

9Th Prince

"Dear R&B"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] Yeah, this is for all, my niggas locked down Ya'll know what it is, you know, pictures on the wall Nahwhatimean, fantasizing about all kinds of bitches and shit You know, word up, models, actresses, you know what it is, knowwhatimean? [9th Prince] Yo, Dear Beyonce, I fantasize about you every night Therefore I'm sending you a kite I'm working out, reading books, trying to get the body and mind right What up with Kelly? Word on the street, she was sleeping with Nelly I heard it from my cellie Paparazzi spotted them, coming out of a telly But anyway, I seen your videos, "Deja Vu" "Ring the Alarm", "To the Left" had me illing yo You the illest chick, I got all your flicks Forget Trina, you the baddest bitch I love the way you smile, sexy profile We probably would of met, if I didn't blow trial, but anyhow You my 'Dreamgirl', with a 'Supreme' style A lodi dodi, I can tell you like to party Every inmate in jail is loving you hardbody Send a word to Michelle, my cellie said she can sing like hell And when he touchdown, like LL, he wanna rock her bells But for now, I got to end this letter You a black queen like Coretta Scott King, shine like a diamond ring [Chorus: 9th Prince] Dear R&B chick, for you I catch a vic' I know this sound sick, in my cell checking out your flicks You so hot, laid back on my cot You got a body that will never rot One love to Keyshia Cole, Ciara, Beyonce Alicia Keys, Rihanna You ladies stay on fire like ganja [9th Prince] Yo, Dear Mary J. Blige, what's the 411, hon? Like Wyclef warn me, somebody call 911 Besides going through the law library All I do is dream about you, reminisce about "Real Love" Off my convict crew, all I wanna do is be happy Congratulations, I heard you was married You deserve the best, my life tatted on your chest Nice firm breasts, make a thug wanna caress your flesh Ghetto queen wife, "No More Drama" in your life Alot of fights in prison, I gained stripes Take me as I am, you're a Superwoman like Karyn White I'm praying you get a divorce, so I can come Scoop you like a prince and a horse Be your knight in shining armor, like a thug in a bulletproof Porsche But for now, I got to end this letter, sincerely

yours Send another kite next winter, I want to eat you
out for dinner [Chorus] [9th Prince] Yo, what up Keyshia
Cole? I love your old from the stroll The way you sing it
so bold, a thug like me would never fold Like wine I get
fine as I get old, I remember you was sent from heaven
Protected by the seven, I'm just like you Almost got
defeated, I should of had cheated if it was needed
Luckily, I succeded, I like 'em light skin like Alicia Keys
Or brownskin like Rihanna, smoking on ganja Long legs
like Ciara, you promise your goodies sweet like cookies
I wanna taste your nookie, the Granddaddy Flow is a
pro, these other cats is all rookies [Chorus]

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