

Red Hot Lover

"No1 Player"

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(feat. Rich Nice)

[Rich Nice]

What I want you to understand is
Mackin' is a big business
And it's been goin' on since the beginnin' of time
So when we talk about mackin'
I want y'all to understand that we talkin' for real, daddy
I mean, ain't no slackin' in our mackin'
We the last of the get last
After us they broke the mold fast
So don't get it twisted, and don't get it fucked up
But I want you young macks out there to know
I mean, this shit is for real, daddy
So, Red Hot Lover Tone..
Drop some of that smooth shit

[Red Hot Lover Tone]

Testin' 1, 2 from Atlanta to Savannah
It's the party jammer with the Brooklyn slang grammar
Oh and uh, I came to shoot the gift like Santa
Throw my rap around your head just like a bandana
Girls say I miss you, cause my shit's official
They be all over my shit like Scottie tissue
The issue is I wish you stop sweatin' me, I quit you
Damn, I never shoulda hit you
They call me "Chocolate Lover" 10 inches of terror
lovin'
I pull out my jimmy and bitches be like "You buggin',
you buggin'"
But I ?????? and I leave it in pieces
Said my name was "Tone" but you still sayin' "Oh
Jesus"
Check my resume, I should get paid for my lay
Got the type of sex to make Jennifer's Holiday,
everyday
Releasing my fluid into it

[Rich Nice]

Ain't no slackin' in my mackin'

[Red Hot Lover Tone]
Hey baby, we can do it

[Chorus #1: Both together]
From the Kitchen to the Bedroom
To the Bathroom floor
Then Baby, hit the door
And when you're sure that you can't go no more
'Cause your poom poom's sore
Baby, hit the door
And when I'm fresh out of Jimmy hat's
I'm sayin' "that's I don't go raw"
So baby, hit the door
And when you can't be my lover
'Cause you love me and you want a lot more
Baby, hit the door....

[Chorus #2]
It's hard being the number 1 player (say what)
Hey, it's hard being the number 1 player (I can dig it)
It's hard being the number 1 player (mack on)
Baby, it's hard being the number 1 player

[Red Hot Lover Tone]
Yo, women never understand the way that I think
How I could hit the skins and wash my balls in your sink
I'm into freaky shit like women that inflate
My dick is insured 'cause I fucked in "All-States"
I'll take a blind date, and she's a fine mate
Pull out a condom, so she don't complain that "I'm late"
I'll be your "Almond Joy" if you feel like a nut
Mirros all around so I could watch my ass go up
And down and up and down, with sound
Ladies wet their panties whenever Red Hot's around
So come kiss the mister, it's the drifter
Who licks ya from your ass to your toe-jam, sister
When I'm erectness, check this
Let me cum on your neck and make a pearl sperm
necklace
I'll lick your body if it's ashy, I'm nasty, ain't nothing to
it
Let's run through it, we can do it

[Chorus #1: Both together]
From the Kitchen to the Bedroom
To the Bathroom floor
Then Baby, hit the door
And when you're sure that you can't go no more
'Cause your poom poom's sore
Baby, hit the door
And when I'm fresh out of Jimmy hat's

I'm sayin' "thats I don't go raw"
So baby, hit the door
And when you can't be my lover
'Cause you love me and you want a lot more
Baby, hit the door....

[Chorus #2]

It's hard being the number 1 player (say what)
Hey, it's hard being the number 1 player (I can dig it)
It's hard being the number 1 player (mack on)
Baby, it's hard being the number 1 player

[Rich Nice]

Uh, and that's the way story goes, you know I mean
Some of you young macks out there got to realize
Y'all ain't nothing but a rest haven for hoes
That's all you ever been and that's all your ever gonna
be
So look up to this here macks as doing their real thing
And give it up when you really see it, aight?
It's comin' to you live, from Red Hot Lover Tone
And yours truly, Rich Nice, from Mack Paradise
I say peace.....

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