

Eight Fingers Down

"My Homeboy's Girlfriend"

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My nigga C he from Texas I'm from Tennessee
We do our thang with them thangs makin' currency
He got the hook up with Columbians and Mexicans
He wraps 'em up and ships 'em out and I supply the
ends
Excellent profit got us livin' elegant
Laundrymat style washes away the evidence
Get on the plane every weekend and visit
I would visit his town and he would visit Memphis
Takin' the nigga clubbin' Embassy suites, and freaks
Up all night, sippin' Tussin, smokin' Sweets
One weekend, I'm in his town, his crib
You really must trust a nigga to show him where you
live
Fly scenery, space aged things, and big screen
In the den, shootin' pool puffin' on some good green
In walked the woman that was C's fiancée
He said daddy loved her, and would marry her one day
Her name was Angela, damn she was fine
I admit I had evil thoughts rush in my mind
Moscino fittin' tight, she was dressed to kill
She winked but I didn't think the hoe was for real
Chorus
What am I, supposed to do?
When I'm takin' a chance, fuckin' with you
My homeboy's girlfriend
Now if someone, found out about us
Then someone's, gonna get fucked up
My homeboy's girlfriend
The smell of breakfast, woke me up from my dreams
Bacon sizzlin', searchin' for the kitchen like a fiend
What I, seen, straight took me by surprise
Angela half naked not tryin' to hide
She saw me lookin', but kept cookin'
What's up with that?
Invitin' me to sit down, and said she'd be right back
I poured a glass of O.J. and pulled up a seat
Angela came right back, and sat next to me
Kissed me on my cheek and said
(Oh you cute, I don't know what it is, but it's just
something about

you)
With her hand on my leg, she kissed me on my neck
I said baby chill, this is too much disrespect
If C walked in, he be a mad mothafucker
And ain't no pussy gon' come between brothers
Lovers, we can't be, cause that's bad business
(Ball, you could have all of this, and there won't be no
witnesses)
All in my lap, on my early mornin' hard dick
Grindin' on it, pullin' it, before I knew it, suckin' it
Ended up fuckin' it
I guess I'm a weak man
It's hard to understand my homeboy's girlfriend
Chorus
Me and C jumped in the Benz and hit the town for a
while
I can't believe what just happned, man this shit too wild
If C finds out, he might trip and try to kill me
And I ain't the type of nigga that's gonna feel guilty
Later on, we was at the pad, kickin' back
C had to make a run, to go and serve a pack
Before he made it out the driveway good
Angela was all on me, tryin' to suck on my wood
On the pool table, on the floor, man what a whore
I was lookin' out for C, she was beggin' me for more
An hour later, C walked through the door
Unaware, that I was just in his ladies underwear
I flew home the next day still reminiscing
Not believin' I just dicked on my homies Mrs.
This is a fuckin' trip man
I will never understand, my homeboy's girlfriend
Chorus

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