

## **Phife Dawg**

### **"Ben Dova"**

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\* send corrections to the typist

Bend over. . .

Yo, it's Muttie Ranks in the place (Muttie Rankin')

But in the immortal words of Shabba Ranks (Where are the girls?)

We got some sweet, we got some foul

I'm about to break it down, check it out, let me know

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!)

Yo, as I cruise through this ATL town, my eyes brown

Chillin', freshly dipped when I get down

Jarobi, tell 'em 'bout the puppy named Mutts

Like lifestyles galore in case a chick wanna hump me

I'm rough with mine, tell me who's rougher

Makin' honeys express theyself like Salt-N-Pepa

Not sayin' that sex makes everything better

But if all else fails, I'mma fuck that tail

Now watch out now, damn look at your trunk

We could take it to the rest right now and get it crunk

Sing "Shorty Swing It My Way", it's only right

Turn the door, now walk it in and see the real sign of  
life

Fuck a Phife, I'm on some Shawn Micheal shit tonight

On some Five Foot Freak shit, or I don't eat shit

But if you act right and you ain't about games

Then my screwin' can be longer than Nina's last name

Now tell me somethin' good before I hang up your  
friend

Free humps and I'm out there if the shit is mad lame

Mad lame (mad lame) mad lame (mad lame)

Free humps and I'm out there if the shit is mad lame

When it comes to skins ain't no shame on my game

Mutty orders you to (BEND OVER!)

You can't live with them, you just can't live with them

So don't waste my time, just (BEND OVER!)

Now if you frontin' on the tail, then you get the cold  
shoulder

Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)

Girl, you are not gettin' younger, you are just gettin'  
older

So hurry up your ass and (BEND OVER!)

BEYATCH!

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Now are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?

Now are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?

Do you like it? (WHAT!)

Forever in the jam where the diss be lookin' laced

Dancin' to the tunes of Cool J and Babyface

Me and my crew, no doubt we in the place

Ass everywhere, (Yeah son, this place is great)

Bumped into this cutie, damn boo you lookin' straight

Checked her backyard, can I guard that with a gate?

Slim trim, brown skin, what's your name? ('Salina Kate')

Where you from? ('Trinidad, but I live here in the States')

'It's only been three months but I'm searching for a mate

Word 'round town is you love to penetrate'

Of coarse, baby girl, what's the deal, you want a taste?

A stain is on your brain that could never be erased

'Sounds good Mr. Phifer, but I hear that's the case

Your style be so super that you should wear a cape

I love the way you sound on all five of your tapes

Plus you're always on the job like Mr. Slate'

Of coarse her best friend just has to player hate

And being who I am watch the Phifey hesitate  
On dissing her ass, yo Jay, look at her face  
Her motherfuckin' voice got way too much bass  
Now back your ass up off me and give me my space  
You know your fuckin' breath smell like chemical waste  
Not to mention that ass, it be way overweight  
Keep that ass out of Wendy's and lay off them shakes  
Now back to you Salina, damn I admire your shape  
'FUCK YOU! Mr. Ranks you just dissed my date'  
Now what I'm supposed, scratch my head and ask why  
You know that rug munchin's at an all-time high  
Now all these chicks today are just hot hot hot  
And me and my crew just wanna get hind, watch  
I won't hold it against you the things that you do  
I'll just have you know that I'm a lesbian too  
So wiggle your ass here and swing over them titties  
If you need to pay bills take your ass to Magic City  
No need to act shitty, you're so so saditty  
If you need to pay bills then take your ass to Magic City,  
what what  
All you're lookin' for all this time, money  
Well ain't got enough time to take  
You can't run game on a gamer!  
You can't run game on a gamer!  
It's Phife Diggy (What) I gets busy (What)  
Blowin' up the spot (What) Givin' back shots (Ooh!  
Ooh!)

J.U.S. (What) You know you can't test (What)

Blowin' up the spot (What) Givin' back shots (Ooh!  
Ooh!)

When it comes to skins ain't no shame on my game

Mutt orders you to (BEND OVER!)

I'll fuck in a Land Cruiser or a Range Rover

Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)

Now if you frontin' with your ass, then you get the cold  
shoulder

Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)

You are not gettin' younger, you are just gettin' older

So hurry up your ass and (BEND OVER!)

Like that y'all, to the beat y'all

Freak freak y'all, so sweat y'all

My name's Malik y'all, style's unique y'all

No doubt y'all, I come through y'all

Tribe all y'all. Phife Diggy y'all

On the ball y'all

And all these bitches on the way get the balls y'all

Phife Diggy but I never fall out

Slum Villy, got to bend over

What what what what, all over

Detroit Michigan, down in Angeles in CA

Fuck that we don't play round my way

Long Island, we whilin'

Yugoslavia, no doubt I'm Slav-in' 'em

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