

## **Domino**

# **"Do You Qualify"**

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Now young bitches got it goin' on and here's a new thing

She looks of twenty-one but she's under eighteen  
Now picture a man with a plan, what's he gonna do?  
She's only sixteen but looks twenty-two

And age isn't a factor 'cause she's fine to the dude  
And plus she's built like a truck there must be somethin' in her food  
Or her water because she's somebody's daughter  
Who's attractive to a son as well their father's

And they know this, that ass sticks with us  
And like my homie told me once she's quite bootylicious  
Watch your mouth drop with them dubs that she threw on  
Dandy like candy, so you can get your chew on

What'cha wanna do, what'cha gonna do  
When you find out that she's far from twenty-two?  
Yo, it's not the same G when you game G  
With the dames drop a line like this before you do

Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me  
Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me

What's up with these bitches tryin' to play us like a fool?  
Lookin' of age real proper but just enrollin' in high school  
I'm callin' 'em collard greens 'cause they're corn bread fed  
Runnin' more game than what your homie Simon said

Yo what is this, new statistic?  
Went from pants and Vaseline to short skirts and lipstick  
You ask who to blame, I don't know but I'ma  
Take it upon myself and blame it on they mama

For beatin' that ass with a baseball bat  
Swole it all up now it's proper and fat

Fed 'em attitudes, Big Macs and mile  
Leave 'em all alone and it's on in the jilt

Or the house 'cause that's where they open up they  
mouth  
So in the day she's a child, at night she's an adult  
And Diggity Domino I like to ride it like a tractor  
But there's a question at hand because that age is a  
factor

Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me  
Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me

There was a man named Bill, on a Saturday night he  
went to a club  
And read a sign before he entered it sayin', "Eighteen  
and up"  
But we know that's just a game for the man that's  
runnin'  
Thangs 'cause he's lettin' all the fly bitches come in

Regardless of the age and shit  
But since this story's about Bill let's get back to it  
Bill met a collard green, she looks mean  
Ran a little game, now she's on the team

You know what comes next, took her to the snooty  
Treated her like a salad, tossed up the booty  
Bill played it wrong and he got lazy  
No protection, guess what, oopsy daisy

Now baby's pregnant 'cause Bill neglected  
To be protected, now he's arrested  
One year under eighteen and you're through  
So if you're game drop a line like this before you do

Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me  
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