

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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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, "Eiyyooo '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'
Sheiit, kick it-e

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