

Chaka Khan F/ Bobby McFerrin

"Ms. Platonic"

Visit "[Ms. Platonic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hehe
Yeah yeah yeah
Reminisce last year about Keisy, remember her?
Came to my crib lookin for some platonic friendship
Gave me the blue balls
askin me for beats and shit
Now she's sayin I can't get the draws off
unless I spend some cash at the mall?!
Haha
Biaaaatch!
Okay
Let's go shoppin

(Okay, no more Mr. Nice Guy)

[VERSE 1: J-Zone]
Last year, Kizzy with the d-cup bra
Gave me blue balls, time for me to get raw
I hear around town she still wants to be friends
And if I pay I might hit it - I'm thinkin revenge
Cause she left me all swoll in the balls
Workin my wrist to Lucy Liu flicks and punchin holes in
the walls
But Kizzy don't know I got plans
She gotta pay for all the times she left me usin my
hands
Figure I coul't take her to the motel
In the Poconos to bone after I spend a little ends
I gotta trick for sex to get this plan off
I gotta get a nut, and the kind that's hands off
Pick her up at 3 to go trick at the mall
Spent a little cash, kept receipts for it all
She thinkin I'm rich, dumb bitch, my shit ain't even
barcoded
She's gold-diggin too hard to notice
(Let me have \$50 for a brand new dress)
Haha baby, no doubt, cause I'm finna tear your back
out
Callin me a trick, I ain't tryin to go that route
Shit gets returned after she gets burned
I buy her the dress but soon she'll learn

(And I'm not givin this to you because I like you or
anything like that
It's just that...)

[HOOK: J-Zone]
Last year you gave me blue balls
Bein a platonic friend
(Sing that song)
Now you think I'm crazy paid
So you wanna give me the skins
(Sing that song)
Spend my dough for nothin
You must be smokin crack
(At the top of your lungs)
Of course I'll buy the bracelet
But after I hit it I'm takin it back
(Biatch)

[VERSE 2: J-Zone]
I remember when I spent no loot, she ignored me
But now the cash register sound keeps her horny
(I promise ya, you'll just stick with me
and you're gonna drippin in mink and jewelery)
But I hate gold-diggers, I'ma slay her then play her
I'll have this chick screamin (Fuck you, you bastard)
and I'll lay her
But there's a slight chance she might not bone?
Dog, she's a 100 miles away, how the fuck is she gettin
home?
Oh-hahaha...
(Are you ready to take your panties off?
That's right, take off all your clothes
Good, he)
(Biatch)
Now I hit her (?) (Who's pussy is this?)
Irony seein Ms. Platonic down on (?) knees
I had to pause, dog, you shoulda peeped my grill
Laughin and passin out the sleepin pills
Gased cause she thinkin that I'm about to pay her
Frontin-ass bitch is knocked out an hour later
Gather up the gear I just bought with the receipts and
the tags
Even took the new shoes off her feet and her bag
Think I would pay to get the ass like a idiot?
I went back to Macy's and returned every bit of it
Lettin me jerk it off last year with some friendship
And only wanna bone when I spend shit
100 miles away, I'm at the crib screenin my calls
She blowin up the voice mail (Stunt, call a taxi!)
Laugh when I think of last year when the fish wasn't

bitin
Now the bitch is hitch-hikin

(I wish someone would tell me what I've done to
deserve this)

Visit [Chaka Khan F/ Bobby McFerrin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.