

Inner City

"She Knowz What She Wants"

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This jam is dedicated
to that woman that knows what she wants
and just how to get it, word up

She knows what she wants (2X)
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants, she's bold so she flaunts
her hourglass jewels to mad clientele
Rejected oh well, she ain't goin to no hotel
Not the frantic freak type, but if you speak right
you get to take her out and dig her out on a weeknight
Weekends, she wants to spend your ends
Her shopping spree is colossal, attitude semi-hostile
Mack diva seniorita, no reefer, no pizza, just
shrimp and lobsters, champagne and mobsters
Suckin up the cream like a vac to a carpet
Strictly black market now you're her next target
Watch out... cause yo she knows what she wants

She knows what she wants (2X)
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

Spotted her in the club, with her crew nearby
Her looks are a lullaby, to pass us by, she's too fly
Never gunshy, hair is blown dry
She craves a wiseguy to help her gain amplify
So when you say, "Yo baby," she ain't gotta say hi to ya
cause prior to this, he put rocks on her neck and wrist
plus a fat joint on her finger
You best to have a batch of scratch and treats to bring
her
And if you happen to luck up and get in
You'll find yourself another jealous trick-ass boyfriend

And furthermore the mink she's donning is stunning
Blinding your senses Dunn, never put the two
before the one son...

"It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

scratched "It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

She knows what she wants (2X)
Yo, she knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants and just how to get it

Never fall victim to a chicken you was stickin
Even if you think the punanny might be finger-lickin
Never fall victim to a wicked woman's ways
"Why son?" She's trying to get paid, check it
One: She said she wanted to give me a son
Two: She said she didn't like my crew
Three: She never ever cooked for me
Four: She was my cheri amore -- YEAH RIGHT
It was all hype, I needed more insight
In retrospect, I know I slept from the first night
She did a split and that was it
Gave up my pimp license, and flipped my whole friggin
script
But now I'm back like the Isley's moving wisely
Sizing up the situation, keeping honies waiting
Cause I got more to do, than to be sucked dry
This tough guy, will get by, while the chickens wonder
why
I don't be callin cause it's like Ex to Next kid
I know what I want, and just how to get it
like her, no disrespect Miss

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