

## Handsome Boy Modeling School f/ Dres

### "First.. and Then"

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[Dres whispering]

Shhh.. I'm sayin' I wasn't even gonna do this shit..  
But I owe this motherfucker a favor  
Y'all motherfuckers better stay quiet

[Verse 1]

Open the door, catch ya, coping for more  
told you before, velvet, smooth as velour  
Step in the light, Black Sheep, rep in it right  
never we high, too much ebony pride  
Something to see, scratch that, something ya be  
paying my dues, god knows, there's nothing for free  
Taking it back, paper, making a stack  
counter-attack, dance floors, making them crack  
Running the course, got black, running with force  
rocking the spot, got y'all, loving the choice  
Feeling the flame, Black Sheep, killing the pain  
spilling the love, sunshine, feeling the same  
Setting the tone, Black Sheep, let it be known  
cooler than ice, hamming it up, keeping it's own  
Making it knock, all the way from the writer's block  
geek in ox tails, with cocktails, holding my cock! Yo!

[Chorus]

First. Exhale with the excel, and then, call your crew on  
your net cell  
and then, open up a beer and roll an L, and then, party  
all night rest well  
But first, exhale with the excel, and then everything you  
do you do it well  
and then, even if your hurt you never tell, and then,  
everybody love the clientele

[Verse 2]

I'm the type to not follow, lead and drop throttle  
recline and pop bottles with designer top models  
The type to not sweat it, stacking not regret it  
said it with hot head, my thing, got to get it  
I move, like a phantom, I'm mister meddlesome  
destined to hit the top, Dres the kettledrum  
Kennel one pedigree, the flow stank dingee

share my point of view in a world waste din gee  
I be the principal, it be invisible  
there be no optical, above the pinnacle  
More like I got a fuse, for when you got to choose  
who in a lot of crews, a million molecules  
There won't be no debate, my skills are overweight  
if you can't hold, you hate, I over compensate  
It's Dres, D - R - E - S, the one that does it best  
my styles illustrious, my moves are limitless

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now it doesn't even matter if I do or if I don't have  
dough  
It's like I'm walking on red carpet everywhere that I go  
A renegade with rhymes rolling to the tune, low key  
opposite the velvet ropes where Heinekens flow free  
And I'm known throughout the world for what I do with  
one bar  
slap a rapper even crack a nigga lower lumbar  
Ain't gotta front for nada, it don't mean a thing  
the only keys I got are the one's swinging on my key  
ring  
Ain't gotta toss threads, throw rolls, and dress funny  
just gotta be Dres, stay black, and get money  
Ain't gotta smoke weed, pop ex, or sniff blow  
just gotta be Dres, stay black, and get dough  
So cool, they called me old school in the eighties  
with ladies in their Mercedes at the foot of the good  
Fridays  
On some handsome boy shit, telling how to trust me  
till she's speaking in tongues, screaming out monk free

[Chorus]

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