

Poison Clan "Jeri Curl"

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Repeated riff from the Beatles' "Do You Want To Know A Secret?"]

Verse 1: JT Money

Bitches with jericurls I can't stand
Now this is comin' straight from the Money Man
I used to fuck this hoe now I hate her
Wherever she went she left Activator
I mean her neck was so greasy and black
The mom even had to talk behind her back
And when the boys heard about the sis
They said "Yo I'ma tell you like this:
If the girl sits on your couch,
Be prepared to get the stain out."
But I forgot, and that was it
And when she did the shit, mom had a fit
And was askin' me where I found her
Sayin' don't bring another around her
But even now, as long as it's been,
She'll check the hair before lettin' 'em in

Verse 2: Debonaire

Jericurls I hate - it'll make
A bitch get dissed on a blind date
While walkin' out on her. I wouldn't
Put a bitch like that on the corner
I hate it with a passion, 'cause, number
One, it's a fucked-up fashion
Believe I've seen enough, and what's rough,
The hoes wanna meet us, but I ain't with it
A jeri-bitch? She can forget it!
Every time you with her, kiss
On her neck and her tit'll taste bitter
Plus it got a nasty smell; some sayin' I-double-L
Them hoes can forget it, because
Debonaire: I ain't with it

Verse 3: JT Money

Jericurls I've seen enough of
Believe me, I don't know what's rougher
When your car seems greasy, or
When because some lazy-ass whore

Gets too lazy to do us shit
So the bitch goes out and gets
That jericurl, me in her wallet
If she comes around me, a ring around the collar
'Cause that there, I can't deal with
Put grease on my (?), you'll pay for my shit
Oh yeah, but I forgot -
'Bout the sheets gettin' greasy and what-not
Whether fuckin' or takin' a nap,
Make that bitch wear a shower cap!

Verse 4: Debonaire
Check it out, I think some of the folks
Think a nigga makin' jokes
But it's true, about them hoes
They be gettin' grease on your clothes
And though a nigga got loot,
I hate grease gettin' on a fresh silk suit
You can say I fear 'em
Deb' wouldn't be caught dead near 'em
There's a guy, I won't say no names
But the player's shit burst in flames
I can't see my shit like that
'Cause, man, I'd rather be seen in plaids
It makes a nigga look like a fag,
Walkin' 'round with his head in a bag
And yo, I tell ya, they need to quit
'Cause the Clan ain't with that shit

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