

Joe Scudda

"Groupies"

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Aiyyo

I don't know what the fuck is goin' on with these broads
out here man

Hoes need to get it right, ha. On the real dog. Check
me

Yo, check how this lame broad

Tossed this brick through my window

Slashed my rims and keyed my pain job

It ain't hard to imaginin'

Especially when you're dealin' with a chick who's got
more problems than calculus

Wanted the dick but couldn't handle it

On some Angelina Jolie shit

Have my blood in an amulet

It fucked me up dog, I took some anger management

How'd I get here?

Let's examine it

First of all, I ain't the one to call you a hoe

Please pardon this

Y'all thinkin' Phonte is a misogynistic? No

But I'm sick of all these chicken's screamin' "Gimmie
mines"

Gettin' the thin line

Between sex and love intertwined

I seen that shit happen too many times

I hit it Monday

By Wednesday she want to pick out mini-blinds

And in my bed she want to lay in

It's time we review the rules and regulations of this
game we playin'

My girl is the quarterback, the one who's in charge

Your ass is just a rookie on my practice squad

And you know just what I'm talkin' about

So if I put you in the game, run my play, stop tryin' to
audible out

By sendin' 50 page e-mails and calls to the house

Leavin' jewelery in the car, perfume on the couch

Scudda know just what I'm talkin' about

I know exactly what you talkin' about

Check it out, listen

Ayo, this chick said I don't play right
But am I wrong cause she call me up late night
And let me lay pipe
Got me feelin' like a plumber
And I have no prob
With lettin' my people run her
Tay, check how I done her
Read her like a book
Could tell she was a groupie
She just wanna be seen by Scuds in the movies
Tell little girls how she do me
And how she been with me
How I take her out at night and spend \$50
Do I look like a herb?
That's a picture not seen
How I'ma be with this bird
That I hear trickin' cream?
Switch to Nordstroms please
All Scudda givin' you is sore throats and ashy knees
Bitch freeze
You ain't gettin' no cheese
Oh you wanna go out with your girls?
You ain't gettin' no keys
Yeah yeah, I know the game's pricey
But how I'm gonna look
Givin' you shit that I don't get my wifey?
You better find another lame
Try another game
24-7 Scudda
There's no other name
With my man Phonte
We run through y'all groupies
From outta town to chicks around the way

Yeah, these broads kill me man. They see your boy in
the club man (Word?)
You know what I'm sayin'? Doin' his little thing and they-
they
Askin' for shit like "Buy me a drink"
Bitch, buy me a drink! What the fu-

Hey ayo Scudda Scudda, I feel you I feel you dog
Hey check it out dog. Man, check out how the day...
groupie ass broads
These groupie ass niggas rolled up on me! Check it out
man
Listen to this right here

