

## Jenny

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes

3, 2, 1  
What what what, man turn that down...  
Gimme five more minutes  
Five more minutes...

What times is it? I'm tired man  
11:59 already

Wake up in the morning one thing on my mind  
Cheerios with vanilla on my milk  
It's all mine, I devour, take a shower  
Grab the papers and sack  
See ya'll later I'm packed  
Smoked up till I get cataract  
Laid in the Cadillac  
Switch lanes out of the driveway  
Like I was on the highway (yeah)  
I ride a big boy  
Y'all ride a similac and oh my Cadillac  
Has 50's in the back  
Playin' Rick James and Tina, so relaxing  
Passed on by the neighbor Red Lane  
They called him insane  
Here's Mr. Chang limps with a cane  
Had a crush on Ms. Payne  
Blessed and he's strange  
Now he can't walk the same  
Innocent three-legged rover  
Kinda says four-leafed clover  
His owner smooth Jason  
Yeah Jane like Playstation  
Had the girl's hearts racin'  
Like you're nervous and pacin'  
Well I swerved the curb  
Corner action like verb  
Cops throwin' the bird you heard  
I'm on I-20 wit' 20's (unh-huh)  
And beats I got plenty can't wait to see Jenny

I been all around the world, met a lot of girls  
Jenny, yeah that's my dog  
I been so many places, seen so many faces  
Still ain't none like my dog  
I been around the world and back again  
Ain't nobody like her yet  
Don't forget your homies, can't forget my homies

Well, as sun starts to dim and I'm under the speed limit  
And there's hectic traffic too, got off at exit 22  
Stopped at Lorraine's she's datin' Mr. Kane  
And she's just as deranged and insane in the brain  
Man she blew up his Range, shouted things so profane  
Unh-huh (sounds like Left Eye)  
So we go to Pit's Lane, way over by the main  
To get the rest of our girls  
With them ghetto ass names  
Toleda, Bonnie, Quesha

With them hairdo's  
Look like they went through a seizure  
You know, went to the movies  
And you can't see the feature (ha ha)  
And Jenny's father's a preacher  
And see her unleashed around daddy so sweet  
Without daddy she a freak (she a ho!)  
Ain't never seen her with the same nigga for weeks  
Naahh wait a minute (yeah)  
I seen her three times with Saadiq

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Pull up to Jenny's and she's waitin' outside  
My hair ain't done get your ass in the ride  
It's Friday night, me I'm high and tight  
Jenny sippin' on the Henny, I'm drivin' tonight  
My exhaust is about to ignite, we turn on Morland Ave.  
And then I see these blue lights (blue lights make me nervous)  
I feel fright Jenny yells I ain't goin' to jail tonight girl  
So anyway I'm drivin' slow, then enormously fast  
Then Jenny dumps her shit and I slammed on the gas  
She says I'm fucked up (ha!)  
Not to mention all the weed in the ride  
And the way we drive and are stupid to ride  
I bust a right on Memorial Drive (go left left)  
She threw out the Henn and I threw out the stash  
And we was goin' so fuckin' and oh so fast  
And we stopped, the cops had caught us at last  
Knew I forgot somethin' I might have needed some gas  
So the cop walked up knocked on the window  
I dropped, I ain't drunk, I forgot Jenny's uncle's a cop  
Yo relax it's me man, you just forgot your keys  
Your keys? Dumbass nigga  
I can't believe I threw out my stash  
I shoulda whooped your ass  
I know I have some crazy Friday nights  
But somethin' about Jenny makes it alright

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