

Dessiree Johnson

"You Better Ask Somebody"

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[VERSE 1]

I'm rough, I kicks the stuff
That make you wanna take a fat puff
Of the chronic, I'm hooked on phonics
I'm hooked on beats, I'm hooked on blunts, I knock out
fronts
And I'm bout as wicked as a wicked-ass witch from the
west
So you and Toto better know that it's Yo-Yo
I'm cute, I loot, and if you dispute
Ice Cube taught a nigga how to shoot
Got mo' flavor than a lifesaver with a hole in the middle
and
Shit'll hit the fan
If you don't let me get buckwild on the strap, eh
I turn into Cleopatra
Don't spend all day lookin for the third leg
But I ain't too proud to beg
Cause sometimes you gotta 'pump that hottie'
Fool, you better ask somebody

Ain't nobody tryin to look pretty, I gets busy
(You better ask somebody)

(Here we go, here we go)

[VERSE 2]

It's 93, Yo-Yo grew a little bit wiser
(Still going) like an Energizer
Heat mizer, cause I light the phillies
Rich as the Beverly Hillbillies
I know the time cause I clock the cash
In raw-ass [??]
I can get mad as a mean guy
And on the other hand be sweet as a bean pie
Microphone fiend, I never had a hoe flex
But ShantÃ©, trick, get the Kotex
Nappy-head hooker, don't got no ends
Been wack every since Roxanne's Revenge
Little dumb black girl
How in the hell you gon' come and dis a black pearl?

Now I gotta wetcha like John Gotti
Hoe, I'm a damn pro, you better ask somebody

[VERSE 3]

Lookin for a 'soul brother straight from mecca'
But niggas try to play me like Woody Woodpecker
EdAd's, never needed knee pads, black
So hit the road, jack
Down with Tyson, hate Anita and Clarence
Reportin to the devil like parents
Ban rap, but still let the rock sell
Fire up the cocktail
Va-boom! Everyting blows up
When black folks rose up
Don't guess, yes, I blast your ass
Sufferin succotash!
L.A., New York, and my 'Motownphilly' friends
We gotta turn these Boys II Men
Naughty By Nature, cause by nature I'm naughty
Fool, you better ask somebody

[Ice Cube:]

Yeah
Yo-Yo, 199-Trey
Givin a knock-out punch
Street Knowledge, Ice Cube
All that's in the house
We in the house with my man QDIII
And that's how we do it
We got Bob behind the mutha-
Hey, I'm out this mutha-
Yo
(Here we go, here we go)

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