

## Chaka Khan F/ Grandmaster Melle Mel

### "Touch Me, Tease Me"

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[Intro: Sauce Money]

Man

They just don't understand  
How hard it is for a young black male  
Still wanna beef  
We don't wanna compromise  
All we wanna do is take take take  
Ya better get some

[Verse 1: Sauce Money]

I'm in the streets with my thug love  
You know the block is hot  
Plus them niggas tryna set up shop  
Gettin' money in these streets is all I got  
Even if it takes me gettin' shot  
Besides what you riffin' for?  
Five Gs what I hit you for  
Can't believe you still want more  
I'm a thug boo you know thugs don't trick  
Just cuz I love you, you wanna drive the six  
Well that's too much shine, unnecessary flair  
No more arguing, take some dough for ya hair  
Just beep me 12 o'clock, I'll be right there  
To pick you up, don't ruin that  
I don't really be doin' that  
What you mean that's not good enough?  
I'm spendin' too much of time in the hood and stuff?  
In the drop chrome shinnin' flauntin' my crew  
I'm tryna get paid ma, what you want me to do?

[Chorus: Lil' Kim]

You gotta please me  
Touch and tease me  
Love me, hug me  
Rub me, squeeze me  
Kiss me, and never deceive me  
Show me, you gotta believe me  
Or leave me  
Please me  
Touch and tease me  
Love me, hug me

Rub me, squeeze me  
Kiss me, and never deceive me  
Show me, you gotta believe me  
Or leave me

[Verse 2: Sauce Money]

You got some nerve grillin' me wit a frown a lot  
Attitude real stank, I ain't around a lot  
Can't understand why I'm outta town a lot  
I rap for big paper now, this ain't around the block  
Now you treat me like I'm cheatin', creepin' or sumin  
Sneakin' or sumin, late night keepin' 'em humpin'  
Why you look at Sauce funny? (What you don't trust a nigga?)  
I work hard, look at your diamonds.... them shits cost money  
Forget about your homies, they jealous of you  
I ain't really tryna hear what they tell us to do  
Besides half of them ain't even got no man  
That's why I'm goin' all out, puttin' rocks on your hand  
But you don't really care, you're spoiled and shit  
Talk slick like you drink baby oil and shit  
She got a 500 wit chrome, spoiler kit  
And you still not happy, man what's wrong wit chicks

Chorus

[Verse 3: Sauce Money]

Enjoy your cut necklace, finer things  
Versace, Armani, diamond rings  
Anything you can imagine, if you mine let it  
No more school loans, your own line or credit  
Walk in closets, full link minks in 'em  
His and her rollies, extra links wit 'em  
Bottles of Dom, tennis braids for your arm  
Four-five workers for your beauty salon  
But you don't wanna hear that, you still not happy  
Shit, so what the industry's bustin' at me  
Car chases through Brooklyn, cop's on my tail  
Feds hit the spot, found it chopped on the scale  
Undercovers Ds hit the block for a sale  
For you or nobody else, I'm not goin' to jail  
Imagine, all of this inside of a day  
Just for your ungrateful ass, whatchu got to say?

Chorus

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