

Yo-Yo "Cleopatra"

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[VERSE 1]

Forget Wonder Woman, she's a trick
Workin around in red, white and blue
The girl is through
Another superhero comin atcha
But much blacker
Yo-Yo, better known as Cleopatra
And when shit gets mental
In South Central
Please, could you bust the instrumental?
Givin you a migraine
Is it a bird or a plane or Soul Train?
Funky like Coltrane
Never do the same-old thing
Swoop down to the rescue
Girl, don't be no fool
Cause it's cool to be in love with a brother
But nigga, make sure you wear a glove when you love
her
Cause you'll fall flat, and ain't none of that poppin
Ain't no panties droppin, ain't no hoe-hoppin
And homeboys, you need help too
Forget the red and the blue, what the hell's up with
you?
You and your crew rather shoot me down when I come
around
Now the sheriff's got your ass countied down
Gettin they clown on, got you in the backseat
Cause you claimed the other man and street
Say you all that, but throw the gat when they come
atcha
But here comes Cleopatra

[VERSE 2]

I see a lot of brothers gettin arrested
Cause my neighborhood's infested
With the crack and the cocaine
Who's the mack with the no-name?
Is it Bush or Quayle
See, somethin smell fishy
And it ain't Miss Pretty

Who lives up the block

A pussy full of cock
8 months knocked, and still hits the rock
Had a baby that's addicted to crack
Dumb trick, you can get a smack for that
I don't defend no girl that's dumb
I don't like no brothers tryin to get none
Cause no, no, no, you're not humpin me
I'm not dumb like Prissy on '3's Company'
I know how to catch a male
And not watchin those shows called _Sally Jesse
Raphael_
Intelligent black woman
With the plats, and I'm black
Get off my bra-strap

[VERSE 3]

I hate a young brother that's sexist
Cause they got a Lexus
But I'm large as Texas
Say what I gotta say, do what I gotta do
Rollin with the IBWC crew
Now they trollin me to
Do another song like 'You Can't Play With My Yo-Yo'
Don't they know that was done before?
I checked it, wrecked it
Never butt-naked
Down with the Lench Mob, but wait a second
'Mama didn't take no mess' when I was a kid
And thank God that she never did
Cause I figure I'd be bigger in the front
Waitin for a check every month
Watchin All My Children livin in a motel
With all my real children, all bad as hell
Life is great when you ain't Section 8
But if you are, keep strivin, livin and survivin
Do the right thing, and no one could match ya
And that's from Cleopatra

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