

First... And Then

Handsome Boy Modeling School

Shh, I'm sayin', I wasn't even gonna do this shit
But I owe this motherfucker a favor
That's why I'm go do shit
But ya'll motherfuckers better stay quiet
Open the door, catch ya coping for more
Told you before, velvet, smooth as velour
Step in the light, Black Sheep, rep in it right
Never we high, too much ebony pride
Something to see, scratch that, something ya be
Paying my dues, God knows, nothing for free
Taking it back, paper, making a stack
Counter-attack, dance floors, making them crack
Running the course, got black, running with force
Rocking the spot, got y'all, loving the choice
Feeling the flame, Black Sheep, killing the pain
Spilling the love, sunshine, feeling the same
Setting the tone, Black Sheep, let it be known
Cooler than ice, hamming it up, keeping it's own
Making it knock, all the way from the writer's block
Geek in ox tails with cocktails, holding my cock, yo
First, exhale with the excel
And then call your crew on your net cell
And then open up a beer and roll a L
And then party all night rest well
But first, exhale with the excel
And then everything you do you do it well
And then even if your hurt you never tell
And then everybody loves the clientele
I'm the type to not follow, lead and drop throttle
Recline and pop bottles with designer top models
The type to not sweat it, stacking not regret it
Said it with hot head, my thing, got to get it
I move, like a phantom, amidst the meddlesome
Destined to hit the top, Dres the kettledrum
Kennel one pedigree, the flow stank dingee
Share my point of view in a world way stingy
I be the principal, it be invisible
There be no optical above the pinnacle
More like I got a fuse, for when you got to choose
Who in a lot of crews, a million molecules
There won't be no debate, my skills are overweight
If you can't hold, you hate, I over compensate
It's Dres, D are E S, the one that does it best
My styles illustrious, my moves are limitless
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Now it doesn't even matter if I do or if I don't have dough
It's like I'm walking on red carpet everywhere that I go
A renegade with rhymes rolling to the tune, low key
Opposite the velvet ropes where Heinekens flow free
And I'm known throughout the world for what I do with one bar

Slap a rapper, even crack a nigga lower lumbar
Ain't gotta front for nada, it don't mean a thing
The only keys I got are the ones swinging on my key ring
Ain't gotta toss threads, throw rolls and dress funny
Just gotta be Dres, stay black and get money
Ain't gotta smoke weed, pop ex or sniff blow
Just gotta be Dres, stay black and get dough
So cool, they called me old school in the eighties
With ladies in their Mercedes at the foot of the good Fridays
On some Handsome Boy shit, telling how to trust me
Till she's speaking in tongues, screaming out monk free
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And then everything you do, you do it well
And then even if your hurt you never tell
And then everybody loves the clientele
What front? Back, I'm 'bout to rip
What front? Back, I'm 'bout to rip
What front? Back, I'm 'bout to rip
What front? Back, I'm 'bout to rip
What front? Back, I'm 'bout to rip