

Grapes Of Wrath

"La Menage"

Visit "[La Menage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro

Listen, hon, I mean, ah, as slamming as you are and all that good stuff;
It ain't doing me no good out here cause you got too many clothes on.
So why don't we just take this cab and uh, slide on uptown and uh, slip outta this uncomfortableness of the world around us. Do you know what, you know what I am saying babes? Matter of fact uhhhhh

First Verse

Listen to me honey,
Ah, honey listen here please.
If sexy were a virus,
Then you have a disease.
Slamming is your styling
Let me speak for a while and
Tell you all about the grand slamming.
(Why are you smiling?)
Let's do the uptown slide,
Don't need a transfer or auto ride.
We only need a cab with us inside.
Finally finally we got uptown,
And when we got uptown,
Honey's drawers came down.
Did the audio visual,
She had the residual.
Bah bah Dres, now tell me have U.N.E. Pull.
I said honey uhhh, again I said it slow.
Coming out the boxers and my joint will surely grow.
Then she started feeling,
Yes it was appealing.
I thought of slamming girlfriend from the floor to the ceiling.
We started five play,
She said that she would come.
I said it wasn't four play,
Because I used my thumb.
Nibbled on her neck,

Oh, what the heck,
She said, 'One two, one two' and went down for a mike
check.
Her mike sounds nice check one.
Her mike sounds nice check two.
She did this 'till it was all gone.
I told her to slow down.
But she kept on.

Chorus

And on, and on, and on, she kept on > repeated four
times
(added during second line)
You gotta do something about those wisdom teeth
baby.
(added during fourth line)
Though your sounding as good as a CD.

Second Verse

Everything was Dolby, or rather was ok.
She was playing Frito and I play the Lay.
Then I heard a knock only to hear a voice say.
Yo, you can't have a show without the DJ.
I entered in my drawers.
To show that I was live.
The hoe didn't believe that I was nine point five.
She said, 'Let me see it Lawnge, may I see it please?'
I said, 'Yeah, get a good look. Drop to your knees.'
I was erectified. I gave her the proof.
And then I suggested a little roof roof.
She was uptight, I said, 'Hon, there's nothing wrong,
I'm the sugar dick daddy Mista Lawnge.
Don't get offended by the position I recommended.
Doggy style is my shit.
The bottom is what I hit.
I didn't eat her,
Or Rita, just beat her,
Bonita, Bonita, Bonita
Uhhhhhhh!

Verse Three: Q-Tip

Tip and Sugar Dick, blazing trails of evil.
Lawnge you got the felt 'cause I sure 'nough got the
needle.
Now put them on the arm that pertrudes like a stick.
And live up to your name,
Mista Lawnge Sugar Dick.
As the dookie hits the fan,

Here comes the horny man
To finish up the task.
So I'm scopein out that ass.
Lawnge, she wants it,
Her hands spread the butt cheeks.
Tip plus Lawnge plus hoe equals wet sheets.

Outtro

God damn.
Yo, somebody give me,
A horny time.
Somebody give me a ho.
Spread the ass.
Just give me a ho.
No man.
Somebody give me a ho.
I'm gonna come in your face.
Somebody give me a ho.
I'm coming, in your face.
Somebody give me a ho.
I'm gonna come in your face.
Somebody give me a ho.
Bitch just let me pee on you.
Let me pee on you.
Let me pee on you.
Somebody give me a ho.
I've got the anal sun god.
I've got the anal sun god.
Let me pee on you.
Somebody give me a ho.
Ahhhhhhhh.
I can't hold it no more.

Chorus

for the two insert lines put

Somebody give me a ho

Visit [Grapes Of Wrath](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.