Selfish

Slum Village

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, babyTo 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 glassesTo 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 cessAnd 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 guessBut 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 showsI'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, babyUh, 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 BenjiesGet 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 nieceCan 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-dubI'm callin'
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)
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All my
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)
Y'all my, ladies and I can't
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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, babyWhat 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 itShanice 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 ChanelYou 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 sorryBut, 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 timeI'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, babyI'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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