

## Stroke 9

### "Phenomenon"

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Ah ah

Baby girl was draped in Chanel  
Said she love Tupac but hates some LL  
Seen her at the bar with anklets and toe rings  
She can take a prince, turn him into a king  
I was looking at her in the limelight, pearly whites  
Said her man get paper but he don't live right  
All these emotions flowing inside the club  
Do you really wanna thug or do ya want love?  
She gets the paper when it's time to get it on  
She keeps these clowns thinking like Jack B. Quick  
Honey smoke make you click, feel it in their throats  
No joke all this love, let it stay broke out  
Behind every playa is a true playette  
Bounce you up, outta there, push and check  
Taster's choice, have you nice and moist  
Or play paper games or floss the rolls royce

Something like a phenomenon {\*repeat 8X\*}  
(uh huh) (go ahead daddy)

He was king of seduction, cop a suction  
Now she was the cat that worked construction  
Starve her with the paper, abuse the mind  
Dis a new lover, when you know it's on mine  
that's on top, lap dancin got to stop  
You play out your chick cause your game is hot  
I give you two, Italian, ice my whole crew  
He's banging on my chest till it's black and blue  
You beefin, yellin on the cell of my 6  
You reach it then you hear the cordless click  
Now your club hopping, keep the Cristal poppin  
Use my chips and take the next man shoppin  
Hell no, must be out Chicago  
on your knees and your elbows each and every time  
That's why I love you mami, you  
Run your mouth though your legs over the bed baby  
Work me out

Something like a phenomenon {\*repeat 8X\*}  
(uh huh) (go ahead daddy)

He was all souped up, but played it just right  
Mami I was full blown, my game was air tight  
I needed to switch up and get it in gear  
It's a whole new movie, a world premiere, yeah yeah  
Keep it jinglin, no more minglin  
A brand new year, me and you can bring it in  
I'm sick and tired of the freakin, night to morn'  
Moanin in the mirror with my cubans on  
Let bygones be bygones, no more games  
Hope all the chickenheads go up in flames  
Now we in the brand new mansion, with the lake in back  
Got it all figured out, mami I like that  
Collect tips, cop his and her whips  
The voice a quarter mil'-on, close the safe  
But you're worth it playgirl, it's real in the field  
Say what you want, but keep your lips sealed

Something like a phenomenon {\*repeat 8X\*}  
(uh huh) (go ahead daddy)

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