

Manhattan Transfer F/ Ruth Brown, B. B. King

"True Honey Buns"

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I'm reclinin' out West - maxin at da ress pressed to see
my cutie that
I call to come caress me desperate pooh unavailable
da check dis - not
into masturbating yo cuz that's some other shit since I
had hit a dry
spell I figured I'd manicure my nails den out da blue
I'm interrupted
by the bell it was Kia talkin bout Dia c'mon let's bounce
tonight
Wu-Tang performin at da Fever and I got backstage
passes - vip status
da after party's at the Marriott we in the night like
Gladys cool I
can do wit dat give me 45, so I can wash da pussy cat a
marinade da
body hop in mizarahi tighten up dah afro and turn to
superhottie tell
you what I'll hit you up soon as I'm ready when I see
your Mitsubishi
out front we jettin'

(chorus)

Arrived at da club like 11:45 - scenery was live - mob
like a 3-2
center outside fly riders da whole shabang you know
how Philly hang
come time nah get extravagant while I was side
tracked by the glamour
and the glitz key was chattin' wit a bouncer telling him
we on nah
list within a split second we escorted through
congestion routine
friskin' metal detection all's clear as air - no question
so we
grabbed at the bar and head towards da dance section
wit no hesitation
we breeze to the back in the green room where the
celebrities was at,
that's when nah propaganda began to emerge star

stud events must
trigger hoochie alerts cuz Kia went berserk, diggy low
at first subtle
body language actin' like a flirt tongue stickin out wit
da' baby doll
pout talkin' all loud I'm like what's dis all about ... -
mono-

Here come tha' raw maneuver luew-der than imagined
Kia aimin' for
attention strivin for it with a passion slips out her
sarong starts
dancing in her thongs like a bootie song was on I said
sis you know
you wrong (see) you tha' reason nigs be screamin'
bitches, hoes and
tricks I'ont believe you goin' out on nat Adina Howard
shit don't you
dig these niggaz think you hotter than tha' sun even if
they talk to
you they wanna hit & run if you skeemin' on nah cream
boo you ain't
gettin' none you played from nah door wit dat nut shit
you done den
she gone look at me and say yo chill whatever, I
thought you was my
peeps I said I thought you was together your actions
bounce on all
these chicks in here like a reflector I'm tryin nah school
you sis you
its plain that you don't know no better - I'm not da one
to judge so
do what you gotta do but it ain't what you do its how
you do it...

Chorus

True honey buns wanna have fun un-like a chick who
settle for da hit
and run, yeah to all tha girls do what you gotta do but it
ain't what
you do its how you do it...

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