

Dj Quik "Sex Crymee"

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* [DJ Quik]

They got an ATM in the strip club
And when it's all trick money every crisp dub
Switch your mouth put a dolla on a bottled water
I'll then blame on a fight with a man's daughter
When you see us comin in, pat us down playa
Cus we aint goin for that muthafuckin shit later
Lookin for the hoes, all the best you got
It's little Quik and I come to spend a knot
In about a hour I'ma be a proper groom
Mike Bezy getting sculled in the upper room
Top Dog taught me this is how to go
If I aint havin fun, what I'm livin fo?
Whether a barberry coast or a batch stars
Or at first kings, we in a hundred thousand dollar cars
We aint doin the worst, we be doin the best
Now what's up with the manachÃ© sex

[Chorus]

Try me (Try me)
Take me to your room and ride me (Ride me)
And baby when you're through, you can hide me (Hide me)
I wanna be your new Sex Crymee
So if you wanna a true
Try me (Try me)
Take me to your room and ride me (Ride me)
And baby when you're through, you can hide me (Hide me)
I wanna be your new Sex Crymee
Now what you talkin 'bout?

[DJ Quik]

We be all over the states, lookin for the greats
Hoes with the reputations for having cakes
Puerto Rican mami with the black in it
Whole booty looking like a heart with a crack in it
Cabrini green style, say it three times fast
Before you do you in love with the ass
Top Dog, Playa Hamm bought her out
Show these L.A. niggas what we talkin about
She wanna give you pain till you feel it

Claimin that you came on the Peni and the cillin
Get down on it like Creeton with your thang
3 or 4 tag team really aint a thang
With a...She got game
I love you like stranger, sex infinite
I need you like a magma for a few minutes
Pull your panties down some or at least to the side
So I can Slip 'n Slide
I like to lick you're paw prints
I wanna show how raw that a jaw gets
Bang down on ya kidney and it all hits
That's it take it off do raw shit

[Chorus]

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Now what you talkin 'bout?

[DJ Quik]

You actin like you aint tired
You make me wanna just stay up all night doin this shit
You actin like we aint both gotta be somewhere

When you first put it in that's the...that's the best part
Doin it without a rubber like if that's smart
Balls in ya jaws, lovin the walls you crawl
Pillow case bitin and I'm inviting you all
Tell me, what's the best form of stress relief
Some head in the bed or some Ecs to keep
And I'm lookin for the broads that I saw in the mall
They got my number told you I was about to call y'all
I beat your pussy like you stole somethin
Bringin you down slow humpin
I'm losing my religion, just like Pac
Lookin for a broad to get up in the cock
Cus a G aint shit without a bitch in his bed
And money don't mean nothing if you're rich and ya
dead
So I'm slappin the cheeks
And while you niggas scrappin in the streets
I'm smackin in the sheets

[Chorus]

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