

## Eileen Flores

# "One More Chance"

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[Verse One]

First things first, I poppa, freaks all the honies  
Dummies, playboy bunnies, those wantin money  
Those the ones I like cause they don't get nathan  
but penetration, unless it smells like sanitation  
Garbage, I turn like doorknobs  
Heart throb, never, black and ugly as ever  
However, I stay Coogi down to the socks  
Rings and watch filled with rocks  
And my jam knock in your Mitsubishi  
Girls pee pee when they see me  
Navajos creep me in they tee pee  
As I lay down laws like Alan Coppet  
Stop it - if you think they gonna make a prophet  
Don't see my ones, don't see my guns - get it  
Now tell ya friends Poppa hit it then split it  
in two as I flow with the Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
I don't know what the hell's stoppin ya  
I'm clockin ya, Versace shades watchin ya  
Once ya grin, I'm in - game begin  
First I talk about how I dresses this  
In diamond necklasses - stretch Lexuses  
The sex is just immaculate from the back I get  
Deeper and deeper, help ya reach the  
climax that your man can't make  
Call him, tell him you'll be home real late  
and sing the break

[Chorus]

One more chance  
Biggie give me one more chance

[Verse Two]

She's sick of that song on how it's so long  
Thought he worked his until I handled my biz  
There I is; Major Payne like Damon Wayans  
Low Down Dirty even like his brother Keenan  
Schemin, don't leave ya girl round me  
True player for real, ask Puff Daddy  
You ringin bells with bags from Chanel  
Baby Benz, traded in your Hyundai Excel

Fully equipped, CD changer with the cell  
She beeped me, meet me at twelve  
Where you at? Flippin jobs, payin car notes?  
While I'm swimmin in ya women like the breast stroke  
Right stroke, left stroke was the best stroke  
Death stroke - tongue all down her throat  
Nuttin left to do but send her home to you  
I'm through - can ya sing the song for me, boo?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

So, what's it gonna be? Him or me?  
We can cruise the world with pearls, gator boots for  
girls  
The envy of all women, crushed linen  
Cartier wrist-wear with diamonds in 'em  
The finest women I love with a passion  
Ya man's a wimp, I give that ass a good thrashin  
High fashion - flyin into all states  
Sexin me while ya man masturbates  
Isn't this great? Your flight leaves at eight  
Her flight lands at nine, my game just rewinds  
Lyrically I'm supposed to represent  
I'm not only the client, I'm the player president

[Chorus]

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