

Missing Heart

"None Of Your Business"

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What's the matter with your life, why you gotta mess
with mine,
Don't keep sweating what i do, cuz I'm gonna be just
fine
check it out

(chorus)

if i wanna take a guy, who will me to knock,
it's none of your business,
and if she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend
its none of your business
now you shouldnt even get in to who i'm giving skins to
its none of your business
so dont try to change my mind, i tell you one more time
its none of your business

now who do you think you are? putting your cheap two
cents in,
dont you got nothing to do than worry bout my friends?
check it
i cant do nothing girl without somebody buggin
i used to think that it was me but now i see it wasnt
they told me to change, they called me names and so i
popped one
a 'p' is all i those assholes and everbody's got one
i never put my nose where i'm not supposed to, belive
me if it's something
that i want i'm stepping closer
i'm not one for playing high pole like the house of
diddy 9 0 2 1 0 type
of hoe
i treat a man like he treats me
the difference between a hooker and hoe aint nothin
but a fee
so hole yor tongue tightly, wish you could be like me,
pop that all on me
just to stress and despite me
now you could get with that or you could get with this,
but i dont give a shit
cuz really it's none of your business

1993 FNB packing n macking, bamboozing and
smacking suckers with
this tracking, gonna get back in...

(chorus)

i may be losing mine to break before you understand
that your double standards dont mean shit
to me, i know exactly what you say when i turn to walk
away
but that's ok cuz i dont let it get to me
now every move i make somebosys talking,
dont ever leave me alone
never mind who's the guy who i took home
to bone

ok! ms. thing never givin up skins
if you dont like him or his friends what about their
been, your pep pep's got a ill rep, with all the
macaroni trap for rap
you better step, or better yet get your head checked
because i refuse to be palyed like a innocent trick
pick a card, no i aint hard liek the bitches on the
boulevard
my face stays hard and i dont dance in bars

you can call me a tramp if you want to,
but i remember the punk who just humped and
dumped you
or you can run if you have to, but everybody gets horny
just like you
so yo, so yo ho
check it, double deck it, on a record but neck it
this ass gets respected, and this but is none of your
business

(chorus)

so, the moral of this story is: who are you to judge?
there's only one true judge and that's God
so chill and let my father do his job

the salt and peppers got us swinging again.....

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