

Fancy

"Touch Me, Tease Me"

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[Intro: Sauce Money]

Man

They just don't understand
How hard it is for a young black male
Still wanna beef
We don't wanna compromise
All we wanna do is take take take
Ya better get some

[Verse 1: Sauce Money]

I'm in the streets with my thug love
You know the block is hot
Plus them niggas tryna set up shop
Gettin' money in these streets is all I got
Even if it takes me gettin' shot
Besides what you riffin' for?
Five Gs what I hit you for
Can't believe you still want more
I'm a thug boo you know thugs don't trick
Just cuz I love you, you wanna drive the six
Well that's too much shine, unnecessary flair
No more arguing, take some dough for ya hair
Just beep me 12 o'clock, I'll be right there
To pick you up, don't ruin that
I don't really be doin' that
What you mean that's not good enough?
I'm spendin' too much of time in the hood and stuff?
In the drop chrome shinnin' flauntin' my crew
I'm tryna get paid ma, what you want me to do?

[Chorus: Lil' Kim]

You gotta please me
Touch and tease me
Love me, hug me
Rub me, squeeze me
Kiss me, and never deceive me
Show me, you gotta believe me
Or leave me
Please me
Touch and tease me
Love me, hug me

Rub me, squeeze me
Kiss me, and never deceive me
Show me, you gotta believe me
Or leave me

[Verse 2: Sauce Money]

You got some nerve grillin' me wit a frown a lot
Attitude real stank, I ain't around a lot
Can't understand why I'm outta town a lot
I rap for big paper now, this ain't around the block
Now you treat me like I'm cheatin', creepin' or sumin
Sneakin' or sumin, late night keepin' 'em humpin'
Why you look at Sauce funny? (What you don't trust a nigga?)
I work hard, look at your diamonds.... them shits cost money
Forget about your homies, they jealous of you
I ain't really tryna hear what they tell us to do
Besides half of them ain't even got no man
That's why I'm goin' all out, puttin' rocks on your hand
But you don't really care, you're spoiled and shit
Talk slick like you drink baby oil and shit
She got a 500 wit chrome, spoiler kit
And you still not happy, man what's wrong wit chicks

Chorus

[Verse 3: Sauce Money]

Enjoy your cut necklace, finer things
Versace, Armani, diamond rings
Anything you can imagine, if you mine let it
No more school loans, your own line or credit
Walk in closets, full link minks in 'em
His and her rollies, extra links wit 'em
Bottles of Dom, tennis braids for your arm
Four-five workers for your beauty salon
But you don't wanna hear that, you still not happy
Shit, so what the industry's bustin' at me
Car chases through Brooklyn, cop's on my tail
Feds hit the spot, found it chopped on the scale
Undercovers Ds hit the block for a sale
For you or nobody else, I'm not goin' to jail
Imagine, all of this inside of a day
Just for your ungrateful ass, whatchu got to say?

Chorus

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