

Cassidy

"I'll Make You Scream"

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[Chorus (Cassidy & Female Voice)]

[Female Voice:] I'd like to make sweet love to you

[Cassidy:] What you say you tryin' to do, huh?

[C:] I'll make you scream like

[F:] AHHH!

[C:] And shout like

[F:] AHHH!

[C:] And sing

[F:] Do di do do di do do do

[C:] Now what you say?

[F:] I'd like to make sweet love to you

[Repeat]

[Verse 1 (Cassidy)]

Okay!

I was told you ain't got it nice, 'til you got a wife

But nope I'ma baller 'cause, never gon fall in love

Pshyche that's a damn lie

Ladies put ya hands high every woman should get that
one man to stand by

It's called devotion, emotions could make a man cry

But ma wipe ya tears and just stare in that man eyes

Prove that you there for him, prove that you care for
him

That's how you gotta act, prove that you got his back

Prove that you not a rat

Don't creep and ho around, hold him down

'Cause you know what comes around goes around

And I'm older now and it might seem kinda weird

But man all them damn AIDS commercials got me
kinda scared

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 (Snoop Dogg)]

You ever laid on some pink mink sheets blowin'
swishers

Holdin' on some champagne while doin ya damn thang

Caressin' on tha world main

Adressin' you is no pain

Betty Wright is playing, no pain no gain

I did it for the hell of it
Hit it now you tell a bitch
Now she want a little bit, I did it for the smell of it
It's relevant and evident
Yeah girl you heaven sent
I love the way you break and take all the evidence
Pimpin' cause I'm stayin in your mothafucking
residence
While you out bringin me back the dead presidents
(Pimpin', Pimpin', Pimpin')
You can say that I got you
I do it cause I have to, plus I feel like I got you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 (Cassidy)]

Sis if you make love to me
Kissin' and huggin' me
Lickin' and rubbin' me, it'll get ugly
The bed got a mink spread gettin all cuddley
Pop bub' the hot tub gettin all bubbley
You don't even gotta ask, all my girls got it bad
Closet full of Prada bags and I ain't even gotta brag
Yeah I keep them lookin real
Go 'head you can push the wheel
And if ya face tough I might wake up and cook a meal
Whatever you ask for (It's yours)
We can go to my bungalo over in Tahiti with the glass
floors
Fish swimmin 'round, the moonlight shimmer down
I got the bomb stroke
Girl get ya spine broke

[Chorus Until Fade]

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