

Big Tymers "Beat It Up"

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Beat it up, beat it up, beat it up daddy
Beat it up, beat it up
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You know you want this pussy
Sure do
You know you want this pussy
It's true
You know you want this pussy
Bring it on
You know you want this pussy
And I'm gone

With so much pussy on the city streets
It's kinda hard for a pimp keepin' up with these freaks
But I tracks em' down, backs em' down, bustin' they
guts
Leave pussy so gushi, overflowin' with nuts
I'm a hellified, superfied, pickle slingin' mack
Dick like a stick breaking off in your back
It's explicit when I gets it baby all night long
Knock your head against the bead till the insides gone

Give you big long wood, beat it real good
I ain't your man, I ain't Stan, but I wish I could
An hour in the shower, then on top of the dresser
Then the bed, give me head, and then I'm a letcha
Ride that pole, make you say, oh
The sex is incredible, the dick is like woah
Cussin', lustin', bout to get a nut when she looked at
me
And said

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I come with, TV's and DVD's in the cars, and I
Pack a big dick down in the drawers
I'm the neighborhood pickle slinger, pain bringer
Super sick big dick, nasty ass rap singer
Do it baby, stick it baby, do it baby, get it
Make that ass clap every time that I hit it
Now all I need, is liquor and weed
Two dyke bitches straight down to get G's

See I got it up, gotta hit it, gotta get it 'cause I moved
up
Gotta split it, gotta fit it to a magnum
Gotta fuck it, don't love it, I don't want none
But you can have some, see I played homie
Fucked the bedspreads up, 'cause I banged on it
Hit tha hoe from the back and she sang homie
These same ass words from the same song, the same
song

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This story takes place on a late night
I was on the lake front trying to get some act right
Hoe was acting funny so I had to kick game
I said you be my queen, I be your king
And things will never change
Now I'm just sitting there, lookin' at the beaver
It's hairy like Barry and its bigger than Geneva
Something said stick my finger in it so I did

Then came the 2, the 3, the 4, the thumb and shit
I just don't believe it, how could she conceive it
My fist, my wrist bitch, you need to summer's eve it

Douche ya bush black, you smell like step back
What the fuck is that tuna cat
Put her out my jag fast, tell that bitch you get no cash
Get your shit together shorty, clean your little funky ass
Been a lot of places, did a lot of shows, met a lot of
people
Fucked a lot of hoes, I

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