

Salt N Pepa

"Pop Quiz"

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[Verse 1]

First question for mothafuckers that's spittin' this "I'ma thug shit"

You claim you blew out a nigga's brain, well what color was it?

- A) Reddish like the dark shade of oxygenated blood
- B) Brownish like water that's mixed with dirt to make mud
- C) Whitish like the man that created the virus to slay us or is it
- D) Grayish like the gloomy or rainy day is

Second question strictly for players so state your biz

Tell me exactly what the definition of player is

- A) Duke that rock links, flossin' the club and pop drinks
 - B) The jail nigga that stash the mop ringers and slop sinks
 - C) The rich rapper who depict the pictures of bigger sixes
 - D) That broke nigga fuckin' the richest nigga bitches
- Movin' right along, question number three is for the females

Never generalizin' I'm into details

Other than the fat chicks that's too quick to strip and spread

What is it exactly that make a honey a chickenhead?

- A) If she'll fuck her girl man on some shady shit
- B) Go to clubs but'll leave her mother to baby sit
- C) Swap sex for materialistic objects
- D) All of the above, love, you fucked up

The fourth question's a question that's still in me

Who do y'all niggaz think that it was that killed Biggie?

- A) Southside Crips cuz Puffy owed 'em a grip
- B) Some crazy 'Pac fan that flipped and unloaded a clip
- C) Missiles from pistols from government officials
- D) The same cat that came back and then sang "I Miss You"

[Chorus] x2

You never was a killa; you never bust a gun

You never held the spot down; was never on the run

You never lived my life; you deadin' it wrong

Cuz you never did none of the shit that you said in your
song

[Verse 2]

With the strength of a hundred baboons
I'll beat your eyes black as a fuckin' raccoon
Leave you covered with stab wounds
Dead in a public bathroom
You like to tighten your face and cuss when you spit
Know what I noticed? That tough shit is just when you
spit
I couldn't picture you bustin' a clip
I could see you suckin' a dick or proly getting' fucked
with a stick
Drama with me, son, your baby momma will be
Found in the woods, hangin' by her thong from a tree
You spit my life and want an award
But you can't get my stripes cuz you the type to run in a
war
Slung jums in front of the store; done it before
Held guns, I'm talkin' at least a hundred or more
Should put a gun to your jaw, to one of your whores
Fuck under the covers; we all lovers under the floor

[Chorus]

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