

# Erick Sermon, To Tha Girlz

Yeah, Mega, uh-huh  
Yeah, wh-wha, wha-wha-what?  
Woo, uh-huh  
Y'all stinkin ass bitches out there  
Squad, uh-huh, 610, Megahertz, what  
Yo yo sup, be chicks over here  
Shhh, everybody let's go, yo, yeah

"Brother things done got too far gone.  
We got to let the girls know what they got to do for us!"

(Erick Sermon)

Yo, I like 'em nine-ten-tewelve, you know what that spell  
Done fingernails and their toes as well  
I dig a big boned chick, but that's just me  
I like my baby phat, like (?)Amora Lee  
E-D I'ma sage, I hit 'em with the arrow  
The girls think I'm Cupid, I'm like, "It's me stupid"  
Yeah, I want a girl to prefer an independent  
To do somethin different with her, cash I'll spend it  
Chicks that got, they proud cause they made it  
They can't find a man cause dudes intimidated  
Intimidate me? Show me the money and the crib  
and the car, that's yo' new Jaguar?  
A workin woman, attracts to E  
Don't mind doin for dem, they don't need me so  
females take heed to what I'm sayin  
Tonight's the night, and me and my niggaz ain't playin

(Chorus: Erick Sermon)

Yeah, to all the girls I might take home (huh)  
To all the girls I might take home (huh)  
To all the girls I might take home (huh)  
Excuse me, may I have your attention?  
Can I.. (yes you can) Can I.. (yes you can)  
Can I.. (yes you can) Can I.. (yes you can)

(Erick Sermon)

Yo, yo, I need a girl too, but not you  
I'm not bein rude, I'm a differen type dude  
I'm not gonna trick on you, I'm not Houdini  
I seen you somewhere before you seen me  
But, but I wasn't hot though (no)  
No power no mojo, played me like an old Volvo  
Yo' kind been there (uh-huh)  
You got highway miles on you girl, so why would I spend there  
You want champagne to sip then you buy it  
See how it feels sometimes, homegirl try it  
Don't stop there, for real  
Do it again next time when you out, pay for the meal  
Uhh, already been there, uh, so I'm tellin you  
It's a "Scary Movie," Tori Spelling move  
Ain't nuttin changed, same song as "Golddigger"  
Same rules apply for the same-ass nigga, what?

(Chorus)

(Erick Sermon)

Yeah, aiyyo here's a few rules, don't approach me  
in any fashion chick, without the proper tools  
Yeah tools meaning school, a job, things  
A place that's yours, so you can slam doors  
Cause without that, talkin to me, no need  
You're grown and I already got kids to feed

So unless you my baby momma  
I don't want the Dave Hollister drama cause that's bad karma, trick

(Chorus)