

## **Black Sheep "Have U.N.E. Pull"**

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Intro (by Chi Ali)

Dag, I wish I was like Jordan

So I could just fly through the air no one could ever  
stop me

Or, or like Mike Mike Tyson

So I could just knock people's heads off

Naaw, more like Prince

So I could pull all the honeys

Well a brother like Chi Ali is pullin all the honeys anyway

But still, it would be nice

First Verse

What's goin on kid?

At times I dress to be in

I see you grinnin I'm beginnin to think that we're friends

And if we are friends, then we are far from fools

So I will then kiss and

let you into my sphere cool

Now listen I'm known, as a Black Sheep

And if you try to pull the cover

and attempt to sleep

You won't get rest naaaaah

You can not sleep on this

For I make noise... see

But anyway, I

It's where I live and though therefore I pray with hay>

I live on nonetheless

Someime

I've got my body and my intellect

I'm buddha blessed

Now my chalanthness

Or rather lack of this

You call the spade a spade

well I will call the spade a kiss

Butt in the meantime

You try to

And if the source

I get a verbal bat

Until I get through

that we are rich with wealth

Can you understand that you should be yourself?

Chorus > repeats twice

'Bah bah Black Sheep' repeated three

Have U.N.E. Pull / times  
Or are you full of sheep  
Tryin to pull the wool  
Second Verse  
What's goin on black?  
You want a hand to smack  
Well I can never be all that  
So I will give you daps  
I do the 'Hey yo'  
Your girl is on the strobe?  
Oh no that's kind of trip  
But gee I gotta go  
You see it's not the style of me  
So I'm not mending  
And I won't pull you leg  
Nor start pretending  
to be a fair weather  
with a plea to come  
Cause you never let me hold your  
You see it's like this I'll start explaining  
Dres is down with self maintaining  
Don't say I can't, I know that I can  
Black Sheep rule, me and my man  
Or my man and I, Mista Lawnge and Dres  
Baby sounds are in the sphere  
better do as Chris says  
As for me, to say just how  
You didn't know me then  
so you could never know me now  
Chorus  
Third verse  
What's goin on hon?  
You say you're out for fun  
I got a pocket full of posies  
You say I got a fun  
Then take a step back  
Away from Flipper  
I'd rather shoot you with the joint  
inside my zipper  
But not to be fresh  
For then I lose the groove  
I'd rather see you smile  
And move your booty smooth  
Then I get to know ya  
Got things to show ya  
Is there the chance  
of me gettin over  
And over and over and over and over again  
Now tell me  
Are you gonna let me in  
For it's gettin hot

what I have have not  
Give me a second though  
I have a mansion and a yacht  
A caddy for my daddy  
somethin new for mom too  
A coat for Mista Lawnge  
and some hook-ers for the crew  
Honey don't get mad  
You know my love is greater  
But, I'll dig you later  
Chorus  
'I can dig it' > repeated six times  
with gradually decreasing emphasis

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