

## Beavis And Butthead

### "More Reasons"

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(Girl Talking)

Oh this is my \*beep\*

The reason that we here. (Shut the \*beep\* up.)

The reason that we here. (\*beep\* you can't sing.)

You shut the \*beep\* up, what can you do?

We been ridin in this car for 5 hours

What you gonna do?

(I'm gonna tell you a story)

(Verse 1: Cam'Ron)

Yo, uh, I rock baguettes with hoodies, it's like extra goodie

I couldn't break dance ya'll, or electric boogie

I was obsessed with Cookie, I wanna sex her cookie

She said forget her nookie, wipe my nose, go get them boogies

I gave Cookie nookies, with the girls, got known

This my two brim hat, call me Sherlock Holmes

Whole world got blown, so I tell hoes

Fuck Lee's and shell toes, Dekangaroos and Velcro

Timbaland, mocassins, dimes in them pennyloafers

A-Train, one bus, sure I had plenty soldiers

Uncle, plenty holsters, dolgers, soldiers, hostess

Not golfin' like golf, he had plenty gophers

Can't get paid, the earth is big

You worthless kid, Cam don't deserve to live

Back then I played for douchos, went over the riverside

Young life, turned left, we back over the riverside

Blood played for stone gem

That's when I told him and Jim

We ain't ballin for real, where's the stone gems?

Where's the chrome rims?

That's when you changing lanes

Here we change your lane, we'll gain a sprain

Change the game

And not namin' names

But 'caine fames like Damon Wayans

Connect for life is, the Tech kept us righteous

Cause yes expect the crisis, when it's connects and prices

I had to hustle harder, move up my mustle marger

Seen New Jack City, cop me a couple cars  
And that's word to my father, send a bird to my father  
Dove love, R.I.P. on his early departure  
I'm just merely an author, but I'm purely a baller  
Every Friday, across the street, and I creep with Ms.  
Parker

(Chorus: Jaheim)

Get the whips the kicks, and clothes  
So we can get with the models  
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow  
Now you know  
All of the reasons why we chase the doe  
Get the whips the kicks, and clothes  
So we can get with the models  
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow  
Now you know  
All of the reasons why we chase the doe

(Verse 2: Cam'Ron)

Killa!  
That nigga man, let me break it down real simple for  
ya'll  
Listen, yo, and I'm very prestigious  
You have various leases  
All my pieces, painted them, cherry and peaches  
Chics, Cherry and Peaches  
They had cherry deheaters  
If I want a toast, hustled up various reefer  
Ithica, Ithica, hydro, why yo?  
Haze on delivery, lives hoes, five fo  
But kept the fo-five, for wise guys with eyes low  
Pick me up from fo-five, CL-55, whoa!  
Playin' Grand Theft Auto, they like Diablo  
My crews' the triad, Zeke, Santana, Cop Co'!  
But they some slimmy sue  
Can rock a Jimmy Choo shoe  
Next day Valore sweatsuit, construction timmy boots  
Don't be no guinea boo, you rock that Fendi you  
You drinkin' Henney too  
Coupe Calez, when he boo  
And he skinny too, they had my favorite rum  
Not a six-fo-five-fo, but made in jump  
Shout, say say the funk, he keep the K in pump  
He ain't never scared, never scared, raise the trunk  
We'll just lay and dump, play the punk, spray the  
chump  
The way they runnin I guess they could relate to them

(Chorus: Jaheim)

Get the whips the kicks, and clothes

So we can get with the models  
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow  
Now you know  
All of the reasons why we chase the doe

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