

The Flex

"Huckleberry"

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[D-Shot]

Hey now baby, how you be doin?
You been doin fine?
You know you called me last week
I got your message but I was outta state,
yaknowhatl'msayin?
(Now I comes through, just like the hog I am)
It seems you need a little bit of excitement in your life
(All up in her bedroom, til Renee humming my tune)
I'm here for you, don't sweat it
(She's got an attitude, I'm just her man)
How your man be treatin you?
(She needs me to get her in the mood)
I know
(I had to hit her, I'm never stairry I'll be yo huckleberry!)
See you can call me any hour, that's how we do it

I'm in and out, and partner you ain't knowin this
She loves you goodly but she's all on a player's tip
Cause you ain't givin, somethin that she really needs
And that's that good ass lovin, partner can't you see
She's bored no trust, she sits in the house all day
While you out there ballin, tryin to have it the kingpin
way
She gets no time, your schedule way too deep
You leaves out the house everytime you get a beep
To all you ladies, sweet dark and lovely
See players like me, I likes to taste the Easter bunny
I likes to lick you down, give you self esteem
I'm the playboy you want, on your under team
Yo' huckleberry, mackin fast Shot-ty
One of them type of ballers on the same level as Gotti
So all you tenders, it's all to the good
So page me on the under and I'll creep through yo'
hood

chorus

If you need some lovin, lovin girl
I'll be yo' huckleberry, berry
And if you need someone to talk to girl, talk to girl
You can call me on the under, under

[E-40]

Lookin at my oyster perpetual Rolex, browsin through
my Rolodex

Baby done left a verbal, want me to hit that girdle

Come through on a tuck, while he's in the shower

Get in on the ease with robbin him, after hour

Slumpin gen-a-talia, regulatin

Cheatin in next room, fun-a-catin

Demonstratin, new and improved moves

Legislatin, perkin drinkin booze

But when you plug it, baby see you soon

You say one day, we gon' jump the broom

It was seven years, and G is faithful for ya

But did she love ya, or was she used to ya

It ain't my fault you got too attached

But don't check me partner, check yo baitch

Wanna know my name, call me 40 Pop Cherry

I'll be yo huckleberry

chorus

[D-Shot]

I'm on yo mind, twenty-four seven

When you at work, you calls me at eleven

And that's cool, cause my number won't be on yo' bill

Ohh baby girl all we wanna do is keep it real

No hesitation, we wanna play this game right

But if you feel me, we gots to have our game tight

So we can smob to the beach and pain n all

Rub you down to the canvasol

One hundred miles away, while your man think you at
work

That boy Shot, is all up in these skirts

If there's a bluebird on my shoulder should I hit him

I turn him around, then from the back that's when I kill
him

But hittin it from the back ain't always what I wanna do

I got ta do you hard, so you can tell your crew

That that boy Shot knows how to... tuck

He got you givin it up

And you ain't done that in years

That's right

And you ain't done that in years

chorus

Keep it on the under, on the under, no one has to know

It's between me and you, take my pager number

You can call me, call me, all times of the day...

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