

## Mary J Blige F/ Ja Rule

### "Sweet Potato Pie"

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It's like this:

I'm that guy, you're so fly,  
Gotta get a piece of that sweet potato pie  
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Gotta get a piece of that sweet potato pie

First Verse:

Now the way of today with the homies is straight,  
Gettin' fucked up off the dank, CHRONIC,  
Bud, What, ever you wanna call it,  
It's peace to you fuckin' alcoholics, for,  
Makin' the proper remedy,  
Cuz when I hit it, bitches envy me,  
You say you want wine? Yeah I guess that's fine,  
But thai is the sky when you talkin' about mass,  
Now my thai got a friend named Gin,  
Got me all straight now my dick won't bend,  
Now I'm fucked for the rest of the night,  
Unless I find a piece of ass whether it's loose or tight,  
Now looka here looka here I done found a bitch,  
Yummy for the dick, Jelly mix in the switch,  
Save that shit cuz I don't wanna be your man,  
Just need a little loosin', do you understand?

Chorus:

My mind's fucked up off chocolate thai,  
Hit the gin shop now I'm so high,  
Now I need a bitch that's proper and fly,  
So break me off a piece of that sweet potato pie (2x)

Second Verse:

Thinkin' about what I'm gonna do today,  
Party at my homies bout eight,  
I thought about goin' to the movies,  
But ain't nothin' like a bunch of proper ass hoochies,  
Dressed like a player can't wear nothin' less,

Some simple ass shit, even if it ain't Guess,  
Hit a couple of shots and now I roll to the spot,  
Bitches straight peepin' wanna know what I got, well,  
One, two, three, Here comes the D,  
Pass me the rotor....WHEW WEE!!!!  
And now I'm ready for you bitches,  
So gang a dick licker, do you get the picture?  
And so much love for y'all gals,  
And peace, love, and pussy to my muthafuckin' pals,  
And ay, yai, yai, I'ma stay high,  
And keep me a piece of that sweet potato pie

Chorus

Third Verse:

The fellas wanna have a barbeque tonight, I think it's  
on about five,  
They say it's gonna have plenty dazzey duks, and Les  
says it's gonna be live,  
So I'ma gonna grab me a plate of soup, cuz ain't not a  
damn thing changed,  
And now I'm proper when fly and shit, but man do I feel  
strange,  
So I'ma go down to the liquor store, and find my friend  
named Gin,  
And go to the girl with the flyest thai, and break her off  
a proper twin,  
And now it's time to make some shit, and look for the  
proper niece,  
And run a little game on the P.Y.G., and tell it to her  
somethin' like this:

Chorus (2.5x)

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