

J-Live "One For The Griot"

Visit "[One For The Griot](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I like how, when you turn the intercom up
Like all that little background noise
When the beat comes in
That's real smooth man
Fuck studios, just happen to be here
Aight, whatever

[J-Live]

Yo,
He woke up in a daze, back achin'
Breath smellin' like liquor, dick smellin' like sex
Head throbbin' like the bass from the club last night
No idea how he left
Needless to say, perplexed
As he looked around the room that he never been in
Candles all around the bed, sheets quite feminine
Bucked naked with his kicks on
Breakaway jeans, drawers and sweater were all on the
bedroom floor
He heard singin' from the shower from the bathroom
door
Sounded like Melvin Moore but he couldn't be sure
She had a sexy ass voice but she was so off-key
Couldn't 'member how she looked, couldn't wait to see
Hopin' that it was the girl, third floor of the club
The one that let him grab her ass when they twisted the
dub
Or perhaps it was the dime from the guest list line
Either one and several others would've suited him fine
From the bed to the bathroom, a voice said "come in"
Gradually now, he starts to remember
Peeped through the shower curtain, like bachelor
number three
Pleasantly surprised to see that it was the bartender
And tender was the operative word
She had a body like a cello with legs, I mean, the ass
was absurd
Long neck, smooth skin, pretty face, kooky nipples
Eyes wider than hips, full lips between dimples
She said "how did you sleep?"
He said he didn't know

She asked "was it good for you too?"
"I think so, but I really can't remember what went down
last night"
She told him "take off your shoes, we can replay the
highlights"
Stepped out the shower in a daze, legs achin'
Breath short from the ???, dick wrapped in a hat
Wide open cuz it was the last from a twelve-pack
Spit four in the shower till his tire went flat
She thought he was all that
She said "I don't have to work today
Take a little nap so we can do it again"
No sooner than she said it, keys jingled, door slammed
He said "please baby, please don't let it be your
boyfriend
For the love of basketball, Mademoiselle, look
I ain't Biggie Smalls, I don't even want a story to tell
I'm a lover, not a fighter, alright"
But then a girl walked in
Saw him naked and said "What the hell?"
Time stood still as he thought to himself,
"This reminds me of a beer commercial back in the
day"
She's too young to be her mother, so he asked,
"How you doin'? Would you care to join in?"
She said, "nigga is you crazy?
See this ring on my finger? That's my wife you was
fuckin'

My name ain't Ronald ???, don't try to play me out"
She reached in her purse for the little pearl handle
He splashed her in the face with the wax from the
candle
The 'tender ran back into the bathroom, screamin'
Slipped on the condom wrapper, broke her pretty little
neck
The burnt-face wife pulled a gun on the dude
Famous last words: "I ain't mean you no disrespect!"

[Talking]

Wow! That was crazy
Yo J, that was cool and all (uh huh)
But what's up with the violent ending, man?
Is it possible for it to end a little more pleasant?

[Chorus]

What if the story woulda ended like this?
I'ma kick it again but only with a slight twist
It goes one for the griot
Two for da gods
Three to flip the script, cuz it ain't that hard

Check it out

Time stood still as he thought to himself,
"This reminds me of a beer commercial back in the
day"
She's too young to be her mother
"Would you care to join in?"
She was butt naked under her coat
He was amazed at the second wind kickin' in
Thinkin' 'bout the fact that he almost didn't go to the
club
Woulda been wack
If he missed out on the greatest love of his life
Imagine if he stayed home with his wife
Cuz girl two,
Yo her body made the 'tender look like a fender bender
The three of them together turned the bed to a blender
He left like five hours later with a permanent ???
And feels he will ever remember

[Talking]
C'mon],
There's no way my man got laid quite like that
It just don't happen
It's like a porno or somethin'
And what about his wife?
She didn't even say nothin'?
She didn't page him?

[Chorus]

Time stood still as he thought to himself,
"This reminds me of a beer commercial back in the
day"
She's too young to be her mother, so he asked, "How
you doin'?"
She said "Eww! It smells like somebody been screwin'!
I hope it wasn't y'all"
Then she started laughin'
He said "What's so funny?"
She said "You don't know the half"
She was starin' at the joint with a fucked-up smile
She said "I can come back if you gon' be here for
awhile
But between me and you, and my roommate too
What I'm 'bout to say might just be a little snafu in your
plans
She used to be a dude!" (Yeah, how's that for a plot
twist)
He asked the 'tender was it true
She said "Shit, I told you last night, my man, I thought

you knew"

[Talking]

Ewww, shit! (Hahaha)

For real? (Yeah, man)

Uh uh, man you're sick (Hahaha)

For real? You got dat homie, I'm out

Visit [J-Live](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.