uh uh

Ohh, ohh, oh-ohh, ohh, uh, oh-ohh oahhhh..

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by GIST, KEIR/BROWN, VINCENT VINNIE/CRISS, ANTHONY/HUGGAR, ROBERT L.

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>