

Pharacyde

"4 better or 4 worse"

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Uhh, do you take, Rhymealinda

Do you love me Tre, do you really love me?

To be your lawfully, wedded, wife?

Uhhh, uhhhhh, I do, I do, no I don't, I do

Ah roomie zoom zim, I'm all to be wet

to Rhymealinda I remember umm, when we first met

In eighty-two back in school used to play up all the fools

Sometimes you'd be my number fives sometimes you'd
be my twenty-two

but umm, screw the dumbshit, cause little Rhymea's
true

I can't wait to say I do and oh yeah honey there's no
due

I got my chariot, rollin, now I'm mic controllin

Got some spunk in my funk, I can't wait to put some
soul in

We're rollin all strikes, we're havin little tykes

One is little Mike the other's lke I'm sure that you would
like

to hold em, or maybe stroll em on their little bikes

When they're born, I've sworn, to bring em up right

you know, dope is how I breed em, beats is what I'll
feed em

They'll be healthy like a health nut I'm sure you shake

your butt

(Kick the verse preacher) and I won't disperse

Here's my life Rhymealinda for better or for worse

Well it's done she tagged me, duck duck goose

I'm batter up I can't sleep the fly brotha must produce

the power pack and I'm stacked like a forty-five Mag

Straight up tennis shoes in my pants there's a sag

Droppin so much grammar gotta slam it down my mouth

Shup? I met a slut she, put me in the rut G

with the dip that was down with me from the whole front

Now front me never too cool how-ever

I gotta get the bread, gotta get the butter

Fix it up eat down throw it in the gutter

(Gutter dreamed it) sour, (creamed it) gotta

skinny-dipped into her ass as if it was a pool of water

Now the water's gettin hotter so I bought her a new ring

Maybe a love ballad is the song I sing

I gotta kiss her ass my tongue I hold before I curse

If you really want me BITCH, take me for better or for worse

phone rings

I mean nah, just

phone rings

[woman] I got it! *click* Hello?

Well this is the final chapter Hello?

of me, we're going to rack up Who is this?

in tune, in tune, in tune, a button Why are you calling my house?

a button, a button! Oh c'mon, honey Who is this? What?

Would you come along with me down Mike is that you?

the lane and I will pick your brain Oh my God. Who is this?

I won't be good like you think I will I'll fucking call the cops

I'll take a hammer and start to drill Don't call my house

Your skull, and then I'll really start Oh my God, what is this

picking, your brains cells, I will be What? I'm gonna call the cops

licking, mmm mmm mmm mmmm! *slurp* okay? Quit fucking around

You taste so intelligent, ahhhhhh Hello, who is this?

Yes yes yes, you trusted me, now Help, who is this? What

I busted thee, top of your skull are you doing? Why are you

You thought the day was going to be calling me?

DULL?? I'll make it very exciting

I took your fingers then I started WHO ARE YOU? Why are you

BITING, and then I scraped the meat calling my house?

off, the bone, of your leg Stop calling here!

Ahhahhh, you tried to make me beg Don't call here anymore

But I had to insist, I had to insist

layaay, run up your pussy with my fist

I think you get with this because Fat Lip's fat

Fat fat Fat Fat FAT FAT FAT *echoes* *laughter*

Uhhh, okay ummm, okay uhh, keep going keep going
keep going

keep going, ay Romye Romye, come here come here
c'mere c'mere c'mere

c'mere c'mere (OK OK aiyyo yo yo yo) C'mere for a
second

Aiy Rhasaan, Rhasaan, Imani, Imani I think you should

music stops Oh, duhh

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