

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Late Night Tip"**

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[Lord Infamous]

Let me just take you somewhere secret  
gonna cut all of the lights down dim  
Forget all about your boy we gonna just flow it  
What we felt let's share a few private thoughts  
I'm not just, out for your sex  
Let me simplify the things in life that you find complex  
Forget what, you heard bout me cuz you're a Scarecrow  
groupie  
but there's no pressure on you cuz you know  
what you must do check this out  
Let's have a drink and I give you time to think  
Let me puff this buddah blunt and cut on this porno  
buff  
Girl come lounge here by my side, tonight your, my  
devil's bride  
And there's a freak deep inside have no shame, no  
need to hide  
Why do you keep on blushin? Get it on  
Like a slut she, she must be,  
kind of tipsy on this crystal like a gypsy  
Now I got her on all fours  
bout to break down the headboard crash this broad  
All through the wall now she howling like a dog, sweat  
poured  
We hit the floor it don't quit, another one ripped  
It's just another victim of Lord Infamous late night tip

(Chorus)

I'm not the type that get involved in long relationships  
Takin' trips, and buyin' gifts, I'm sorry I'm not on that  
tip  
If you want romance you should just stick who you are  
really with  
If you in that mood you can hit me on that late night tip  
(2x)

[DJ Paul]

I done seen some funny shit since I got in this game  
They wants my crib they wants kids since I done got my  
fame

I never recall you askin your last boyfriend for nathin  
But now the big bourban on gold got you aggravated

[Gangsta Boo] I need a coach bag  
[DJ Paul] I can't be even doin' it  
[Gangsta Boo] I need my hair done

[DJ Paul]  
Me too I ain't got nothin' to do with it  
I been through with it, you and it since the first time you  
asked  
And might I add, players like me can't be savin' your  
ass

[Gangsta Boo]  
I ain't with that nonsense, or that lovey-dovey mess  
Feelin' kind of whorish I call and all I want is sex  
Slip on Victoria's secret, hit the liquor store before it  
close  
Call Chris so I can get something white to go up in my  
nose  
Now I'm feelin' fine, nothin' but sex is on my mind  
If you cannot please me boy, then please don't waste  
all of my time  
Got you caught up in the mist  
Mystic girl from Triple Six  
Late night tip is all we have, it's time for trick that sick

(Chorus 2x)

[Juicy J]  
I can't understand why these slobs be trippin'  
Can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen  
Ballin' in my Lex dropped low to the ground  
Just a young playa tryin' to put my bid in  
Freaks want a trick that be constantly payin'  
Not a ghetto thug that be constantly layin  
Raymo Inn on a summer motel,  
oh well that's what the Juice might stay in  
Gotta have a lady that wanna do what I do  
Like skippin' work or love cuttin' high school  
Summon all the players in the Three 6 Mafia  
Camcorder on skinny dippin' in the swimmin' pool  
Never try to argue, bother you, or fight  
Kill a pack a jimmy hats strapped on real tight  
Sippin' Alize all tall, and a bud light  
Just for you freaks on the moonlight late night

[Koopsta Knicca]  
Tell me Three 6 who be bumpin' that music  
Hypnotizin' Koop I tell you who I'm bout to lose it

Could it be that late night, groove type, just inside the  
body  
Always kinda lonely someone want me hold me, I say  
Come here, come here, come here the Koopsta cryin'  
tears  
I can't think positive when no one cares of how I feel  
Realize my mind, sometimes that I even try to find  
I cannot lie though I can ride high late night

(Chorus until song ends)

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