

After Hours

Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt & Sonny Rollins

Relax yourself girl, please settle down
Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized
With your black hair and your fat-ass thighs
 Street poetry is my everyday
 But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way
 If I was workin' at the club you would not pay
 Aiyyo, my man Phife, dig it, he got somethin' to say
 I like 'em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian
 Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu nation
 Told you in the jam that we can get down
 Now let's knock the boots like the group H-town
 You got B.B.D. all on your bedroom wall
 But I'm above the rim and this is how I ball
 A pretty little somethin' on the New York Street
 This is how I represent over this here beat, talkin 'bout you
 Yo, I took you out
 But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route
 My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state
 But I couldn't drop dimes 'cuz you couldn't relate
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 (You couldn't relate)
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 (You couldn't relate)
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 Relax yourself girl, please settle down
 Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl
 Drive you insane, drive you up the wall
 Starin' at your dome-piece, very strong
 Stronger than cries, stronger than Teflon
 Take you on the ave and you buy me links
 Now I wanna pound the Putang until it stinks
 You could be my mama and I'll be your boy

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