

Aaron Hall "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, uppinn 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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