MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Joe Budden "Not Your Average Joe"

Visit "Not Your Average Joe" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Joe Budden + (Fat Joe)] Okay Slick, you called in the right niggaz man Yeah, JUMP OFF! (Yeah uhh, KaySlay) Joey Crack, I see you out there in the B-X baby! (Cook coke crack)

[Chorus: Joe] Sweat is our cologne (we grindin) House-landin homes (we ballin) Duece to the game (we payed 'em) Hits for y'all to sing (we bring 'em) Oh my, look what we got Three boss players chillin in one spot It's Joe and then we got Joe and then we got Joe and then - it's whoa-whoa

[Fat Joe]

MotoLyrics

Yeah, uhh, yo, uhh

I gotta be "The Flyest" like my homie from Q-B Niggaz know the Don be the sickest with jewelry Niggaz seen the TS piece, and got they weight up Do you see the size of this charm, Mr. Jacob Nigga get your cake up, wanna get bling'd out Whether sky-blue or chinchill, I'm minked out Down in Miami, bitches say they love me Niggaz gettin mad cause the bitches wanna fuck me Always lend an ear when they man ain't listenin Put somethin mean in they ear to glisten Put 'em in the kitchen, let 'em get they bake on Love it how your ass fallin out of the apron We be makin love on the side of the road in the back of the Maybach, the curtain is closed You know how it go, we be laid back puffin the dro Then it's back to the crib down on Coconut Grove Youuuu know

[Chorus: Joe]

Sweat is our cologne (we grindin) House-landin homes (we ballin) Duece to the game (we payed 'em) Hits for y'all the same (we bring 'em) Oh my, look what we got Three boss players chillin in one spot It's Joe and then we got Joe and then we got Joe and then - it's whoa-whoa-whoa

[Joe Budden] Okay, hold up ? baby sweetie, lady darling It's the, way you treat me; wait nah It's the way I tap that last, she callin me pat that back Ah dios mios when I smack that ass It's that, pimped out demeanor She pimped out with Senior, it's the good limp with the Nina How I spit the 'caine game like I came from Yale How the cops can't hold me, my name is bail She tryna get up now, and zip to white-on-white Uptowns to that white from Uptown that got her like what now Got her tryna wine-dine, grind a little what now Got her with a eye on eye in every club now How I'm on the street with the steel How I ain't gotta play the role; I'm bein myself, just keepin it real Is it cause I'm givin her somethin that she could feel Or how I get that change or is it just that name - JOEY!

[Chorus: Joe]

Sweat is our cologne (we grindin) House-landin homes (we ballin) Duece to the game (we payed 'em) Hits for y'all the same (we bring 'em) Oh my, look what we got Three boss players chillin in one spot It's Joe and then we got Joe and then we got Joe and then - it's whoa-whoa-whoa

[Fat Joe] Me and you.. Yo' momma and you girlfriends too.. We can take this to recharge.. And maybe we can do a menå - haha It ain't shit, man my life's a movie Keep your mom bitches, man I fuck me a groupie She let a nigga beat it the back of the staircase All the bitch need is a blunt and a Pelle, if that

[Joe Budden] Dudes wonder why I'm M.I.A. It's cause I'm back real quiet on the back of the bike in M-I-A You can get up out that Hyundai boo Lookin like she off the runway too Meet me at the crib you can come straight through Never shoes or pumps, straight boots like she strip at Sue's Rendezvous But oops ? come cool with it, what you want do with it Joe ma, remember the name and get used to it

[Chorus: Joe] Sweat is our cologne (we grindin) House-landin homes (we ballin) Duece to the game (we payed 'em) Hits for y'all the same (we bring 'em) Oh my, look what we got Three boss players chillin in one spot It's Joe and then we got Joe and then we got Joe and then - it's whoa-whoa-whoa

[Joe] Whoa, whoa-ohhhh, whoa..

Visit <u>Joe Budden</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.