

Bavu Blakes "Sarcasm"

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* I tried to be cool w/ you bitch but that shit don't sell
What you expect, for my records to respect females?
Everybody gotta diss the chicks but LL
The greatest of all time love-rhymer, oh well
You can gather your bags, head to mama's house, fine
But you whined when my music wasn't making a dime
So whuddup with the double standard
You took me for granted 'cause I was broke
Now you gettin' backhanded
Straight reprimanded and branded a ho
We can have a home and not owe, stack this dough
We shouldn't be fightin', pressin' charges with the po'
When you said stop flowin' if the cash don't flow
It's hard to believe that's the way you gon' be
When it's another emcee, you cool
Like, 'they ain't talkin' 'bout me'
But when the spotlight turns on me
If you wanna be mad, be mad, fuck that, flee
That love wasn't no more permanent than your Lee
nails
I tried to be cool w/ you bitch but that shit don't sell

(chorus)

How can I respect the woman
And call life the bitch
When life's a gift?

Figure I'ma be like everybody else whose cd's you buy
So fuck all y'all hoes except mama
Pac showed y'all love
But y'all gave him more love for the drama
Or am I wrong?
Let's just move on
See a song is a song ain't it?
A hit can keep bellies full, can't it?
Sell a million records and nobody's complaining
Regardless of what I'm saying
So if you can't handle me saying scandalous thangs
Why are you staying?
Can I keep arena's crunk
without saying fucked up stuff?
Is talent alone gonna be enough?

This relationship shit is tough
With your views all twisted up
My mouth always did get me in trouble
But I'm standing firm
Living like royalty when the checks come in
For my new song, "nut in your perm"
Even overseas it'll earn real well
I tried to be cool w/ you bitch
But that shit don't sell
(chorus)

Mad at Tip 'cause he went there, like it ain't art, yeah
But mum's the word on the cats who just start there
Biggie could care less, hideous (no), tight (yes)
So why won't you be my video ho
I passed up a whole bunch of one-night stands
By talkin' too much like I was tryin' to be their man
I won't make that mistake again, mark my words
I speak how I feel, it's culty, smart, for nerds
Not the quality of label I deserve
So for now on, every broad I touch gets served
Y'all all on my dick 'cause I rap, at least I write it like
that
With a real life quill in my fluffy mack hat
Take that, stank ass whores, giving you what you cool
with
I ain't no fool but the rules are the rules (bitch)
Trash all the letters my ex sends in the mail
Tried to be cool with your black ass, but it don't sell
(chorus)

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