

Slow V & Retrospect

"Crazy Dates"

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[Dialogue: Slow V & Retrospect]

(S): Damn Retro, what's up wit that little dime I saw you with last week nigga

(R): Nigga who you talking bout son

(S): Man you know who I'm talking bout, that little cutie nigga

(R): Man, nigga that's nothing man, I've had some crazy ones back in day man

(S): Naw nigga, really

(R): Nigga I play hoes like CD's man

(S): Oh word

(R): Yea man, I got them on rotation son

(S): Damn nigga

(R): Yo check this man, let me tell you about them dawg

[Verse 1: Retrospect]

Yo, I had this illmatic chick who would represent well
She had a New York state of mind and it wasn't hard to tell

She said guard your skill she was the most supportive
Until I caught her cheating with some nigga named Jordan

Life's a bitch and then you die that's why

I had to cut her off because I didn't half time

In the past I've been through different situations

Dominicans and Haitians, even Indians and Jamaicans

There was this common chick that just moved from California

But I thought she was a fiend 'cause she was always on the corner

She didn't know what love was or how to be faithful

She was mad I let her know, so I had to let her go

It was written on the note, but she didn't get the message

She didn't get to stepping, so I had to get the weapon
I told she could take it in writing or she could take it in blood

If you don't leave I'll put your face to the rug

Face it your done, when I found you was a crumb in the slums

I made you chowder, I gave you power

But I ain't sweating it son, 'cause that there is gone
Yo she was just a black girl lost, word up

[Dialogue: Retrospect & Slow V]

(S) Yea, ha

(R) Yo man, I've had a lot of CD's on my deck

(S) I heard that nigga

(R) For real

But I know I ain't the only one with some crazy stories

(S) Nah man, I treat hoes like a radio nigga

Turn them on and blow a hole though them like a
speaker of something

(R) Word

(S) Yea, yo but check it

[Verse 2: Slow V]

My first girl was big, and she was ready to die
She had suicidal thoughts, and was a friend of mine
Warning, the doctor gave her, one more chance
Juicy, it's unbelievable that things done changed
Me and my bitch were set we had mad Respect
Lived that Everyday Struggle but would always connect
She would call me big poppa right before I'd shoot
But I had to bounce when she said give me the loot
My second chick was fine she lived a Beautiful Struggle
She had black girl pain, so we would always cuddle
She saw me at the game, at the park, around my way
Going hard in that Ghetto Snow, I con a date
As time went by, I found out she never been in love,
apart from me
Chick was really jock-ing me couldn't work it out
Chick was really stalking me with broken glass so I said
back up off of me
My third chick was Tical she had a PLO Style
Once the Stimulation hit man I drove her wild
She was all I need with her round Biscuits fastened
Drove her something crazy when I had my thing in
action
And there it is, yea

[Dialogue: Slow V & Retrospect]

(S): yo retro, what's the deal son. Yo man, I hit bitches
like singles nigga

(R): What the Fuck

(S): Yea

(R): Nigga I drop hoes like album dates nigga

(S): I pick a new chick every Tuesday nigga, like a
record or something nigga

(R): Ha, bitch nigga whatever man

I put out bitches like singles man, put them out there

(S): Man when I'm done using them, I play them

and then I throw them back on the self nigga, ha ha
(R): Ha, and if that bitch ain't raw, if she ain't no classic
like you just said I put that bitch back on the self
(S): and there it is Nigga
(R): For real nigga CD's
(S): S R nigga
(R): Crazy Dates

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