

Delays

"All I Wanna Do"

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Chorus: Malika, P.S.

All I wanna do is spend some time with you.
And all I wanna do is bump 'n grind with you.
Can we get together when the time is cool?
It's alright with me, if it's alright with you.

Verse 1: P.S.

When I first met you, wasn't lookin' for a wife
just somebody, to keep a nigga warm in the night.
Since you was down, freakin', we can do some meetin',
parlayin', I got half on the boom in the trunk.
But you gotta understand girl, I'm a man girl,
don't go gettin' yourself mixed up in somethin' you
can't handle.
So, if it's good to you, like it's good to me
then we can kick it, but I ain't tryin' to be in no
commitment.
I got too much stress dealin' with the system
and tryin' to provide a house and home for my
children.
Cause women be trippin', when they don't get no
attention,
and I ain't in the position,
so you can't take care the loot, it's yo decision.

Chorus: Malika, P.S.

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Verse 2: Malika

Talk for a minute, but don't wear my ears out,
I want some time, you wanna grind, we gon have to
work this out.
I never said I love you, I'm just not your hoe,
and you gon have to show, you got some somethin' for

a sister grow.
I wanna post up twenty foreplay, Bombay,
bump the O.J. sixty-nine ways.
Gotta keep it real cause there ain't no future in this.
I wanna talk, you wanna stick,
kiss the lips, hit it quick.
I got news for you, we bout to compromise,
boo, you even see the thighs, you gon have to spend
a lotta time tryin' to paperchase.
But you gon have to break me off
for that tryin' to play me off,
don't mistake me to be soft.

Chorus: Malika, P.S.

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And all I wanna do is bump 'n grind with you.
Can we get together when the time is cool?
It's alright with me, if it's alright with you.
All you wanna do is bump 'n grind with me.
And all you wanna do is spend some time with me.
We can bump 'n grind but not for free.
Well, you better get a hustle or a j-o-b.

Verse 3: P.S.

All of a sudden wanna play me like Willie Lumplover.
Ain't nothin' like a thief, I saw the game comin'.
Say you got one,
three months in the oven,
and you need a nigga to break you off somethin'.
But Mrs. Butterworth, tell me what it's worth,
want me to play like I played in a church,
but I ain't even got it, if I did I wouldn't do it.
It was cool, but let's call it a truce, and come anew.
Cause I know you ain't pregnant, that's just a weapon
women sometimes
use to keep their nigga from steppin'.
Take the good with the bad and the bad with the good,
I thought you understood you was fuckin' wit a nigga
from the hood.
I'm a type of man that understand your needs,
but I can't pay you cause I got too many mouths to
feed.
So what you wanna do, you gotta let me know,
cause females come quicker than the metro.

Chorus, Repeat 2X: Malika, P.S.

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