

## Dj Kayslay "Not Your Average Joe"

Visit "[Not Your Average Joe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Joe Budden] + (Fat Joe)

Okay Slay, you called in the right niggaz man  
Yeah, JUMP OFF! (Yeah uhh, KaySlizzy)  
Joey Crack, I see you out there in the B-X baby!  
(Cook coke crack)

[Chorus: Joe]

Sweat is our cologne " we grindin  
House-landin homes " we ballin  
Used to the game " we payed 'em  
Hits for y'all the sing " we bring 'em  
Oh my, look what we got  
Three boss players chillin in one spot  
It's Joe and then we got Joe and then we got Joe  
and then - it's whoa-ohhhh-ohhhh

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uhh, yo, uhh  
I gotta be "The Flyest" like my homie from Q-B  
Niggaz know the Don be the sickest with jewelry  
Niggaz seen the TS piece, and got they weight up  
Do you see the size of this charm, Mr. Jacob  
Nigga get your cake up, wanna get bling'd out  
Whether sky-blue or chinchill, I'm minked out  
Down in Miami, bitches say they love me  
Niggaz gettin mad cause the bitches wanna fuck me  
Always lend an ear when they man ain't listenin  
Put somethin mean in they ear to glisten  
Put 'em in the kitchen, let 'em get they bake on  
Love it how your ass fallin out of the apron  
We be makin love on the side of the road  
in the back of the Maybach, the curtain is closed  
You know how it go, we be laid back puffin the dro  
Then it's back to the crib down on Coconut Grove  
Youuuu know

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

Okay, hold up " baby sweetie, lady darling  
It's the, way you treat me; wait nah  
It's the way I tap that last, she callin me pat that back

Ah dios mios when I smack that ass  
It's that, pimped out demeanor  
She pimped out with Senior, it's the good limp with the  
Nina  
How I spit the 'caine game like I came from Yale  
How the cops can't hold me, my name is bail  
She tryna get up now, and zip to white-on-white  
Uptowns  
to that white from Uptown that got her like what now  
Got her tryna wine-dine, grind a little what now  
Got her with a eye on eye in every club now  
How I'm on the street with the steel  
How I ain't gotta play the role; I'm bein myself, just  
keepin it real  
Is it cause I'm givin her somethin that she could feel  
Or how I get that change or is it just that name - JOEY!

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Me and you..  
Yo' momma and you girlfriends too..  
We can take this to recharge..  
And maybe we can do a menÃƒÂige - haha  
It ain't shit, man my life's a movie  
Keep your mom bitches, man I fuck me a groupie  
She let a nigga beat it the back of the staircase  
All the bitch need is a blunt and a Pelle, if that

[Joe Budden]

Dudes wonder why I'm M.I.A.  
It's cause I'm back real quiet on the back of the bike in  
M-I-A  
You can get up out that Hyundai boo  
Lookin like she off the runway too  
Meet me at the crib you can come straight through  
Never shoes or pumps, straight boots like she strip at  
Sue's Rendezvous  
But oops ÃƒÂ„ÃƒÂ“ come cool with it, what you want  
do with it?  
Joe ma, remember the name and get used to it

[Chorus]

[Joe]

Whoa, whoa-ohhhh, whoa..

Visit [Dj Kayslay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.