

Bond

Slick Rick

Wake it up Slick, ya know what I'm sayin? No complaining
Reached the destination and it's rainin'
I'm in Columbia, the Bond steps off the plane and
I hear a holler from a bro with ring around the collar
Here's Chief of Police, greets Bond, tell me to follow
Treated me to everything, no taxin', maxin'
Gives me a hotel suite for me to relax in
Seems everyone was on my silk drawers, McCloud doesn't
Had to bug me he'd have the nerve for jumpin' out the closet
"Word up, dead nigga", said Chief. "How do you figure?"
"Tryin' to arrest me, the Double for the murder of the nigga?"
Now in a cell, but not for long, and now I'm out, I hear a weepin'
One asleep, other sleepin', kept creepin'
Bumped into another, my appearance was alarming
"To who?" Some lady got. God I'm charmin'
Please, the way I rap, I don't even have to say hon'
So who's a Don? You better believe a negro kept girl fond
The name's Bond

Well, I'm outside and it's the chief with twenty deep, psyched the brainiac
Beware because the Double "0" was buckin' like a maniac
'Til nobody left, so hon', nowhere to do correct
Said "excuse me babe, but where they hiding the hooker at?"
"Around the block, but chill at least chill 'til the storm has stopped"
Outside it was a helicopter, sound like it's warmin' up
Grabbed her leg, shot the chief, somebody said "Stop hawkin'"
Shook me off at twenty-thou, the Bond got up walkin'
They was laughing as they left they grew thinner like a rocket
Got the plans from the dying chief of police it's in her pocket
To make it even worse honey gal was definitely rattin'
Was holding her in a club that was happening in Manhattan
I'm on the plane in the day seemed nothin' wasn't phasin'
Except for this stewardess jockin' the Amazin'
But kept my composure, had another honey hon'
Who the Don? You better believe a nigga kept girl fond
The name's Bond

Back at home in New York, I didn't want to get too overfly
You wonder why I pulled out my 535i? (pimp)
Boy I see some lookouts with some girls that was annoys
It was a private engagement for the dealer and the boys
Double just passed the hoods with their faces painted
Walked in, say a good twenty girls fainted
Though guns was all out but seems everyone was shittin'

And man I was so cool I even carried me a kitten
Trouble for the Double? No, I wouldn't swallow that
Who the man with the Golden Gun and all of that
Heard calls of mercy, left blood on the walls of
Rescued shorty who was all on the balls of
Boss said "You're late!" I don't wanna hear none of your dissin'
Upped the cash, made a good twenty million for the mission
Good job, not to mention had that Boss honey hon
So who's a Don?
Better believe a nigga kept girl fond
The name's Bond! [Sample: "Well, what do you think, Vance? Please, no one can serve us"]

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