

Here's an oldie but goodie  
Hit it  
Excuse me  
What?  
Can I have your attention?  
Mn-hmm  
There's just a few things that I've got to mention (uh-huh)  
There's girlies out here that seem appealing  
But they all come in your life and could hurt your feelings  
I'm telling you  
As Rick is my name  
I wouldn't trust no girl unless she feels the same  
Treat 'em like a prostitute (do what? )  
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop  
'cause all they do is they hurt and trample  
Listen up close, here comes my first example

Now ya been with your girlfriend for quite a while  
Plans for the future, she's having your child  
Celebrate with friends drinking cans and quarts  
Telling all your friends about your family thoughts  
One friend was drunk so he starts to act wild  
He tells the truth about the kid  
It's not your child  
Acting like a jerk and on his face was a smirk  
He said, your wife went berserk while you was hard at work  
And she led him on and tried to please him  
She didn't waste time, she didn't try to tease him

Treat 'em like a prostitute (do what? )  
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop  
'cause all they do is they hurt and trample  
Listen up close, here comes my second example

It's your wife  
You buy the tramp jewels and clothes  
You get sentimental and bring home a rose  
Give her everything 'cause you swear she's worth it  
All your friends tell you, the bitch don't deserve it  
Love is blind, so there goes your wealth  
Until one day, you see things for yourself  
Came home from work early, mr. loverman  
You had a card and some candy in your right hand  
There's the mailman, he was short yet stout  
He went inside your house and didn't come back out  
Bust it  
Just a friendly stop, come on, is it?  
The mailman comes and he pays your wife a visit?  
The thought alone makes your temperature boil  
You say to yourself, she might still be loyal  
You open up your door and stand in a trance

You see the mailman's bag and the mailman's pants  
Came home to party  
At work had a hard day  
Look around your house and you say, where the hell are they?  
Run upstairs up to your bedroom  
You look inside your room, you see something brewin'  
Cover your mouth because you almost choke  
You see the mailman's dick way up your wife's throat

Treat 'em like a prostitute (mm-hmm)  
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop  
'cause all they do is they hurt and trample  
Listen up close, here comes my third example

Now your girl, she don't like to have sex a lot  
And today she's ready and she's hot, hot, hot  
As you open up the door she says, get on the floor  
She wants to try things she's never tried before  
She takes off your drawers and works you over  
She calls you twinkles  
And you call her rover  
Next thing you know, the ho starts to ill  
She says, I love you, Harold and your name is Will  
That's not the half 'til you start to ride her  
Take off your rubber and there's one more inside her  
It's not yours-who can it be?  
I think it was a slick rapper, his name is m.c. Ricky

Treat 'em like a prostitute  
Don't treat no girlie well, treat no girlie well  
Treat no girlie well, until you're sure of the scoop