

# Somebody's Girl

Craig Morrison

The sixty second assassin  
Trackmastahhs  
Turn that music up  
Rockland  
Hovahh  
Woo, yes, yes  
Somebody's girl is at this party  
Shakin' that ass to this  
Somebody's girl is at this party  
Drink that glass of Cris'  
Somebody's girl is at this party  
Sittin' in V.I.P.  
Somebody's girl is at this party  
And she's comin' home with me  
I don't mean no harm  
But your boy young Hov' got a mean ol' arm  
Got all the young ladies wanna lean on him  
And I don't turn them away, I'm like, bring them on  
Now, where's her man is not my concern  
It's not what I'm worried about, I'm just tryin' to hurry her out  
Clear her whole area out  
And bring this whole party little nearer to my house  
Now, where's her spouse? I don't know  
So, I don't ask, I don't probe  
I just get in 6, get out on Rov'  
Let her, sip on Cris', go out on tours  
Now, back at the lab, I'm actin' bad  
'Cause the, pool is warm, a booze is on  
Just a select few, the fools are gone  
It's slow jams and the grooves is on, groove on  
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And she's comin' home with me  
Is it my fault they call me young heat rock

Hard head, go through walls like sheet rock  
And she's comin' with me, when the beat stop  
When the party is done, I party with hon  
Now, is it my fault you neglect your broad  
And she wanna party with me, no ex at all?  
No ex-boyfriend, no ex involved  
Just the highway exit that we exit off  
And I fall back, I let her talk  
I inquire sometime, I admire her mind  
I like her wit, I'm lovin' her shoes  
I'm a alternative rap, I'm playin' the blues  
I'm a thorough street nigga never breakin' the rules  
And her man's shortcomin' is turnin' me into somethin'  
That of which she has never seen  
So she wanna crossover where the grass is green, knahmean?  
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The moral of the story, if you love your bitch  
You better hold your hoe, hug your bitch  
You better slow your roll, trick some bread  
When she wanna go out, you like Craig and 'em said  
"See ya when I see ya", now she's callin' me up  
And I'm like, "Geah, of course I wanna chill"  
Now she with the real, and you all fed  
Like, "I'ma crack her motherfuckin' fo'head"  
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