

Lord Finesse "Stop Sweating The Next Man"

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Here we go, so pay attention to the teacher
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Y'all sweatin' the next man, 'cause y'all think he's live
'Cause the gear he buy or the car that he drive
He's out your league, meanin' not your equal
You're idolizin' some knucklehead who can't teach you

So get yours like you first intendent
Go out for self, that means be independent
Word up, stop sweatin' that brother
I don't think he got his dependin' on another

But y'all wanna cling and be under his wing
Brag about his things like his chains and rings
How he's livin' fat, buyin' this and that
Y'all wit him everyday but y'all ain't makin' jack

Y'all gettin' played like Nintendo
He's not showin' y'all how to be large like him though
You could be paid, strivin' out, gettin' things
Hangin' with him, you can't afford two chicken wings

You're better off goin' out solo
'Cause stickin' with him, you're not makin' no dough
So stop hawkin' and holdin' out your hands
Get yours and stop sweatin' the next man

Be yourself and walk your own way
Be yourself and walk your own way
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Nowadays, things are lookin' critical
Y'all sweatin' a brother, females are widdit too
A man that's paid, that's what the females are seekin'
That's why they dress up and go out every weekend

No doubt that some of these, females are wannabes
Sweatin' every brother with a car over 20 G's

You break your neck, to run after him
He know damn well that you can't do jack for him

He got game, so your head is all psyched
He's the type, to get the sex the first night
So you get with him, you run and tell all your crew
I love that man, yeah, sure you do

Your intentions was to jerk him and scoop the cash
You didn't know he was too smart for your stupid ass
He knows you're not makin' no dough
Wearin' the same outfit three weekends in a row

Every time you see him, you're broke and empty
handed
Then wonder why you got fucked and left stranded
Went all out to please and impress him
Now he's gone, you wonder why you can't catch him

Check it out, to end off the segment
You're confused, you fell off plus you're pregnant
Got caught out there, that wasn't part of the plan
Finesse what should I do? Stop sweatin' the next man

Be yourself and walk your own way
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If a person's out your league, then let him go
He might be cool, but you don't have to sweat him
though
I don't care if he's drivin' or he dressed GQ
You deserve just as much respect, as he do

What you wanna be, a loaner or a borrower?
Owner or employer, leader or a follower?
The next man is not here to help y'all
He can't put you down, you can only make yourself fall

But y'all sweat him 'cause the shit is down pat
He's livin' fat, yeah the brother's all that
Out of all the fish in the sea, y'all think he's the head
shark
Y'all sweat him so much, y'all givin' his dick stretch
marks

So don't sweat him 'cause y'all think he's a big shot
And stop schemin' on what some other kid got
You could use your skills to gain wealth and respect
then

You could be just as large as the next man

Listen to me and I'll bet you when you get paid
The next man'll sweat you that's today's plan and
tomorrow's move
Is to get paid and make other brothers follow you and
let 'em know
To take they stand and get there and stop sweatin' the
next man

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