

## Alice

# "Billie Jean"

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Yo Yo Yo I'm bout to tell you about the time  
I ran into Billie Jean  
Shorty that Michael Jackson sung about on his joint  
Yo she was a crazy freak  
She use to be buggin out and all that yaknamean  
I'm about to drop it on you  
And this story is a hundred percent true  
Word to Bill Clinton's  
Mother

(Verse 1)

Sexy and brown  
I met her downtown  
I said hey baby  
Your workin body drives the average nigga crazy  
I'm Jeru love she said her name was Billie  
I continued your minds intact girl you could have my  
baby  
She could've played me  
But smiled and replied behave g  
I like your style not so maybe you can get to know me  
And this not mac son its psyical attraction  
I know you have a woman  
My mans Michael Jackson  
I think she's gassin she can tell by my reaction  
A few seconds passed we both bust out laughin  
Not sayin I'm all of that or a p-i-m-p  
Still spit that magnetic beat and had her clingin to me  
Regularly I won't speak on what this dip would do  
But when I said she was my freak for about a week or  
two  
And if I tell you the rest you won't believe it  
It involves Michael Jackson  
Babies and shit  
But first

(Chorus)

Billie Jean you was my part time lover  
I used a rubber  
So blame it on some other muthafucka

Unlike Mike I'll admit I mashed it for fun  
But shorty ain't my son and I ain't the one  
Straight up Billie Jean you was my part time lover  
I use to rub her  
So blame it on some other muthafucka  
Unlike Mike I'll admit I mashed her for fun  
But shorty ain't my son and I ain't the one

(Verse 2)

This honey was freaky  
I did sexual favors for her  
Bent willie in her girlfriends Mona Lisa, Roxanne, and  
Latoya  
Straight like that but probably not in that order  
On planes, trains, and automobiles and even  
underwater  
On a mission in any position that you ever thought of  
And you think I'm bullshittin I got it all on camcorder  
One time handled mine worked the spines of them  
dimes  
They like all passed out so its time to recline ya know  
Go in my jeans and grab the dark cocoa old school  
style  
Split the El producto  
Hearin noises in the back by the kitchen so  
I creep and investigate like 5-0  
You couldn't fathom what happened next yo  
Michael Jackson comes crashin through the window  
Rantin and ravin like you dirty so and so  
I'm like Mike thas a hoe baby you know how that go  
I spoke mad clear but he wasn't hearin me though  
He started kickin and punchin like he knew taekwan do  
He threw a blow so I got real low  
I got my draws and my socks and headed for the front  
do  
Stepped outside stopped short oh no  
Went back and dropped the El producto  
Put fire to it and continued to flow  
And I ain't seen Billie after that no more  
Hey yo

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Like I said after that I ain't see her no more  
10 months down the line I bump into her on tour  
She said the hat must of snapped when you got my  
draws  
Cause I got a little son and guess what duke he's your  
I paused and I said aight let me see him  
Shorty had one white glove talkin bout heeeheeeheee

You ain't call me through the whole pregnancy  
We need a DNA test to determine paternity  
Billie started flippin talkin bout you ain't gonna marry  
me  
I said who's not the one that gets burnt that easy baby  
baby

(Chorus)

So bounce baby  
Straight up  
It's not me  
I'm not the one  
Go get somebody else  
You know what I mean  
It's just not happenin  
I'm bouncin peace  
It was fun while it lasted  
Aight tell your girlfriends I said wassup  
(Blows a kiss) I'm out

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