

Avril Lavigne

"The Yearn"

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Intro:

[whistling]

Shorty!! Shorty!!

Shorty c'mere baby girl! (I like what I see)

This go out to erybody man, a little station
identification

And we call this one for all y'all, who be going to buy...

Chorus:

The cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
It's the cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, that ass

Verse One: Mr. Cheeks

Now now now

Met this girl, just the other day

When I was up, on Rockaway

She was in Kennedy Fried (word em up)

A little kill's breast, and I said, "Excuse me Miss...

maybe we can go and jus chat." "About what?"

"About, about this about that."

I bet I put somethin in yo mind

To make you heel it up bring it back come rewind

Now I'm, just a rap artist

Not sayin that I'm the best not the smartest but

But I come up wit things ya never seen

Things you never heard of like money and the murder
like

Next thing you know we in the rest

Drinkin liqour, puffin on the buddha sess

I threw on me a Rough Rider

I slid inside her

Chorus:

Wit my cheebas, my liquors

My condoms, hit the ass

I had the cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
We had the cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
We had the cheeba, the liquor
The condom, the ass!!

Verse Two: Freaky Tah

Don't be fuckin wit my shorty, sippin on her forty
Or puffin on her blunt, cuz she's no fuckin stunt
True to the game, goes to school for her edu-ma-cation
While I bounce around the nation
From nation and back to New York
I twist the cap, pop the cork
and take a long walk to the court
Buddha, I spark chill wit my crew
Who it be Mr. Cheeks when I sip my nigga brew
And get in, you gets the fan understand
Bouncin, we gets to buzzin forty ounce
Hit Virginia, I get the shorty-shorty
Hippin on the forty on the corner wanna bone
In home or out on my own
I get whatever hit her, and then get rid of her
After I'm done with it, my man, he wanna get with it
Then he hit it from da back, now my crew wanna hit it
But me Freaky Tah, trip off and I creep
Niggaz they be buggin, but don't ever peep my style
My crew is buckwild
We been in this game for awhile

Chorus:

Smokin cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, the ass

It's the cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, the ass (repeat 3X)

Verse Three: Mr. Cheeks

Now before you run up in that
wear your mutha poke-pro-fa-lac
stick, before you run up in skinz
Before you bone, run your mouth to yo mens
Make sure that you protect yourself
That shows that you respect yourself
Now don't violate your skin and your balls
You'll be making, the phone call
See Dr. Abraham or them condoms now
You know that you best to be aware

Don't go bustin up and nuttin in
Let a nigga from the Lost Boyz tell ya somethin
No man know he play he the fuckin game
But AIDS ain't got no fuckin name
All you chancy niggaz that's playin cute
Don't jump, without a parachute

Verse Four: Pete Rock

Yeah here we go as I shoot from the top of the key
The Lost Boyz in the house with the Capital P
Grab a chair relax and pass the Alize
I'ma tell you a little somethin about this chick around
my way
She was a dime with a brown skin complexion
She looked so good you'd think you wouldn't need
protection
Girlfriend was top choice selection...
...around in every section
They got twisted, she said no condom so he risked it
Caught in the mix and now you sick kid
Word is bond, I thought by now you learned your lesson
Fucking around with no protection
So emphasize this, stressin the point, and analyze this
Don't get caught, with the virus
It's the Chocolate Boy Wonder with the LB Fam
Listen up, use your condom when your third leg stand

[Chorus fades]

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