

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"Fuckin' You Right"**

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(Xzibit talkin)

Listen to this, I'm just tryna do this for us
You know what I'm sayin, you scream at the top of your
fucking lungs
Yeah, I'm just tryna do this hard work and get this good
between us baby, yeah

Look, Samantha, Loraine, Monica, Veronica
Veronica, she treated my dick like a harmonica
How you think I learned how to twist it and turn
Ya back until it's broke, make you feel it in your throat
It was Pamela, Linda, Keisha, Nicole
Had me fuckin while I was drivin on cruise control
Can't wait to get it home and teach it all to you
Look I'm just tryna be the best, I'm doin it all for you
You know that thing with the peanut butter
My Brooklyn bitch said fuck untyin the ropes,
it's faster with a box cutter
I know you love the way I'm diggin you out
But always wanna fuckin aruge so let's figure this out
I'm just tryna make you happy bitch
Who's there for you anytime you get in the mood for
suckin a dick
I took the time out to find out what ya like
You bust fifteen nuts, wanna get up and fight
So look

(Chorus)

You should thank of all the bitches that I have in my life
All the experience I'm gettin got me fuckin you right
Never took time to see it and plus
All you thinkin 'bout is yourself, I'm thinkin for us
You love the way I beat it down when I come in the
house
And all in ya mouth, the bedroom, kitchen and couch
You should thank all of the bitches that I have in my life
All the experience I'm gettin got me fuckin you right

It was Gina, Julie, Renee, Ty and Tammy
Made me spend some extra days in Miami
Candy, Trisha, Prescilla, Melissa

Showed X to the Z it's better with three
Who could fuck your ass better than me (pssst)
I think not, hard knock the cock, welcome to my sweat
shop
I pick locks made by NFL, NBA, NHL, fuck all day
You could say I didn't do this shit
Unsatisfied bitches gotta go out and chase the dick
And that's just not the thing to do
So I learn new shit from the next bitch and teach it to
you
Now don't you love it how I shove it baby (hell yeah)
When we be fuckin and we thuggin baby (hell yeah)
The way I hit it when I pump it baby (hell yeah)
And don't I spit it when I bust it baby (hell yeah)

(Chorus)

I insist that we fuckin on videotape
Just incase a bitch lose face and try and call rape
If you know somethin that might excite up our late night
Got an open invite to lay us a pipe
Make ya head feel like your wet, warm and tight
I'll go from all night 'til the sun turn bright
Two wrongs don't make it right bitch, no need to cheat
(Pussy just a piece of meat, another means to eat)
Big Tray D told me that, as a matter of fact
You only tell me that you love me when you're flat on
your back
You wanna leave me now bitch, my fuckin feelings is
hurt
Why am I the only one that's tryna make this work

(Chorus)

(Tray D talking to fade)

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