

Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy

"With You"

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[Intro: Cappadonna (sample)]

Yo, what up, this is for Kreamators

Ain't no sweat, same old game, we love the honey

("with you, with you")

We love the honeys, everywhere a chick, chick

There a chick, there a chick, everywhere ("said I'm ready now, oh")

Yo, uh-huh, bigger Don', yo

[Cappadonna]

I love a honey, half Chinese, and half Guyanese

Be quick, drop to her knees

Don't even ask me shit, always on the stroll

I'm lookin' for a straight hood rat chick

Something to go home with

Something I just might wanna be alone with

Something I don't have to play the phone with

All I gotta do is, just bone the shit

First night, that's when I meet that chick

I'm on the strip, C-Don, yeah, girl get a grip

You know my steelo, army fatigue

Timberland boots, don't let me intrigue

But I gotta smoke a blunt with you

Straight up and down, play the front with you

I just wanna stunt with you, cuz you my fly boo

Yeah, you know how we do

[Interlude: sample (Lounge Mode)]

"With you, with you" (baby girl, come walk with me, man)

"With you, with you" (let's go over here, youknowwhatimean, to the bodega)

"Said I'm ready now, oh" (let me get a Dutch, and a good wrap)

It's so necessary, man, so we can just swing one, you know, yo)

[Lounge Mode]

Yo, what's the deal gorgeous?

I can't hit you on your Sprint cordless?

And one day, talk about it over food orders

I'm Lounge Lo, where you from, how I figured out
It's all good, what's your name? I wanna dig you out
And make you something, get dough and break you
something
Spend time, plus dine at the lake or something
Have sex foreplay, and watch a tape or something
Yeah baby, let's get it on, the wave is nothing
Wild style thug, still run with an eight
Got a chick now, gettin' it crunk fifth in the waist
And she dealin with a cat like me exactly
Like, givin' love names and callin' me Blacky
I said, that's my girl, that's my twenty two
Its all love, so the hell what the money do
That's my girl, that's my twenty two
Its all love so the hell, what the money do, stupid

[Interlude: sample (Cappadonna)]

"With you, with you"

"With you, with you"

"Said I'm ready now, oh"

What's your name, do you drink champagne?

Do you smoke a little weed? Do you pop ecstasy?

Do you got seeds? It's all gravy

This the baby daddy, huh, give me a kiss

[Jaysaun]

You better join us, cuz you can't beat us

With professional cheaters, who clutch chrome heaters

Under wife beaters, at Club Cheetah's, so nice to meet
us

In them Daisy Duke shorts, no Boss Hog and no Cletus

Love look fierce, three karats in their ears

Gold stud in the bottom lip, and diamonds in her
tongue pierce

Shook what her mama gave her, a Playboy bunny

And plus she tail links with a major player

And that's nothing but scandal, and hot wax

Drippin' on your back, incense smoke and mad candles

Body paints, graffiti on your flesh, spray painted on the
walls like vandals

She say Jaysaun, so kinky, bright glow on her pinky toe

Green so sticky, the waya I'm handlin' mines

Ought to be a crime, last word bitch

Seek and you'll find, we get it

[Outro: sample]

"With you, with you"

"With you, with you"

"Said I'm ready now, oh"

