

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"Bad Intentions"

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(Super ugly!)

Put your cups up, get your smoke in
Baby, we partyin, ain't nobody loc'n
Who you provokin, what you want now?
Take a look around, it's pimp shit goin down
It's a lot of bitches, a whole lot of freaks
Top notch hoes, they flock in every week
What you wan' do, get your next thrill
Take an X pill, how the sex feel?
Damn you lookin good, all ten of y'all
Wwanna roll (yeaaaah!), I'm dickin y'all
Keep your face down (ooh), keep your ass up (ohhh)
You know what your doin (ooooh), keep that shit movin
(yeah)
Keep them titties jumpin, keep the Henny comin
Every bitch in here need to be touchin somethin
I know they like it hot, that's why I keep it hot
So how the fuck could they not want a piece of Doc?

(Chorus: Knoc-turn'al)

I don't give a fuck 'cause I'm just drinkin, smokin,
straight west-coastin
Bitches puttin ass in motion, pussy poppin, sex
promotin
Got a car? [Raise it up]
Got a blunt? [Blaze it up]
That's your bitch? [On these nuts]
Really I don't...[Give a fuck]
All I really know your hoe wants to be with me and she
ain't playin
And what I'm sayin (she creams with me)
And screams between the sheets

Soon as the door close
I make 'em curl toes, they all wanna get chose
We never love y'all, my niggas all macks
We sip a lot of Yak, fuck and never call back
Pack women in the club until it's pitch black
Thugs on their block wonderin where their bitch at
Where you think nigga? She with the Aftermath

Called her house, she ain't home, she with Aftermath
No talkin, fuck how your day go
You want dick (yeeeaah!), will bitch say so
Don't be shy now, probably the best at it
They say a party ain't a party until the west at it
Gravitate to the Doc like it's automatic
Take your clothes off, make me wanna grab it
Turn around with it, make me wanna stab it (yeaah)
Time to get it crackin, show me them bad habits (oooh)

(Chorus)

When she's all alone she sneaks out to be with me
And what I'm sayin is she ain't playin (she creams with
me)
And sleeps between the sheets

Yeah, Aftermath, Doc Dre, 5-star surgeon general
(yaaaah!)
Nocturnal, L.A. Confidential (yaaaah!)
What up Infinite, Mohagony droppin the instrumental
(yaaaah!)
Do the math, Aftermath gets the last laugh (yaaaah!)

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