

Pooh-Man "Mellow Man"

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(Pooh-Man)

Yeah lets make this kind of mellow
Ant slow it up for me
We going to do this kind of cool

[Verse 1]

Always on a mellow man
Kicking rhymes that last
Grab the microphone and I clock straight cash
A hustler making payments
The game of live or die is all that I ever played
Be hella hard
Now I am stacking my mail
The boy from the ghetto straight tipping the scales
Said I would never make it now look at me now
From state to state and town to town
They keep yelling out the name "MC Pooh-Man"
Look at your women she is screaming it too
Never faking the funk
Giving my fans what they want
If Ant say it slams
They he makes it bump
Fools try and hang play around and get hung
It's only '91 man I just began
So you get mad I understand
It's something cool from Eastside's Mellow Man

[Verse 2]

I used to be one of them
And girls got mad
Should of shot them cause now there talking bad
Girls like Miesha with her young girl games
It's '91 and I am fronting all names
Did not want to give you action until you hear my tape
Yelling that love crap, girl your fake
She gets naked for me
You play the role of a freak
Dogging there is a game that I can't be beat
Women on my tip for the name of the fame
I give them nothing but that Oaktown game
Some of ya are pregnant, and I gotta let them know
Pooh clams nothing gotta go gotta go

Call me a dogg
I thought but I'm on mine
Pockets full of 20's and strapped with a nine
So run up brothers and feel if that you can
But you will get hit by Eastside's Mellow Man

[Verse 3]

Now I am back on the streets
Plotting for richs
Brothers keep talking man but I ain't trippin
I talk bad about women
Only out for the vogues
I seen deader on Sam Pablo
Sluts like Alisha don't know where to turn
Pooh's like fire baby play and get burned
Ain't ??? that this game that I spit
One step wrong and I dismiss the trick
I remember the girls that moved way too fast
We get in the truck and she expects cash
The money is mine, so is the house
Drop my keys on the table baby get the hell out
I ain't trippin on women
Play them like pony's
Ride them one day then pass them to my homie
It goes like this 'cause it's straight from the land
It's something funky from Eastside's Mellow Man

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