Handsome Boy Modeling School, First...And The

(feat. Dres)

[Dres whispering:] Shhh.. I'm sayin' I wasn't even gonna do this shit.. But I owe this motherfucker a favor Y'all motherfuckers better stay quiet

[Verse 1:]

Open the door, catch ya, coping for more told you before, velvet, smooth as velour Step in the light, Black Sheep, reppin it right never we hide, too much ebony pride Something to see, scratch that, something to be paying my dues, god knows, there's 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, hemming 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!

[Chorus:]

First. Excel with the XL, and then, call your crew on your Nextel and then, open up a beer and roll an L, and then, party all night n rest well But first, excel with the XL, and then everything you do you do it well and then, even if your hurt you never tell, and then, everybody love the clientele

[Verse 2:]

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, tight as the kettledrum Kennel one pedigree, the flow stay dingee share my point of view in a world waste din gee I be the principal, that be invisible there be no obstacle, above the pinnacle Blow 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 your hate, I over compensate It's Dres, D - R - E - S, the one that does it best my styles illustrious, my moves are limitless

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

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 one's swinging on my key ring Ain't gotta toss threats, throw bows, or 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 her to trust me till she's speaking in tongues, screaming out 'muck fe'

[Chorus]