

True Honey Buns (dat Freak Shit)

Bahamadia

I'm reclinin' out West - maxin at da ress pressed to see my cut
ie that
I call to come caress me desperate pooh unavailable da check di
s - not
into masturbating yo cuz that's some other shit since I had hit
a dry
spell I figured I'd manicure my nails den out da blue I'm inter
rupted
by the bell it was Kia talkin bout Dia c'mon let's bounce tonig
ht
Wu-Tang performin at da Fever and I got backstage passes - vip
status
da after party's at the Marriott we in the night like Gladys co
ol I
can do wit dat give me 45, so I can wash da pussy cat a marinad
e da
body hop in mizarahi tighten up dah afro and turn to superhotti
e tell
you what I'll hit you up soon as I'm ready when I see your Mits
ubishi
out front we jettin'
(chorus)
Arrived at da club like 11:45 - scenery was live - mob like a 3
-2
center outside fly riders da whole shabang you know how Philly
hang
come time nah get extravagant while I was side tracked by the g
lamour
and the glitz key was chattin' wit a bouncer telling him we on
nah
list within a split second we escorted through conjection routi
ne
friskin' metal detection all's clear as air - no question so we
grabbed at the bar and head towards da dance section wit no hes
itation
we breeze to the back in the green room where the celebrities w
as at,
that's when nah propaganda began to emerge star stud events mus
t
trigger hoochie alerts cuz Kia went berserk, diggy low at first
subtle
body language actin' like a flirt tongue stickin out wit da' bab
y doll
pout talkin' all loud I'm like what's dis all about ... -mono-
Here come tha' raw maneuver luew-
der than imagined Kia aimin' for
attention strivin for it with a passion slips out her sarong st
arts

dancing in her thongs like a bootie song was on I said sis you know
you wrong (see) you tha' reason nigs be screamin' bitches, hoes
and
tricks I'ont believe you goin' out on nat Adina Howard shit don't you
dig these niggaz think you hotter than tha' sun even if they talk to
you they wanna hit & run if you skeemin' on nah cream boo you ain't
gettin' none you played from nah door wit dat nut shit you done
den
she gone look at me and say yo chill whatever, I thought you was my
peeps I said I thought you was together your actions bounce on
all
these chicks in here like a reflector I'm tryin nah school you
sis you
its plain that you don't know no better - I'm not da one to judge so
do what you gotta do but it ain't what you do its how you do it
...

Chorus

True honey buns wanna have fun un-
like a chick who settle for da hit
and run, yeah to all tha girls do what you gotta do but it ain't
t what
you do its how you do it...