

## God-des and She "She Does It Best"

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Hi

My name is... not Eminem

They want to know

Who's that girl

Not eve

It's me, mainstream

With a catch kinda like Shines Arrest

Why?

Because I'm coming out my closet

And nothing anybody does can stop it

Dear Mama

I'm sorry they call me Big Papa

But I'm so damn cute all these ladies want to

Take their shirts off and wave em round and round in  
the air

Like a helicopter

And all these dudes wanna

Study my game but they'll never understand it like

Madonna's fame

So you better

Move bitch, get out the way

Cause I'm so damn gay and I display skills for days

Trying to get paid like Anna Nichol

Never Gucci clothes

Strictly triple 5 soul

I turned to Fat Joe and told him that my flow was more  
tight

Than the thongs in San Francisco's video

(Its the G-O-D the D-E-S She does it best

Yes God-des she does it best

Its the G-O-D the D-E-S She does it best

Yes God-des she does it bestIts the G-O-D the D-E-S

She does it best

Yes God-des she does it best

It's the G-O-D it's god-des)

I'm not H to the izzle

I'm D to the dizzay

I called up Macy Grey but she forgot what to say  
I asked Justin Timberlake  
If they know just hit was a mistake  
He looked pissed  
That's not a dis that's a question I learned my lesson  
Like North Korea's confession  
I'm sorry Mr. Jackson for humping your girl then  
dumping your girl  
But now she got common sense in the world  
I got diamonds and pearls, but I'm not Prince  
I'm more like Mary Flynn  
Even more like TLC cause I creeped yeah right in the  
hands of P Diddy  
Til he narked on me  
You had a girl but she ran ran ran  
Right into the hands of another man and then a  
different one

Hey, yo, Jenny  
He's no fun  
You need to get with me (cause I'm real)  
Tough my butt feel

(Its the G-O-D the D-E-S She does it best  
Yes God-des she does it best  
Its the G-O-D the D-E-S She does it best  
Yes God-des she does it bestIts the G-O-D the D-E-S  
She does it best  
Yes God-des she does it best  
It's the G-O-D it's god-des)

Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
Where my girls at?  
I know you love this track  
You got your stereo set to play it back  
I won't crack like the kids on American Idol  
I won the title cause I'm the only judge  
Whatever Simon says, It wont make me budge  
I won't hold on to a grudge like I'm Suge Knight

Ay! Yo, dog, I don't wanna fight  
I wanna light up the stage  
Make drama like a Shakespeare play  
Name a holiday after me: the G-O-D-des  
You'll never catch me in a dress  
The only dress you'll ever find was the one on your  
girl's behind  
Damn! She's fine  
And she's always there when I call  
And she's always on time  
And while you all pray to god, Your lady's prayin to my

shrine, Homie

(Its the G-O-D the D-E-S She does it best  
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Yes God-des she does it bestIts the G-O-D the D-E-S  
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It's the G-O-D it's god-des)

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