

Clipse F/ Faith Evans**"Lace Me Up"**

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[E-40]

Ahhh..

UHH, yeah, uhh! (UHH, yeah, yeah)

(Click Click, Click Click Click) Yeah, Click shit

Oh boy (oh boy) Suga (oh boy)

Chorus: E-40, Suga T (repeat 4X)

[E] Want me to tie yo' shoes? [S] Yeah (YEAHHH)

[E] Want me to lace you? [S] Lace me (lace me up!)

[E] Suga, I'm a man and believe me, most men is faulty
They only out for one thang and that's to get between
them drawers

[S] Now dere you go with that dry drama Captain
I know you mobbin, but why you tryin to stop my action?

[E] Tear that off! You better get somewhere with that,
you trippin

[S] You know how long we been long range pimpin

[E] I'm sayin, have a little class

[S] I'm 'posed to break his ass right, right?

[E] Den give up the ass!

[S] Okay, let's go hit the pot

Watch 'em serve a knot and get two hundred off that
cot

[E] That's trill; crack him for his change

Get off in his narrow mind, exercise yo' game

[S] Like that? (Oh boy) So quick

They call me Suga Break-A-Trick

[E] You mean like Sherrie Stack-A-Grip?

[S] Yeah; ain't nuttin to it

Us females ball too - somebody gotta do it!

Chorus

[E] I got, three switchin beotchies, Christine Irene and
Dorene

Cleanin and clurvin, Listerine and chlorine

[S] I got, trick willies, kickin me down allowance

Buyin me clothes, that they can't even pronounce

[E] I got, game - off the backboard

[S] I got, materialistic shit most females can't afford
[E] How bout - fame, money, cars
and (they love the way us "Rappers Ball")
[S] But let me put you up on these schemes females
practice
Screw you real good and steal the money underneath
the mattress
You got to be an actress, it's conniving and cunning
We fake orgasms, and make 'em think we cuming
[E] Okay; dem some cool clues
I ain't gon' lie, you laced my tennis shoes
I'ma go back and tell all my dudes
Y'all's playin football with basketball rules
[S] Jewels - our niggaz, we make 'em
buy engagement rings and give ultimatums
[E] But see Suga you ain't dealin with no square ass
figure
They call me Earl; I can show 'em the newest way
to play the oldest game in the world
I ain't never been one to be suckin up to no chick
My grandaddy told me to whip the pussy,
don't let the pussy be the whip

Chorus

[S] I tried to told you about a batch (what they did?)
Hit yo' windows out with a bat and put yo' tires on the
flat
Now we can be some skanless sneaky sly hoes
Burnin indo even though to' up from the flo'
[E] I smell you cause I be hustlin, tryin to make some
mail
But my broad keep tryin to send me back to jail
[S] She caught you fuckin?
[E] Yeah, now she holdin grudges
Took her keys and scratched up my Cutlass
You gotta watch us slick talkin bay area niggaz off that
gin
We'll fuck around and get drunk and run up in yo' best
friend
[S] We pop bra straps
[E] We pop collars
[S] We bout that scrilla scratch
[E] We bout them dollars
[S] It ain't gon' be no, "Fuck Faces," no dick tasters
without them big faces (what I do?) He already tied my
shoelaces

Chorus

[E-40]

It is so enthusiastic to hear my mouthpiece as I spoke
upon the game
I promise you pimpin I am so open to the public about
these LRP's
Come on down, to my soil right?
And I can lace the tardy people up, I'm havin a tutorin
class right?
And if you need to be tutored man,
come on down to Shoestrings'n'Things they'll lace you
up real good
You underdig? The Pop Ya Collar Network
Up under the Bosses Will Be Bosses umbrella
And I promise you, my mouthpiece is so devastatin
and it can not be paralyzed man because I promise you
It ain't nothin but straight G-A-M-E comin up outta here
pimpin
Oh boy, oh boy!

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