

## Markus

# "One for the Cuties"

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(Chorus - Yo Yo & MC Lyte)

One for the cutie, two for the cutie with the big D...  
One for the cutie, two for the cutie with the big D...  
One for the cutie, two for the cuite with the big D  
Three for the cutie with the big D with money  
You got it goin' on honey  
Now we'd just like to know how low can you go?

(Verse 1)

(Lyte) I keep 'em on lock down, but I gets around  
He can tie me up I be damned to let him tie me down  
Doin' what I like, when I want, where I please  
Keep a nigga in check, cause they be in my cheese  
(Yo Yo) Yeah I know what you mean, my nigga's on  
some ol' mafia shit  
He need a gangsta chick, he love to trick  
But I be damned if I let him play me  
He'll be home and I beleive me, he know this bitch'll get  
crazy  
(Lyte) Yeah, I can recall havin' to haul off and slap a  
punk  
Named Sam who tried to play me like a chump  
But for real though, you can't be too slow  
When you messin' wit' them quick, slick, trickin'  
negroes  
(Yo Yo) Well uh... If I get done I'ma come like the  
mackstrees  
It's the Y O to the Y O tell 'em jack this  
Always talkin' 'bout he'll never leave ya  
Only wanna please ya, down on your bend-n'knees-a

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

(Yo Yo) Uh, baby had body like nobody I know  
I don't know how he thought he was fadin' Yo Yo  
(Lyte) Is that so? I couldn't tell, he looked thick as hell  
Semmed like he'd break the bars off a jail cell  
(Yo Yo) Well Lyte you don't know how wrong you are  
You see the nigga was so fat he couldn't fit in my car  
But it's all love, I ain't trippin'

I just booted his ass and kept dippin', listen  
(Lyte) Well now, me, myself, I like 'em tall slim and  
slender  
Keepin' me warm with hot sex in the winter  
Cause out the door, is like a freezer  
In-a my house I keep 'em warm like a heater  
(Yo Yo) Well... I like 'em nice and thick, with more  
dollars than sense  
Don't need reationships, just true to this  
I want a man that's taller, a shot-caller  
Like a baller, instead of a yes-yes-y'aller

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

(Lyte) Rain or shine, I'ma get mine without no delay  
I keep 'em on reserve and take 'em off of the display  
Treat him like a Doc', better believe he's on call  
And when I hit him on the headpiece like yes-yes-y'all  
(Yo Yo) I remember wakin' up with this cuties in bed  
The last words he said was 'Don't forget to call me'  
Damn, I shouldn't have did it, now I ain't with it  
I hope he wasn't lookin' for a commitment, damn  
(Lyte) I keeps it on the real, baby I moves slow  
And if you ready to push in the bush then you gots to  
go  
On the first date, brother you gots to wait  
And it's worth your while, some say I'm the all time  
great  
(Yo Yo) Well... I treat 'em like fleas on my collar  
Pick 'em by the hour, cutie with big D's and dollars  
Dressed in Versace or Polo, you never know  
Question is, how low can you really go?

(Chorus)

(Yo Yo & MC Lyte)

One for the cutie, two for the cutie  
Three for the cuties with the big D's and money  
One for the cuite, two for the cutie with the big D...  
One for the cutie, two for the...  
Three for the... Oh yeah  
One for the money, two for the cutie  
And three for the cuties, and the money with the...  
The everything, with everything that it takes, (Ha ha ha)  
We need a cutie with big D and money

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