Don't You Know

Beki Biggins

"Oh cutie, got it goin' on"
"Cute, what, that dirty motherfucker"
"You buggin'"
"Ain't no buggin', he's some ugly motherfucker"
"You buggin', no, look at his disposition, shorty gotta stride"
"What stride, ugly motherfucker, he ain't shit"
"See, that's my plate, brother may kill me like that"
"You got mad sour flavor on shorty, 'cuz that ain't shit at all"
"I'm, yo, G, I don't think you really realizes it, look at him"
"Look at what, dirty motherfucker, he ain't shit"
"You don't see what I see, B"
"I don't see nothin', you ain't blind, sisso"
"True, true, personally, just look at him, homies at his disposition"
Approach the school nine thirty, you're late, this time happy
The solution was my date, get in your class, walk to your chair
Pop is all you see and then occasionally stare at the teacher
More, tune in to we're clockin' ya, lean back at this girl kept clockin'
Ya' hood simulated from a 'Sensimilia' blonde, tell the young girl
Baby, you're the one I want, she doesn't respond, pretends to ignore
So you say to yourself, it be her old and sore mentally pitchin' lies
The aim on the board as hot and wild pussy you cannot afford this
Ooh, what slim and trim was my inner friend, dear, quietly I want him
To know my boots, to rap out loose in my class, but I kept sayin'
The size of my dick and that ass, so I turned around to arrange a date
Swingin' episode, baby, number one's gotta say it, she popped a gum
Cold twist to come, I said, baby, how you feel? She said, sure
Then I said, sure, I just found my thrill wear it in the classroom
Know I'm Blueberry Hill, 'cause what I said just bottled her hate
She put her face on the chest, this is what the bitch said
"Because of you I ain't hurtin' but then my, within my heart
'Cause no, I'm not right to be flirtin, but our relationship has to start
You're the one that I'm clockin', stop or you could stop mockin'
Don't want you to see me cry, this is why, this is why, this is why"
I met a girl named Chandra, from way down yonder
'The apple of my eye' had a Snapple and some fries, forgot the catch's Up, thats when I pressed up, "I've been watching you mowin' your lawn"
The thoughts were flowin', while I'm holding the palm
"Hey whats that on your menu?" from there we continued
And talk about this and that we chit and chat, sipped on the Coke

Then I stroked the back as she giggled and I wiggled to the bra
She said, nah, that's when I noticed her pah
Big Tank, who did nothing but the spank at parties, drink Bacardi
And didn't think just act silly, with his brother Willy another Hillbilly Gettin' ill with the Philly and moonshine, but it's a new time of day
On the stoop doin' the Patty Duke, ok, it's like that old flip flaps
Through the shower caps, the platform shoes to Apple Jacks
Chub, chub
Yo, you niggaz, niggaz be actin' like they be lovin' them, them, them Fancy bitches, I, I likes me a nasty bitch, bitch that's willing to do Anything at any given time, bitch, gotta be nasty 'cuz I'm a nasty nigga
I do anything baby, I wouldn't give a fuck what it was
I'll, ah, anythin' I'm a nasty motherfucker, girl
I'm just sittin' right, in my class at a quarter to ten, right
Waiting patiently for the class to begin, right, teacher says
"Open up your texts, you read the first paragraph on 'Oral Sex'"
I said "Oral sex, what kind of class is this?"
Yo, next to me said, "Whats wrong with you man, this is a lesson
That makes you feel fine, kinda ease your nerves and relax your mind"
I said "Don't try to use no hypnotic spell"
She said "Be my assistant, I'd show rather tell"
My knees buckled heart started to drop my dick grew to a size
That my nerve couldn't stop, I tried to run, She yelled out "Freeze"
Pulled down my draws, dropped to her knees, ripped of my draws
As if she had claws, broke the rules that defined, sex laws
She responded quick, with a slick, welcomin' kiss and a ice cream lick
Ooh, I begged, I begged, "Easy on my balls, they're fragile as eggs"
Part 2 comin' up

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