

## SoulFly

### "Jeri Curl"

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[repeated riff from the Beatles' "Do You Want To Know A Secret?"]

Verse 1: JT Money

Bitches with jericurls I can't stand  
Now this is comin' straight from the Money-Man  
I used to fuck this hoe - now I hate her  
Wherever she went, she left Activator  
I mean her neck was so greasy and black  
The mom even had to talk behind her back  
And when the boys heard about the sis,  
They said, "Yo, I'ma tell you like this:  
If the girl sits on your couch,  
Be prepared to get the stain out."  
But I forgot, and that was it  
And when she did the shit, mom had a fit  
And was askin' me where I found her  
Sayin' don't bring another around her  
But even now, as long as it's been,  
She'll check the hair before lettin' 'em in

Verse 2: Debonaire

Jericurls I hate - it'll make  
A bitch get dissed on a blind date  
While walkin' out on her. I wouldn't  
Put a bitch like that on the corner  
I hate it with a passion, 'cause, number  
One, it's a fucked-up fashion  
Believe I've seen enough, and what's rough,  
The hoes wanna meet us, but I ain't with it  
A jeri-bitch? She can forget it!  
Every time you with her, kiss  
On her neck and her tit'll taste bitter  
Plus it got a nasty smell; some sayin' I-double-L  
Them hoes can forget it, because  
Debonaire: I ain't with it

Verse 3: JT Money

Jericurls I've seen enough of  
Believe me, I don't know what's rougher  
When your car seems greasy, or

When because some lazy-ass whore  
Gets too lazy to do us shit  
So the bitch goes out and gets  
That jericurl, me in her wallet  
If she comes around me, a ring around the collar  
'Cause that there, I can't deal with  
Put grease on my (?), you'll pay for my shit  
Oh yeah, but I forgot -  
'Bout the sheets gettin' greasy and what-not  
Whether fuckin' or takin' a nap,  
Make that bitch wear a shower cap!

Verse 4: Debonaire  
Check it out, I think some of the folks  
Think a nigga makin' jokes  
But it's true, about them hoes  
They be gettin' grease on your clothes  
And though a nigga got loot,  
I hate grease gettin' on a fresh silk suit  
You can say I fear 'em  
Deb' wouldn't be caught dead near 'em  
There's a guy, I won't say no names  
But the player's shit burst in flames  
I can't see my shit like that  
'Cause, man, I'd rather be seen in plaids  
It makes a nigga look like a fag,  
Walkin' 'round with his head in a bag  
And yo, I tell ya, they need to quit  
'Cause the Clan ain't with that shit!

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