

Bizzy Bone

"All in Together"

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-Bizzy Bone-Intro-

(All in together now, now) Yeah, uh. That's what I'm talkin' about Jae. (what are you doing to me, to me) Another Studio Rat Production, please believe it. (I love the way she do's it and she loves the way I does it, makes a brother really want to sing) Yeah. C'mon baby, let's show 'em how we do it.

-Bizzy Bone-Chorus-

All in together now, now/ Now, now what are you doing to me, to me, to me/ I like the way she do's it and she loves the way I does it, makes a brother really want to sing

-Bizzy Bone-

You can ride it all night, feel the erection deep in your section, I got a pocket full of protection/ She's sleepin' I'm cookin' breakfast/ Huh, still gettin' followed by those hip hop fans, it ain't a thang for me to get swallowed, I gets hip hop head/ Let me your baby' Daddy, I keeps bread/ And please don't get it misunderstood, I'm from the 'hood and it be good to be there/ Talk about; Taste that, hit it all, don't waste that, hit it all like A-Sap/ Video record it, watch how we play it back/ We did it all like way back, live it up and lay back/ Soon as I reach my climax, hit the weed and freak the black/ Lookin' at me while I'm countin' this money stacks, so sexy, yo man be grindin' don't he say "Yeah, you can get the best of me" Watch my back, you can take charge when we in the dark, gon' make me lick that ass, be in your stomach and nervous your heart/ Talk about; Taste that, hit it all, don't waste that, hit it all like A-Sap/ Video record it, watch how we play it back

-Chorus-

-Bizzy Bone-

"How many people has slept in your bed?" It's one of my questions, please/ That's why we at the hotel, respect the presidential suite/ Eatin' up all of my strawberries, drinkin' up all of my good Belvi/ With a

pocket full of magnum rubbers, double XL, that's what they tell me/ Anythang, like "B, I love you" Baby, you know you lyin' you only know Bizzy, you don't know Bryon/ You think that my heart is too soft to see you cryin' pitiful/ And, don't get mad; You fuck him for strictly physical, I thought you was spiritual/ My baby's mommas, and she know' who she is/ And she can never come get that taste again, I'm comin' to get my rim/ But I think you know this, and I got people in the streets wondering how'd you ever get close to one of my fortresses/ I gave you marriage, you didn't know what to do with it/ Confused on top of the stickshift, didn't know how to work my clutch, nitwit/ And I tried to teach the taste of temptation to take the ticket, I had to leave you/ As soon as you pulled the trigger you so wicked/ Holler, holler

-Chorus-

-Bizzy Bone-

Use the words "I love you" like the filatio, baby/ Don't swallow it, came at the same time, uh, you like that/ Each silhouette, each sheet, pillow wet, eat me more, don't you bite that/ Little freaky deaky sneek in the back of the four door, you like that/ Won't you try that, let me put it up in the door (Roof!) Titilation, elevation, take it standin' with wickedness/ Tendencies candle wick, and it's hot, you got me shakin'/ Soon as I finish I rolls up the spinach and feel it/ The village, my niggas and killas and dealers got the low down word the bitch was mysterious, somebody wanna kill us/ Mob Life, bail, bitch/ I'm best when I'm thuggin' check my etiquette outta the bedroom and I'm thuggin' in Columbus, yeah/ Long live The King, and The Queen and the whole Regime/ And I deem from tipsy bitches, split these tipsy bitches, let's split/ Man, the bitch can cut me, fuck my homies, be a dyke and spike my Hennessey/ It gotta be satan testin' me, only God control my destiny/ And yo' other nigga don't impress me, watch suckers full of lust to that deadly medley, love me "Let's be friends, let's be friends"

-Chorus-

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