

Too Much On The Beat

"Jezzebelle"

Visit "[Jezzebelle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(chorus)

(Innuendo:)

Jezzebelle I knew her well
Took one look at once I fell
Love so deep and now she's trippin'
Gave me joy you can't believe in
Jezzebelle come stay a while
Captivate me with your smile
Held you once I paid the price
and all the love were just illusions

(verse 1)

(Malique:)

Yaw check, she got the face you only get to see on TV
Style and grace and voice you only hear on CD's
She be dope ass, mo' or less like Lopez
More mass than the pope has and more cash than the
Coke gas
I called her boo boo she called me boo too
It was too coo' to be true when I see boo in her see thru
I be kookoo
now we coo', we lovey dovey, she huggy huggy
I rubby rubby her like a chubby hubby
I called her muffins, yeah she called me sweet potato
pie
She always made me high so called her chocolate tah
With mushy nicknames everyday after lunch
She called me lusty big dip, I called her libido crunch
and I would walk her back home everyday from skool
Hold her hands real tightly cause she thought it was
coo'
At times I let her walk first so I can peep at her behind
Lickin' my lips thank god that it was mine
She so fine I treat her so kind 'cause i was so blind
until I caught her humpin' wit' this old man from Oman
Oh my, it sure was sucky but I was lucky
to be Malique, who got more chicks than Kentucky

(verse 2)

Jezzebelle, verse 2

(Malique voice from bla bla:

I usta have a chica who liked to bla, bla
Her name was JaJa size C cup bra, bra
Her mom Portugese her dad was Baba
The hon' love to tease and call me DaDa

(Joe Flizzow:)

Now, this honey Jazzy got me up in a fix
Got me sprung with her tongue, got me up in a mix
Wit' the sexy mad switch in her crazy tight denims
Guys fantasize all wishin' that they were in 'em
But that was back then, now suga be gone
And you gotta be mad thinkin' I be alone
I got more tricks on deez more than you can believe
You see Monica come after Monifa leave, uh
You know my steez ain't no need to say please
Pimp Poppa Joe clockin' hoes wit' ease
Still... I miss my boo and I don't understand
I be searchin' high and low for a honey who can
complete me

(repeat chorus)

(bridge)

(Sam:)

Never gonna find true love
oh my baby, gotta let it go...
Baby can't you see that you're hurtin' me
no reason to leaveeee...

(verse 3)

(Malique:)

Will I ever get to meet the gurl of my dreams ?
Black, white, brown, red maybe light green ?
I love shortys in dem skirties or them Pepe Jeans
Share the same ice cream lick her lippy clean
Well if I wanna hit a shorty then it best be those
Wit' the fancy hairdos and the flashy clothes
Standin' in the phone booth wit' a classy pose
Only god knows boo be a Jazzy hoe

(Joe Flizzow:)

I got mo' love than riches
Low love for snitches
No love for hoodrat, tricks hoes or witches
No love for hoes who pose and blow kisses
You gotta make some switches

(repeat chorus)

