

Tricks Up My Sleeve

Common

I'm a Jake, I don't bake a cake
I'm not a cake daddy, you know the type be pullin' up in a Caddy
With a drop top, see when I hoe hop, I kick it to the bus stop
(What?) And it's goodie, goodie gumdrops
I don't be droppin' squat but to the heads they think it's topnotch
I'm skippin' over every other dip as if it's
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hopscotch, watch Aiy, ayyo man, ay man, look at ol' girl
She got a big ass
(Yo man, sic her)
Aiy man, ay, hey sweetheart, how you doin'? I'm doin' fine
Oh word? What's your name?
Rayshel
Why don't you come over to the house
So I can put you in the buck bang Aight check it, you see I only bag ya for a second
You never see me beggin', you see the slimmie naked
In my headroom, mo' better yet my bedroom
Tippedy token', and stutterin' as if she's Max Headroom
Red room no I ain't a murderer
(Re drum?) I'm Jake the Rake, yo sorry if I'm hurtin' the vaginal area
Fallopian tubes and your cervix
I strongly recommend that for your gen' you get some Jergens
I find it beneficial, not to force the issue I just blow my shit and wipe you see a head it's like tissue
Use 'em and throw 'em away, see a hoe a day is essential
If you want a piece of the rock, trick, go to Prudential
'Cause I rock a buyer babe on the treetop And when the wind blows, my dick will get hard, the cradle will rock
I'm like the peacock on NBC, nuttin' but cock
I pump, pump, pump it up yo, like a Reebok
Hey, I don't sell junk but I'm a Junkyard Dog
And when I Duke it's a Hazard, so call me Boss Hog Or Roscoe Pecol, oh pain
That's the sound of the Caravan running the train, yeah, yeah, bitch
That's the sound of the Caravan, running the train
Oh, wa, ha, he, ha, check it out, check it out yeah, in yo' eye
Yeah, ha, yeah Twilite Tone got tricks up my sleeve
Immenslope got tricks up my sleeve
Yo DRK got tricks up my sleeve
De La Soul got tricks up my sleeve JuJu got tricks up my sleeve
The Nubian Nut got tricks up my sleeve
Com Sense got tricks up my sleeve
Wait, I got another trick up my sleeve I'm not a Jake or a Rake or a hoe

But I got the mo' better for head of the class
And if you ask me I'm not tryin' ta be drastic
I'm not a bitch like Robin Givens I'm concerned
About your plastic, ask it, I'll tell you what you wanna know
And if I tell you no, don't be all up on it dope
Frontin' so your friends won't know that you got the 86
So you call me a bitch, you get your kicks but Kix and Trix are for kids
I don't turn no tricks, I don't suck no Dix-ie cups
I hops in the hubba Hubba Bubba I'm like
Al B. stud, 'cause if I'm not your lover or your friend
Don't try to spend, waste your time
Tryin' to get a taste of mine but you ain't tastin' mine
So find a new type puss, 'cause if I don't like you
You ain't gettin' service G, this ain't the drivethru
Drive by, way far, and everything will be groovy
Then you pester me? Yo I'ma tell ya like the Nubians
Move on black brotha move on
You gotta move on black brotha move on

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