

## Finger Eleven

### "Name Callin'"

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1 - Name callin' hasn't fallen into what I'm runnin'  
I wouldn't dis another sista unless she had it comin'

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

?? I'm 'bout to catch a charge  
Bitches that think they hard get snuffed  
Fuck the bodygaurd  
They need to shut the fuck up, or step to me  
All they can do is be mad at me  
Bitch, don't threaten me  
Niggas don't know I'm nice with these  
You pay the price with these  
Come by this pisces, your life cease  
You couldn't see my if you looked at my life like Mary  
Your style is cheesy  
How you gon' beef? You dairy  
Better bewarey, cuz if it's necessary  
Be shoot the joint, I'll leave you somethin' for the tooth  
fairy  
And all you rappers sellin' more sex than skill, chill  
I'll rip your style, all the while keep my sex appeal  
Don't get it twisted yo, I never really favored you  
And I was raised by my niggas from the Flavor U  
So fuck givin' props where they ain't due, fuck you  
And that nigga who wrote the rhyme for you too  
I got hot, when you play my spot you get laid like rugs  
And you'll never be the woman that your father was  
Stop flirtin' with my last nerve and head south  
Next bitch say somethin' worse, goin' in your mouth

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Another bitch after my crown but I don't hate her  
Cuz she couldn't come up if she was gettin' fucked in  
the elevator  
What, you thought I wouldn't check your chin?  
Though I was your fuckin' friend?

See you and speak, tonight all that shit ends  
Don't act extra, where you from?  
High post on low income and then some  
Ready to leave your gums numb  
Listenin' to you is like wack sex  
A premature ejaculation  
A quickie, that gets me stressed  
You're doin' it but it don't thrill me  
Bitch, you know you feel me  
Don't get scared now, time to face the real me  
I'm ready to break my foot off in your anal  
Ready to bring you some pain yo  
Comin' up with that playdough  
Style you stole, tried to mix it up and make it blimp  
Sound like Lauryn, with a dash of Lil' Kim  
We know bootleg, Korean, coughin', schemin' ho  
I know it's bootleg cuz they misspelled "misquito"  
What's worse? Your press-ons, hair or gear?  
I should buy your contract, put your ass on hold for  
another year  
You picked the wrong one, so bring your click  
Now we can handle this like ladies  
Or care to smoke other shit

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Makes ya feel like rappers be on some bandwagon shit  
But I gets boogie, quick fix with lyrics  
>From toastin' too many spirits  
Fuck all these cheesy bum bitches fakin' these riches  
Niggas representin' for these real live niggas, '96  
What the deal? Chicks pimpin' they sex appeal  
How you feel? (stupid!)  
Got the still now, dead up in your grill  
Bout to go up in your raw, so you industry whore  
Never saw the lights before, now you model and floss  
Overload your hold on piece, when I rock shit like this  
You can't flip, cuz ? be gettin' twisted (what?)  
All that high shit that you be smokin' got you buggin'  
Think that you could step to my crew?  
We be nut smugglin'  
Turnin' rough niggas and the bitch is like "what?"

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