

## W.C. "Flirt"

Visit "[Flirt](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse: WC]

We been through SL Coupe  
Wrist froze like Igloo  
Big Lou, Tony get your sauce swirled  
Come twisting, Nina whistling that you with your home  
girls  
Big bankers, Big drinker, I see you sneaking  
A peak so I know you live these gangsters  
Freaky thoughts got me cussing at you  
Visualizing me in side ya, baby can we holla  
Lookie here lets skip the fake conversation and all the  
waiting  
My name is Dub what's crackalatin  
Certified rider, all nighter, dipping in the Impala  
Trying to get you with this anaconda  
Be your friendly neighbor-hood neighbor with paper  
Chrome and wood on the Chevy baby  
Bust rubbers go deep under covers  
A freaky mother fucka' we should get to know each  
other

[Chorus: Case]

Come take a ride with me baby  
Me and my homey bout to blow - Flirt  
I saw you at the light looking bright  
Banging from your head to your toes - Flirt  
Can't tell the future, I don't know what tomorrow holds  
But we can smoke a little chronic, drink a little  
And if it's good, drink a lil' mo - Flirt

[Verse: WC]

Ain't no denying I'm straight buying  
You in that tight skirt  
Cause baby you got my flirt  
Shutting all rookies down  
Stub down Dub Cezzy  
A.k.a. Pussy Hound  
Who was snitching, punany technician  
Trying to make your head off from multiple positions  
Off a yacht and moët  
I fiend for sex, menage a trois and getting freaky of  
that ass  
Cause I insert it  
Squirt it wit you on top jerking it

Playing Mystikal like "show me what you working wit"  
Running up in it playing dead duck let me put the plug  
in it  
Show you how a thug hit it  
Exchange lines, blazing drinks St. Ides  
Trying to do the damn thing wit you  
And your girl at the same time  
No commitments to make the butt riches, a machine  
loving m vocabulary, flirt  
[Chorus]  
[Verse: WC]  
I got a problem, and it's serious as cancer  
No matter what you call it baby I'm a fuckaholic  
Trying to get you on the lizo to blow  
And whistle my melody, part them legs open like the  
Red Sea  
Make you smack hit it from the back  
While I'm creeping in the hood blowing on dubs sac  
As long as your kit-kat gets wet and percolate  
No matter the color or size, I can't hate  
I like the skinny ones, thick ones the whole entre  
I even think I'm country for fat monkeys like Beyonce  
Wet lips and as ghetto as Vivica  
Nasty long tongue known for licking ya  
I might trick a little just to keep the litter  
But tripping as G gon' cause we goin sip  
I'm mashing to smashing  
There's too many asses  
I can't role past them, I'm getting at them  
[Chorus] (2x)  
[Outro: WC + (Case)]  
(You me, Dub-Cee)  
Uh, Dub-Cee (Flirt)  
Case (that's me)  
New millenium shit (baby baby babe)

Visit [W.C.](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.