

You Can Have Her

Georgie Fame

[INTRO: Chris Rock]...All this ill shit

This fuckin Sir Mix-A-Lot shit

What the fuck is this shit?

See the shit's video?

'PUT IT ON THE GLASS!'

'Put yo TITTIES on the glass'

This is like a pick-up line:

'How you doin?'

I was wonderin, could you put yo BIG FUCKIN TITTIES on the glass?'

'No, I don't wanna go to a movie, could you PUT EM ON THE GLASS?!'

'Put your titties on the glass'?!'

What happened to 'How ya doin? Whatcha doin later? Let's catch a movie'?

No, 'Put em on the glass'

'Put em on the fuckin glass'

What the fuck is this shit?

The girls got on bikinis - he got a fur coat on

What the fuck is the weather like in Seattle?

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]All my ex's, eat this one

(You can have her)

[VERSE 1]I used to have this girl, let's say her name was Mona

Mona, fine young sugar comin out of Arizona

5 ft. 6 straight thick with a switch

And a set of them juicy-ass lips (Mmh...)

Kinky, just like me

She can take a straight gee

And put him down for the count 1, 2, 3

Needless to say I was kickin it

Cause I know when I'm the only one gettin it

But - ooh, things change when you don't maintain

The same game you got her with, mayn

Flew back home, and I was slippin

Cause as soon as I left, another brother starts spittin

Throwin drag about wantin a family

Tryin to front because he wanna be manly

Tellin my girl how I'm playin the field

Boy, you'se a jake for real

Now a player I like, but you know I can't stand no snitch

Tryin to front like he rich

Done shot your credit, cause you bought you a new E

320, and you wanna be a hoe like me
Now you done salted my game
Told my girl I'm a player, and you bought her a ring
You paid a lotta money just to grab her
I'ma tell you like this, trick: you can have her
(You can have her)

[VERSE 2] I gotta do what I gotta do
Baby girl's through, so I need somethin new
You can't keep a good mack down
I get around cause I got a tight thing up in Sea-Town
5'9" with dimples
Caramel skin, straight fine, hella tight, no pimples

Thinkin my game was concrete
But I gotta watch for them other entertainers and athletes
Especially the ones who wanna settle down
Cause they'll beg and drink out your shoes and get they nose brown
Just the kinda man you wanted, ain't it, honey?
A big buff dumb-ass fool with hella money
Down to spend till his knees bend
Then the athlete's broke and his girl's in the wind
And my girl gets mad, cause I never spend time like I'm s'posed to
Plus I'm a boaster
Shaggin up too damn quick, now she's lookin for a sugar daddy
Just to get a '96 Caddy
A big truck she found
You young scrub on the bench for the Cleveland Browns
He never had nothin, thicker than a cheerleader
Now he got juice, so he eats her
And treats her to a big wad of cash
Too weak, so she left his ass
You can have her
(You can have her)

Just rollin by the Playboy Mansion...
[VERSE 3] I got me a, I got me a, I got me a, I got me a
Young bunny, young bunny in La-La Land
Wanna get freaky with the papa man
I smack her to the front, I smack her to the back
I smack it with the whiffle ball bat, remember that?
One happy black man I be
When my L.A. bunny wanna trip with me
Her name is Teresa
She was freakier than me, but I figured I could please her
She had the long braids
Chocolate sister, loved to cuff men like slaves

Arrived at the house at last
Seen two shades of lipstick on the same wine glass
Provocative artwork around me
Four pink slippers on the floor surround me
One pair's for her, the other pair's for who?
Plus she only lives in a one bedroom
Well hm - it might be on
M

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