

## 2Pac "Toss It Up Nu Mixx"

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verse one

lord have mercy, father help us all  
since you supplied your phone number, i can't help but  
call  
time for action, conversatin, we relaxin, kickin back  
got ya curious for thug pa\*sion, now picture that  
tongue kissin, hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living room  
sweatin up the sheets, it's the thug in me  
i mean no disrespectin when i tongue kiss your neck,  
i go a long way to get you wet, what you expect  
late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
i pull over, gettin busy in the parking lot  
and don't you love it how i lick your hips and glide  
kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
i got the bedroom shakin back, breakin when we tossin  
it up

ooh ooh wee baby I love the way it's goin? down  
when nobody's around slip slide ride givin me love that  
slide  
female I like what I wanna give all night  
u and me alone everybody's gone toss it up baby let's  
get it on!

You know I like the way you please me the sexy way you  
tease me  
The way you move your body really drives me crazy  
Your body hypnotizing your smell is so exciting  
So baby come on home with me  
I like the way you give it to me!

[Chorus: K-Ci, JoJo]

I like the way you give it to me -- let me see you toss it  
up  
[repeat 4X w/ variations]  
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play onnnn!  
[repeat 4X w/ variations]

[K-Ci, JoJo]

Ohhh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady  
Ohhh, don't act so shady, baby your taste is as fine as  
gravy

The way you move that thang, you make me wanna  
sang

Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

[Aaron Hall]

Now the man, I'm here again

Don't want it to ever end

It's feeling too good

Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah

Big booty to the delight-ah

Bag it up yo, let me in there

Toss it up for me!!

[Chorus 1/2]

verse two

Tell me what's your phone number, i get around  
cali love to my true thugs, picture me now  
still down for that death row sound, searchin for pay  
days

no longer dre day, arive derche

long and forgotten, rotten for plottin-child's play

check your sexuality, as fruity as this alize

quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move

cross DEATH ROW, now who you gonna run to

like those other suckers 'cause you similiar

pretendin to be hard-oh my god-check your

temperature

screamin compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard

brothas pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the

burbs

mob on to this new era, 'cause we untouchable

still can't believe you got pac rushin, uppin you

bless the real, all the rest get killed, who can you trust

only time reveals...toss it up!

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Tupac]

Play on playa, play on

How can some non-players do a song about Compton  
and then wanna do a player song?

How can non-players do it? (We not little kids, we not  
playin)

Tellin lies, who?  
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon  
You still ain't touchin us, all that peace talk  
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the  
street boy  
It's on  
Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat  
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat  
Cause you wasn't rockin it right  
Tired of suckers rockin it, toss it up, is how we did it  
Yeah, toss it up now!

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