

Bibi Schon**"Just Another Toss-Up"**

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You were great, sensational, sincere
Worth sheddin' a tear--but that was last year
Now you're crazy, where's your brain at, baby?
I've been checkin' you out lately
Hangin' out with the wrong bunch
Now you flaunt in your backs and your fronts
Used to be gentle and sentimental
But now you remind me of a dope instrumental
They got ruined by a bad rap
If I was Pops, I wouldn't have that
You've been jerked out, better yet burnt out
Manager best friend, she took the right route
She din't wanna jump in the sack without knowin' exact:
What she was doin' was wack
Now she realizes she's the enemy
'Cause she didn't give up her virginity
Now she's flowin' and goin' places
While you're still havin' sex with new faces
Back in the days, when you was would-be-done
You were scared of love
They wanna give me a sample, my success you were
doubtin'
You're trippin' like Roger Troutman
At first, you was a fly female to call up
Now you're just another toss-up

chorus:
Just another toss-up
Just another toss-up
Now who's gonna catch her?

What I'm tryin' to get at: you don't have to be like that
Always puttin' on a act
Brothers are lookin' for somethin'
You know what? You're just a hump full of nothin'
Yeah, you got a nice shape
But your brain is the size of a grape
Behind every strong man there's a strong woman
But you, you're just worryin' about comin'
Up quickly so you can brag
And pack your bags, and leave the city

Escapin' from the ghetto, but I know without a doubt
That ain't the way to get out
You make it bad for a lot of good females out there
Well, I guess you don't care
You need to get some sleep and stop bein' so cheap
And maybe you'll find a man you can keep
And stay away from that TV if you're the
Kind that believes everything that you see
'Cause the soaps are hopes of another type of
Woman that you'll never, ever be
So just calm down, change the program
Stop dancin' so nasty on the slow jam
'Cause when it comes to life, you don't know what's up
But you turn and run every time you hear "toss-up"

repeat chorus

Look at you, do you think that you're ladylike?
You're the type to say all men are alike
I tend to believe that's not true
But the way you screw, I can understand your point-of-
view
Your feelings have been neglected, I know it gets
hectic:
You're tired of bein' disrespected
But what do you get when you come out of a room
Lookin' like a wreck? A hi-five and respect?
The things you go through--and I don't know
Who in the hell influenced you to go do
That type of work, tryin' to flirt, gettin' hurt
Feelin' like dirt, leavin' with a torn skirt
Your friends don't care because you're prettier
Better for them--they're glad to get rid of ya
You're not at all bright, you don't see the light
You go out with 'em the same time tomorrow night
And when you find a fella with some sense
Now you seem convinced--you think you found you a
prince
And he don't want you, he just wanna rock you
You play hard-to-get 'cause you want him to jock you
Before you met each other, he saw freaky pictures
from another brother
He knows you're just another toss-up

repeat chorus

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