

SAY F/ Pete D Moore

"If I Was Fucking You"

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[Intro - 'Big Worm' talking]

Yeah that's cool

Er, everything closed so we just

We might as well just go straight to the hotel

And just get some rest

Let me slide this dick up on in ya

[Verse 1]

[Ice Cube]

If I was fucking you right about now

You'd have a dick stuck in you (yeah)

Have to go brag to your fucking crew

On how this rap nigga dick you down

Tenderised them guts and didn't have to kick you down

Who this bitch nigga wit' you now?

Do we know about your X-files?

And your sex styles?

And all the niggaz that you think about fucking

And the shit you know you really wanna do when we
buzzin' (hahaha)

[K-Mac]

If I was fucking you, shit, it'd be like drama (yeah)

And you might get tripped on by my baby mama (hey
mac)

So do what I tell you and everything'll be alright

You're cute as fuck, plus that ass is tight (hype)

Get the fuck on 'fore these niggaz start to fight

I can see it in your eyes, you wanna fuck tonight

Give head and everything, she got a fool in love (fool)

Gave it up to me, a gangsta, after the club

[Mr. Short Khop]

If I was fucking you, I'd be pakin the piss

The horny weight dick gettin' laid is for chips

Bitch I'm tryina' make grips

Him in with the trojan pack 'o six

Hin the gin and juice the mix

No time to pause, gots to drop draws

Prep though a ass-spanking', breakin' down walls

With tactics, nigga used two prophylactics (double-up)

Hit the twat chopper style
Bang it up back (echo)

[Hook]
If I was fucking you (echo)
(overlapping) ooh, oo, yeah, a, ahh, uhh, uh, come on

[Verse 2]
[Ice Cube]
If I was fucking you, you'd be like fuck everybody
Cube, this pussy yours
Washin' dishes, rubbin' floors
Doin' chores for a nigga
Open doors for a nigga
Ridin' shotgun, holdin' forty-fours for a nigga
At the motelly, got you on your belly
In come morcelli
Niggaz calling K-Mac, bitches calling Kelly
Do it like Arthur Fonzarelli, hit the lights
So we can try to reform these potential dykes

[K-Mac]
If I was fucking you, you'd be spendin' all your dough
(yeah)
Buying nigga shit, that you don't even know (mm)
Credit card maxed-out
Bank account tapped-out
Writin' bad cheques (hahaha)
When I call you break your neck
You do whatever please me, runnin' burs while I take it
easy
Will as you do whatever, live your life just to please me
These buster-ass niggaz make the shit so easy
(He was fucking me?) for sheazy

[Mr. Short Khop]
If I was fucking you, I'd let the homies fuck too
Run up in the guts, bust nuts and we're through
Have you fiendin'
Cooch screamin, needin' cleanin'
Creamin', tag-teamin', suckin' semen
Keep it low, put it in your grill cos you love me
With video footage of you giving nigga scully (got you)
Hold it till you choked off the bitch then got gut
And roll one to smoke, grab my shit and shake my spot

[Hook]

[Outro]
['Big Worm' talking]
Nineteen inches of complicated funk. hahahaha

Ango urgin', probably be vomiting dick for a week
though
Suckin' on semen, hahahahahahah...
Hmmm... be careful what you wish for, you just might
get it

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