

Epmd "Play The Next Man"

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What's up wit' that homegirl, why you frontin'
My raggamuffin', c'mon, help me wit' somethin'
You like me, I can tell by your wicked actions
I wanna rock wit' you like Michael Jackson

Erick, what slow down, baby
You're not Seal, so why you actin' crazy
I wanna be your man, the whole nine sounds cute
Us buggin' out, and us knockin' boots

But you, you wanna go out and start cheatin'
Hangin' tough like the New Kids every damn weekend
Thinkin' I'm stupid, girl, you must be buggin'
The boy you messin' wit' is my cousin

Tryin' to play the E-Double wit' the old weak flim flam
Don't play me and reach out for the next man

Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man

I was wonderin' why you went to work everyday
Okay, yeah, maybe to get extra pay
But when you stepped out, you was dressed to impress
(How fresh)
So fresh, that you walked wit' finesse

Word is bond, I could've sworn you was minglin'
The way you was movin', the way your earrings was
jinglin'
Of course, you was messin' wit' the Boss
Not Bruce Springsteen, your boss drove a Porsche

Remember, you went to work one night
While me and D-Wade was home watchin' the Mike
Tyson fight
You said goodbye, gave me a couple of kisses
I peep the coat, I didn't buy you for Christmas

You went out to a fancy restaurant

Came in actin' all nonchalant
Asked you a question, shook up like Elvis Presley
Your makeup smudged, your hair messy

Shh, quiet, I caught cha
Tell him my name is Parrish Smith
I used to mess wit his daughter
Yes the Mic Doc and I'll be damned
Don't play me, play the next man

Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man
Don't play me, play the next man

Now if ya girl's on your back Jack, cut her like a
lumberjack
(Cut her off, cut her off)
And if your man done son, trade him in for a new one
(Cut him off man, cut him off)
Now if ya girl's on your back Jack, cut her like a
lumberjack
(Cut her off, cut her off)
And if your man done son, trade him in for a new one
(Cut him off man, cut him off)

So if ya man is runnin' wild, slow 'em down, school 'em
Jack
Before he plays you off, girl, just to prove a fact
And get your feelings hurt kid, plus your heart broken
Bust it
(Can't truss it)

What, a relationship, friendship
Hardship, fell on the booze when ya boy tripped
So pick ya pride up boy, oopsy daisy
See ya, Audi Ghost Patrick Swayze

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