

## **Joe Scudda f/ Phonte**

### **"Groupies"**

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[Phonte] Aiiyo I don't know what the fuck is goin' on with these broads out here man Hoes need to get it right, ha. On the real dog. Check me Yo, check how this lame broad Tossed this brick through my window Slashed my rims and keyed my pain job It ain't hard to imaginin' Especially when you're dealin' with a chick who's got more problems than calculus Wanted the dick but couldn't handle it On some Angelina Jolie shit Have my blood in an amulet It fucked me up dog, I took some anger management How'd I get here? Let's examine it First of all, I ain't the one to call you a hoe Please pardon this Y'all thinkin' Phonte is a misogynistic? No But I'm sick of all these chicken's screamin' "Gimmie mines" Gettin' the thin line Between sex and love intertwined I seen that shit happen too many times I hit it Monday By Wednesday she want to pick out mini-blinds And in my bed she want to lay in It's time we review the rules and regulations of this game we playin' My girl is the quarterback, the one who's in charge Your ass is just a rookie on my practice squad And you know just what I'm talkin' about So if I put you in the game, run my play, stop tryin' to audible out By sendin' 50 page e-mails and calls to the house Leavin' jewelery in the car, perfume on the couch Scudda know just what I'm talkin' about [Joe Scudda] I know exactly what you talkin' about Check it out, listen Ayo, this chick said I don't play right But am I wrong cause she call me up late night And let me lay pipe Got me feelin' like a plumber And I have no prob With lettin' my people run her Tay, check how I done her Read her like a book Could tell she was a groupie She just wanna be seen by Scuds in the movies Tell little girls how she do me And how she been with me How I take her out at night and spend \$50 Do I look like a herb? That's a picture not seen How I'ma be with this bird That I hear trickin' cream? Switch to Nordstroms please All Scudda givin' you is sore throats and ashy knees Bitch freeze You ain't gettin' no cheese Oh you wanna go out with your girls? You ain't gettin' no keys Yeah yeah, I know the game's pricey But how I'm gonna look Givin' you shit that I don't get my wifey? You better find another

lame Try another game 24-7 Scudda There's no other  
name With my man Phonte We run through y'all  
groupies From outta town to chicks around the way [Joe  
Scudda] Yeah, these broads kill me man. They see  
your boy in the club man (Word?) You know what I'm  
sayin'? Doin' his little thing and they-they askin' for shit  
like "Buy me a drink" Bitch, buy me a drink! What the  
fu- [Big Pooh speaking] Hey ayo Scudda Scudda, I feel  
you I feel you dog Hey check it out dog. Man, check out  
how the day...groupie ass broads These groupie ass  
niggas rolled up on me! Check it out man Listen to this  
right here

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