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Case F/ Foxy Brown "If I Was Fucking You"

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[Intro - 'Big Worm' talking]
Yeah that's cool
Er, everything closed so we just
We might as well just go straight to the hotel
And just get some rest
Let me slide this dick up on in ya

[Verse 1]

[Ice Cube]

If I was fucking you right about now You'd have a dick stuck in you (yeah) Have to go brag to your fucking crew On how this rap nigga dick you down Tenderised them guts and didn't have to kick you down Who this bitch nigga wit' you now?

Do we know about your X-files?

And your sex styles?

And all the niggaz that you think about fucking And the shit you know you really wanna do when we buzzin' (hahaha)

[K-Mac]

If I was fucking you, shit, it'd be like drama (yeah) And you might get tripped on by my baby mama (hey mac)

So do what I tell you and everything'll be alright You're cute as fuck, plus that ass is tight (hype)
Get the fuck on 'fore these niggaz start to fight
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna fuck tonight
Give head and everything, she got a fool in love (fool)
Gave it up to me, a gangsta, after the club

[Mr. Short Khop]

If I was fucking you, I'd be pakin the piss
The horny weight dick gettin' laid is for chips
Bitch I'm tryina' make grips
Him in with the trojan pack 'o six
Hin the gin and juice the mix
No time to pause, gots to drop draws
Prep though a ass-spanking', breakin' down walls
With tactics, nigga used two prophylactics (double-up)

Hit the twat chopper style Bang it up back (echo)

[Hook]

If I was fucking you (echo) (overlapping) ooh, oo, yeah, a, ahh, uhh, uh, come on

[Verse 2]

[Ice Cube]

If I was fucking you, you'd be like fuck everybody

Cube, this pussy yours

Washin' dishes, rubbin' floors

Doin' chores for a nigga

Open doors for a nigga

Ridin' shotgun, holdin' forty-fours for a nigga

At the motelly, got you on your belly

In come morcelli

Niggaz calling K-Mac, bitches calling Kelly

Do it like Arthur Fonzarelli, hit the lights

So we can try to reform these potential dykes

[K-Mac]

If I was fucking you, you'd be spendin' all your dough (yeah)

Buying nigga shit, that you don't even know (mm)

Credit card maxed-out

Bank account tapped-out

Writin' bad cheques (hahaha)

When I call you break your neck

You do whatever please me, runnin' burs while I take it easy

Will as you do whatever, live your life just to please me These buster-ass niggaz make the shit so easy (He was fucking me?) for sheazy

[Mr. Short Khop]

If I was fucking you, I'd let the homies fuck too Run up in the guts, bust nuts and we're through Have you fiendin' Cooch screamin, needin' cleanin'

Creamin', tag-teamin', suckin' semen

Keep it low, put it in your grill cos you love me

With video footage of you giving nigga scully (got you)

Hold it till you choked off the bitch then got gut

And roll one to smoke, grab my shit and shake my spot

[Hook]

[Outro]

['Big Worm' talking]

Nineteen inches of complicated funk. hahahaha

Ango urgin', probably be vomiting dick for a week though
Suckin' on semen, hahahahahahah...
Hmmm... be careful what you wish for, you just might get it

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