

Guest House

Bappi Lahiri

In the crib on this rainy day, I'm chilling
Glass pianos and Portuguese drapes, hang from the ceiling
Persian rugs, Moroccan sofas
I walk to the house in Paisley robes and Ferragamo loafers
And Iron Chef just season the salmon
It's coming down pouring, he watching BBC, eating a salad
I'm on the couch hitting the chalice
Checking my textes and out of nowhere, my dick is hard as a callus
I stood up, pulled back my sleeve, checked my watch
Where the fuck is my wife, it's 12 o'clock on the dot
Very impatient, I'm getting nervous can't stop pacing
My heart's racing, her Nextel don't get no service
Damn, all this over a gallon of milk
Something happened to her, somebody wig'll get peeled
Okay, let me calm down, maybe she at Keeba house
Her birthday's today, we both bought her jeans and a blouse
Since 7 o'clock, she been gone for hours
Jettied up the steps to the master suite, checked the shower
Nope, all that is there is towels and soap
Stomach is nauseous, caught a big lump in my throat
Found a phone book with mad names, looked down
Bow, there go Keeba tying my shoes, I put the bitch on speaker
And bluntly adressed her, "Where's my girl?"
Yeah, she ain't out here
Last time I seen her, Ghost, she beat it on an old nigga
Yo, Keeba stop playing, yo, nah, we took a shot of Henn'
Lately she work out by 10, I told her, bitch, buy a Benz
Or even shot a car, I'm getting me some Advil
Show these motherfuckers, how Keeba love to drive stick
I snatched up my raincoat, the grass was soaked
Under the bed in the guest house, where I keep my toast
I yelled to the Chef, yo, "Watch for Kayla
Check the pool and the bowling alley
If anything, just hit my cellular"
Hopped in the go cart, the yard is dark, I'm bugging
Few feet from the guest house is where I parked
Hope she's okay is what I say in my heart
But something don't feel right, so is what I'm saying to God
As I got closer something ain't kosher

I heard a bunch of squeaky sounds from the house
I don't think I'm suppose to is this the end of the Starks regime?
Let me find out somebody on my ground, yo is pounding my queen
Yo, I'ma kill ya, hold on cuz
Baby, let me explain, you overreacting, that's not what it was
Shut the fuck up, you got caught moaning with your legs up
Eyes all red, what did y'all just blaze up?
Then froze for a sec, so I dipped quick, lift the mattress
Aimed the biscuit at both of them bastards
What ya'll excuse now, yo cuz, she said she live with her pop
Her dude mad strict that's why we up in the spot
And yo this little trick of yours bought me a ten G watch
He reached down for his drawers, thats' when I let off a shot
Back the fuck up, snatched his covers
Had 'em looking like the black Adam and Eve, some sinful lovers
Chill, Tone, put the gun down, how you know my name, son?
Hold on, let me explain, yo y'all two is done
Just let me put my drawers, get dressed, before I get rocked
'Cuz real talk, is looking like you tryna let off that glock
Yeah, you right, you look familiar, you put my cable in, right?
The FiOS nigga and you fucking my wife
Yeah, I put that cable in, nigga, we both got caught
And she a triflyn ass chick, don't act like it's all my fault
Baby, no, mind your business
Now Kayla, don't stop him, let the sucker do what he do
He touch me and he finished
What nigga, hold that, eat it
Oh shit, what the fuck, you forgot your drawers
And your little tools, nigga
You FiOS mustache wearing muthafucka
Fuck you, nigga, I got you nigga
I'mma see you nigga, fucker, fuck
That's why you dive out the window
On some Jim Kelly, shit, nigga, fuck that

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