

Queen Pen

"Man Behind the Music censored"

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featuring Teddy Riley

Chorus: Teddy Riley

This is how it should be done

Cause this style is identical to none

How can I make you dance some more

(T.R.) That's what I came here for

Repeat Chorus

And nowwww... here's the magnificent...

funkyyyyyyy momma!

Verse One: Queen Pen

Lyrical flows like WHAT

The man behind the music'll make you JUMP

New Jack your Swing and make you SHAKE YOUR RUMP

No Diggi-ty tellin me this is WHAT YOU WANT, bass
lines and snares

that'll make you hump, WHY

Intimated by his fourteen year run, WELL

In ninety-seven he's a different kind of funk, FUNK
FUNK FUNK

We pulls together like a perfect hand to tongue, HAH

You pressed your luck and now you faster shit be sunk,
ZOOM

Be combin through the future with your face punked,
AND YOU

forgot about the past, now what you want, platinum
tracks

to put you on the map, NAH

Cause we gotta keep it in fam', YEAH

You had your chance to be down wit da man, UH-HUH

So busy playa-hatin perpetratin, frauds

Articulatin, on his downfall, TRUE, you can't take it

What the deal Ma?

Funky Momma blaze the track so you can feel her

I'm Miggidy I'm all about the dollar bills y'all, rock the
Diamond Lex

All that shit behind my desk is signed in checks

[Teddy Riley]

Do you like hits baby, got em goin crazy on BlackStreet

You know it's plaque time when me and the track meet

Save all your wack beats, Q.P. and T.R.

so precise with mics we should be surgeons in E.R.

The block knows (like that) baby girl be my diamond
cause

she rocks shows (for Black) see my ones ain't no way
that

you can stop those, Little Man got your breath together

with Queen Pen now it's hot to death, so take a look
back (look back)

What I did, what I'm doin, where I take this (take that)

It's kind of simple cause a n*gga just make hits (make
tracks)

Peep the facts, keep a stack, on the Streets of Black
ladies scream he's the mack, cause
I kick, sh*t to make a fly chick you with
my chick, and plus funds just ridiculous
cause I'm rich, we are T.R. you see Q.P.

That's we BlackStreet, gone!

(You, can't, take, it)

And nowwwwwwww... here's the magnificent..
funkyyyyyy mommaaaaaah!

[Queen Pen]

Now Teddy, JAM, for me ONE TIME

Cross that thin line make my hips BUMP N GRIND

what just happened, all this shadyness cause of
platinum hits

Little Man be the sh*t, Funky Momma represent

It ain't never been no different plus WE GOT
WITNESSES

to account for alla dis sh*t, test we

and get your, block knocked off, UHH

You can keep yappin UNTIL YOU GET HOARSE

it don't matter, we don't, follow chit chatter

WE MAKE HITS, and calls, when situations get thick

ASK SAINT NICK, about the repoitire

For those in the past, they know who they are

If the shoe fits trust, WE GON WEAR IT

And we beez the baddest click up on this planet

We paid the cost to be boss G*d [damn it]

cause scared don't win money, NOW DROP IT

Chorus (to fade)

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