

Sean Paul F/ Mr Vegas

"Red Hot Riplets"

Visit "[Red Hot Riplets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Nelly]

Uh, uh, uh, uh

I'm automatical, infatical, radical even

I wanna clearr all the misconceptions and shit ya
believe in

I'm leavin' nothin' to the imagination

I won't stop on my Emanicipation Proclamation

Through the radio stations

Facin' me, aint that hard but it aint that easy

Like I don't know when to play hard and when to play
easy

Believe me, George and Weezy couldn't move up this
fast

I'm lappin' errybody can't tell if I'm first or last

It won't hurt ya ass, but it might hurt yo ass

To come trippin', find derryty got the perfect stash

The perfect gat, left in ya ass thought I would run

Laughin' at them niggaz who thought derryty was done

I'm a, son a g, I'm not a son of bitch

I'm makin' sure that my son and my sons gon be rich

Daughters and my daughters in no particular order

I leave em layin up out the water wit straps to protect
they ball up

Cuz I call it

[Hook: Ali & (Nelly)] - x2

I need some Kool-Aid (Whaa?)

Wit my red hot riplets

(Tell em what ya-tell em what mean man)

You all that and a bag of chips

And I just wanna know if me and you can dip

That's all

[Verse 2: Kyjuan]

Baby girl you sweeter than Kool-Aid, the red flavor

"Ooh that's my favorite", yeah I know my game is major

She gave me her card, she said I can page her

I was gon wait a couple of days but I did her a favor

Call her now, invite myself awake the neighbors

Beatin' loud, swoopin' like a caped crusader

Without the cape, without the tights

Her baby daddy was the type to have a truck like mine
No beach rims, no door pipes
Of course that, I love her apple bottom short set
She got upset, I said she couldn't fire up a cigarette
Small brat, aint used to cats wit short stacks
If you ask me for summin, drop her off where the porch
at
I'm on a mission, turn the keys in the ignition
Beat steady, beatin' Tweeter steady whistlin'
She's seen my glisten, started to trip
Murph, she's all that and a bag of chips

[Hook: Ali & (Nelly)] - x2
I need some Kool-Aid (Whaa?)
Wit my red hot riplets
(Tell em what ya-tell em what mean man)
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

[Verse 3: Murphy Lee]
Look, I want some mushu whether I'm in Cali or Cancun
No goin' out, I like to stay in my damn room
(Damn!) She got a donkey-o, this must be a damn zoo
(Ooh!) Look at the monkey yo, she must be a baboon!
Please don't feed me mama I'm like an animal
Especially after 12, can you handle my stamina?
You won't believe the things I say when you walk by
My game cool but when it's on but it's hot when I talk
high
Now ought I, take you home but am I wrong
I'm a kid ma, you know I don't wanna be Home Alone
Plus I felt summin therre when we was dancin' on that
song
I like togetherness, can we all get along?
Can we all, get in my car and talk about it in the morn'
And make decisions when wake up and yawn
Come on, you can tell me if you like it or not
Cuz I'ma have my Kool-Aid and my riplets red hot

[Hook: Ali & (Nelly)] - x2
I need some Kool-Aid (Whaa?)
Wit my red hot riplets
(Tell em what ya-tell em what mean man)
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

[Verse 4: Ali]
Yo, yo, them muthafuckas just too damn hot
Nigga like the pie in the window

Cross the gun line and even get shot to find the indo
Eatin' red hot, riplets promotin' passin' out snippets
Seen you walkin' wit the triplets, I'm clubbin lookin'
terrific
I need some Kool-Aid, shiit I got to get it wit it
Put my spoon up in ya pitcher see if it fit up in it
(And) smoke for a second (And) told her I'll wreck it
Told her groupie connection, got in the room and told
her get naked
Told the Lunatics, told her how I reflect it
Lemme show you from the Show-Me, no talk fo sho
respect it
And ya red hot, butt and now ya say ya hearin' not
It's the rap Fred Flintstone, I makin' the Bed Rock
I give it to ya never failin ya, handlin' business I'm
tellin' ya
You ever need me again I'ma be through in on my
celluar
And I'ma store y'all never on the red hot riplets and
Kool-Aid
(Kool-Aid!)..I need my money nigga..

Visit [Sean Paul F/ Mr Vegas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.