

## Jon Bon Jovi "Mellow Man"

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(Pooh-Man)

Yeah lets make this kind of mellow

Ant slow it up for me

We going to do this kind of cool

[Verse 1]

Always on a mellow man

Kicking rhymes that last

Grab the microphone and I clock straight cash

A hustler making payments

The game of live or die is all that I ever played

Be hellas hard

Now I am stacking my mail

The boy from the ghetto straight tipping the scales

Said I would never make it now look at me now

From state to state and town to town

They keep yelling out the name "MC Pooh-Man"

Look at your women she is screaming it too

Never faking the funk

Giving my fans what they want

If Ant say it slams

They he makes it bump

Fools try and hang play around and get hung

It's only '91 man I just began

So you get mad I understand

It's something cool from Eastside's Mellow Man

[Verse 2]

I used to be one of them

And girls got mad

Should of shot them cause now there talking bad

Girls like Miesha with her young girl games

It's '91 and I am fronting all names

Did not want to give you action until you hear my tape

Yelling that love crap, girl your fake

She gets naked for me

You play the role of a freak

Dogging there is a game that I can't be beat

Women on my tip for the name of the fame

I give them nothing but that Oaktown game

Some of ya are pregnant, and I gotta let them know

Pooh clams nothing gotta go gotta go  
Call me a dogg  
I thought but I'm on mine  
Pockets full of 20's and strapped with a nine  
So run up brothers and feel if that you can  
But you will get hit by Eastside's Mellow Man

[Verse 3]

Now I am back on the streets  
Plotting for richs  
Brothers keep talking man but I ain't trippin  
I talk bad about women  
Only out for the vogues  
I seen deader on Sam Pablo  
Sluts like Alisha don't know where to turn  
Pooh's like fire baby play and get burned  
Ain't ??? that this game that I spit  
One step wrong and I dismiss the trick  
I remember the girls that moved way too fast  
We get in the truck and she expects cash  
The money is mine, so is the house  
Drop my keys on the table baby get the hell out  
I ain't trippin on women  
Play them like pony's  
Ride them one day then pass them to my homie  
It goes like this cuz it's straight from the land  
It's something funky from Eastside's Mellow Man

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