

The Genius Gza "Stay Out of Bars"

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Yo, check this shit out

Hangin' out in bars can become no joke
When you start to drinkin' gin, rum, Bacardi and coke
Or Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante
Even 40s bein' shared throughout the posse

Jukeboxes slammin' throughout the bright moon
With the melody of a soft Barry White tune
I sit back like I got it made in the shade
Holdin' my dick as I talk to the barmaid

?Excuse me, miss?, "Alright, here I come
May I help you?", ?Yeah, double shot of rum?
"On the rocks, sir?", ?Mmm, not at all?
Who the fucks need ice inside of burnin' alcohol

I reach in my pockets to tip the whore
But I'm clumsy, my change start fallin' on the floor
I play macho, then say leave it for the sweeper
Beep beep beep beep beep, my fuckin' beeper

I start stumblin' to the phone booth
Revealin' all symptoms of drinkin' 90 proof
The phone booth door is closed, the light is on
The girlie just dialed 970 porn

She sit back with her legs cocked in the air
While her fingers do the walkin' through her knotty
pubic hair
Her eyes are shut tight, she moans and groan
I hit the glass, "Get the fuck off the phone"

She jumped up and said, "You just had to be the one
To interrupt me when I was havin' so much fun"
I said, "Hold up, yo, bitch, you think it's cute
To be perverted let alone a sleazy prostitute"

She said, "How can you try to disrespect any female
Or me and my homegirls just because we sell?"
I said, "Pussy? That's what you call it?"
She screamed out, "You're goddamn right, you

alcoholic"

She said, "This is a public phone and you do not run it"
I said, "So is your pussy but can I use it when I want it?"

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I was in Times Square, loungin' hard
Me and the Prince Rakeem, you know the God
Watchin' females posin' for a flick
Thinkin' of who will be the first to turn a trick

"Yo, Genius, you see that?", "Yeah", "So what you think?"
"Let's swing 'em to the nearest spot to have a drink"
I winked at one she said, "Hi", in a low pitch
Rakeem started flowin' and bagged the other hoe bitch

Now we searchin' for a zebra lounge
To settle down right in the heart of Midtown
Went to this place, called the Sting Pit
Got inside and seen all types of shit

Men who looked soft but actin' wild
Dancin' to the beat, Ten City style
Females who wore jeans that were tight
With faces resemblin' transvestites

Everyone in the bar gave my girlies mean looks
As if they were fugitive crooks
They smiled at me and the God, showin' all 32
That's when I caught the clue

As this redbone, who thought she looked fly
Rolled up on me, and she said hi
That one little word fucked up the whole night
Her voice was deeper than Barry White

I jumped up and boy, did I flip
I pull out a nine and I empty the clip
The place was flowin' with crazy blood
A little Midtown massacre type flood

And as we stepped off from the scene
Here's the message I got from Rakeem

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