

# Jane 3

## EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

J to the A to the N to the E, yo P  
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J to the A to the N to the E, yo P One hot summer day back around the way  
A new kid moved onto the block and his name was Jay  
Jay was cool, he trucked jewels, packed a nine mill  
Yeah, and kept his smitty's on his tool Anyway Jay portrayed to be like hard  
So we took him in and put him down with the hit squad  
His house was phat, full court in the back  
Jacuzzi in his bedroom, a "Welcome" on the doormat Plus AZT, full house alarm system  
One rottweiler, one pitbull, no one could vic him  
Something strange about the crib, I had to think  
Why the whole goddamn house was dressed in hot pink Yo Jay, where's your bathroom? Bust a move, I gotta  
piss  
Three doors on the left, homeboy, ya can't miss  
My head was busted, disgusted, I said, "What's goin' on?"  
I seen a douche bag and safety Maxi-pad tampons" Left the bathroom, went back where I was  
Tapped Jay on the shoulder and said, "Eiyyyooo 'cuz"  
"I thought you lived alone"  
"I do"  
"Are you certain?" "There's bras and leotards, hangin' on the curtain  
Yo Jay, what's your problem, homeboy, you look stunned  
What you doin'?" Put down that knife, where's my gun?"  
Shit's thick, I reached for my tool, I wasn't strapped Left the nine in the car, right next to the Jim Hat  
It's my ass, I better think fast real quick  
I got a flashback from a Bruce Lee flick  
Got in my stance, don't lie Kay, I broke for the door  
Tripped on some bullshit in the living room floor  
Jay, rushed me, I grabbed him, scooped him up in the yoke  
Ahh shit, kicked him in the nuts, that's all she wrote It was like rapunzel  
Rapunzel? Down came his hair  
Titties popped out and there was ass everywhere

Jay a transvestite? Not quite he was more like J to the A to the N to the E, yo P  
Don't tell me, you went out like a  
sucker

Chill, took off that mustache

Grabbed that ass and I fucked her

Peace, I'm Audi 5000, Audi 5000, ahh shit All of that real shit, you know what I'm saying?

Jane? Haircut, haircut like Anita Baker?

The whole shit, yo, the whole shit, you know what I'm saying?

Nah you can't man, I ran right up in her like Bruce Jenner But better, right in there, man, I didn't even care

Are you crazy? Well, I was holdin' me

Don't tell me it was Jane you were juicin'

Sheeit, kick it-e

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>