

Stevie J

"Out For The Count"

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[Stevie J]

Uh, uh, uh

Yo Eve

[Eve]

Hey nigga check this here

I'm about to give it to you real clear

E-V-E ain't about the bullshit

Game playin, wanna be a third nigga do it elsewhere

Oh so what you tryna make me bitter

Shit better act right

I'll pull another nigga

I don't want no little boy

I ain't no babysitter

You want a chicken?

Go ahead make her lay your eggs nigga

Cause I ain't with that

I'll leave you lonely, crying

Huh baby you dig that?

And I leave can't get none of your gifts back

Take your car

Have you calling cabbies just to get home

And when you all alone

Don't wanna hear you ring my phone

That's right, baby act right

Got no time for the bullshit

Cause I'mma have my niggas running at your door to bust

Don't try to duck, you and that bitch with a full clip

Come on

[Stevie J]

One night back in July

She was standing outside the club

So fly she caught my eye

But you know that was not enough

I tried to get closer to shorty

But wifey had peeped my game

She looked at her funny

They had words

And I was the one to blame

[1:]

It started out one day
Coming on a rainy day
The sooner I do it, she never even stood a chance
More will come, but there's only one champion
She was out for the count again

It took about one hour later

I started to make my move
Out on the dancefloor
When wifey returned she was through from powder
room
She saw me, freaking the same way I do
When I dance with her
And maybe if I would have played the right cards
She wouldn't be hurt

[1]

I'm sorry for doing you wrong
I know that I have been a fool for too long
But if you choose to go away
Girl I feel that you should know
I really wanna change
I changed, girl I have changed

[Eve]

Hey what I look like, a child?
This ain't no fuckin' smile
It's a frown, Ruff Ryde show you how I get down
Won't take long, it'll be a quick pound
Got a bob and weave, and a hitting sound
Embarrassing have you running around crying
(Get her off me, somebody help me now)
Huh, too late ma, you gotta get your shit split
Now that's for acting dumb like you ain't know who you
was wit'
You see this R around my neck
I don't allow disrespect
Bitch you must've really thought I slept with the wrong
one
See me drinkin' think I'm touched
Next time you see this thug
You gonna be walking on a crutch
And for you sorry nigga
You and that bitch can be together
Forever sleeping in the same ditch
That's it, I'mma leave, you ain't doing me right
Play fair, or I'mma play dirty out your life, huh

[1: till end]

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