

Jeru The Damaja, Billie Jean (Safe Sex)

Yo Yo Yo I'm bout to tell you about the time
I ran into Billie Jean
Shorty that Michael Jackson sung about on his joint
Yo she was a crazy freak
She use to be buggin out and all that yaknamean
I'm about to drop it on you
And this story is a hundred percent true
Word to Bill Clinton's
Mother

1.

Sexy and brown
I met her downtown
I said hey baby
Your workin body drives the average nigga crazy
I'm Jeru love she said her name was Billie
I continued your minds intact girl you could have my baby
She could've played me
But smiled and replied behave g
I like your style not so maybe you can get to know me
And this not mac son its psyical attraction
I know you have a woman
My mans Michael Jackson
I think she's gassin she can tell by my reaction
A few seconds passed we both bust out laughin
Not sayin I'm all of that or a p-i-m-p
Still spit that magnetic beat and had her clingin to me
Regularly I won't speak on what this dip would do
But when I said she was my freak for about a week or two
And if I tell you the rest you won't believe it
It involves Michael Jackson
Babies and shit

But first
(Chorus)

Billie Jean you was my part time lover
I used a rubber
So blame it on some other muthafucka
Unlike Mike I'll admit I mashed it for fun
But shorty ain't my son and I ain't the one
Straight up Billie Jean you was my part time lover
I use to rub her
So blame it on some other muthafucka
Unlike Mike I'll admit I mashed her for fun
But shorty ain't my son and I ain't the one

2.

This honey was freaky
I did sexual favors for her
Bent willie in her girlfriends Mona Lisa, Roxanne, and Latoya
Straight like that but probably not in that order
On planes, trains, and automobiles and even underwater
On a mission in any position that you ever thought of
And you think I'm bullshittin I got it all on camcorder
One time handled mine worked the spines of them dimes
They like all passed out so its time to recline ya know
Go in my jeans and grab the dark cocoa old school style
Split the El producto
Hearin noises in the back by the kitchen so
I creep and investigate like 5-0
You couldn't fathom what happened next yo
Michael Jackson comes crashin through the window
Rantin and ravin like you dirty so and so
I'm like Mike thas a hoe baby you know how that go
I spoke mad clear but he wasn't hearin me though
He started kickin and punchin like he knew taekwan do
He threw a blow so I got real low

I got my draws and my socks and headed for the front do
Stepped outside stopped short oh no
Went back and dropped the EI producto
Put fire to it and continued to flow
And I ain't seen Billie after that no more
Hey yo

(Chorus)

3.

Like I said after that I ain't see her no more
10 months down the line I bump into her on tour
She said the hat must of snapped when you got my draws
Cause I got a little son and guess what duke he's your
I paused and I said aight let me see him
Shorty had one white glove talkin bout heeheeheeee
You ain't call me through the whole pregnancy
We need a DNA test to determine paternity
Billie started flippin talkin bout you ain't gonna marry me
I said who's not the one that gets burnt that easy baby baby

(Chorus)

So bounce baby

Straight up

It's not me

I'm not the one

Go get somebody else

You know what I mean

It's just not happenin

I'm bouncin peace

It was fun while it lasted

Aight tell your girlfriends I said wassup

(Blows a kiss) I'm out