Moderately slow \( \frac{d}{=100} \)

Prologue:

\( \text{Ab7} \)

morning ladies and gentlemen, boys and muth-a-fuckin' girls.

This is your captain with no name speakin' and I'm here 2 rock your world with a
A tale that will soon be classic about a woman you already know.

No

A prostitute, she but the mayor of your brain, Pussy Control.

Chorus: Ab7

Ahh.
Pussy Control

Oh.
Verse 1 & 2:

story begins in a school yard, a little girl skip-pin' rope with her friends.

2. See additional lyrics

tis - ket - a - tas - ket, no lunch in her bas - ket just school books 4 the fight she would be in
one day o-ver this hood- ie. She got beat 4 some clothes and a rep. With her

chin up she scold- ed all y'all is mold- ed. When I'm rich on your neck I will step and

step she did 2 the straight A's then col-lege, a Mas- ters de-gree. She

hi-red the helf- fers that jumped her and made ev- ery one of them work 4 free? No.
Why? So what if my sisters are trifling, they just don't know. She said,

"Ma-ma didn't tell 'em what she told me Girl, u need Pussy Control". Ahh,

Pussy Control Oh Ahh

To Coda

1. 2. Verse Break-down
Verse 3:

3. With one more verse 2 the story,
See additional lyrics

need another piece of your ear. wanna hip y'all 2 the reason i'm known as the

player of the year. Cuz met this girl named Pussy at the club International Ball.
She was rollin' 4 deep - 3 sistas and a weep-y-eyed white girl drivin' a hog... say it Pussy Control.

Epilogue:
Ab7

And the moral of this muth-a-fuck-a is...

Ab7(9)

Ladies, make 'em act like they know, u are... was and always will be Pussy Control.

Ahh... Pussy Control.

Oh...
Verse 2:
Verse two-Pussy got bank in her pockets,
Before she got dick in her drawers.
If brother didn't have good and plenty of his own,
In love Pussy never did fall.
This fool named Trick want 2 stick her,
Talkin' more shit than a bit,
'bout how he's gonna make Pussy a star
If she'd come and sing a lick on his hit.
Pussy said nigga u're crazy if u don't know
Every woman in the world ain't a freak.
U could go platinum four times
And still couldn't make what make in a week.
So push up on somebody wanna hear that,
Cuz this somebody here don't wanna know.
Boy, u better act like u understand
When u roll with Pussy Control.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3 continued:
$\Rightarrow$ pulled up right beside her
And my electric top went down.
$\Rightarrow$ said muthafucka know your reputation
And $\Rightarrow$ 'm astounded that u're here.
$\Rightarrow$ fear u're lonely and u want 2 know
A twelve o'clock straight up nigga
That don't give a shit that u're Pussy Control.
Well $\Rightarrow$ 'm that nigga, at least wanna be.
But it's gonna be hard as hell
2 keep my mind off a body that will
Make every rich man want 2 sell, sell, sell.
Can $\Rightarrow$ tell u what $\Rightarrow$ 'm thinking that u already know,
U need a muthafucka that respects your name,
Now say it-Pussy Control.
(To Chorus:)