

Chris Rock

"Make it Hurt"

Visit "[Make it Hurt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We gon' change things
Yea, Genesis niggaz
We gotta introduce y'all to the motherfuckin new
millenium bounce
Yea, two-thousand and one hot shit hot shit c'mon
All my niggaz in the place, all my bitches in the place
C'mon, c'mon, let's get to it
Let's get to it, let's get to it
All my niggaz and my bitches let's get to it
New milleni-nigga bounce, new millenium bounce
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon

[Verse One]

Aiyyo it's colder than a muh'fucka, who just let the
hawk in?
Nigga guess who just walked in?
Lynch, most (?) makes them other niggaz sit upon the
bench broke
Then I step up in a trenchcoat nigga
Got no time to be fuckin with them wonderama niggaz
Let me loosen up your bra-strap mama nigga
LISTEN UP! Look how we be rippin up and got the party
pickin up
and got you niggaz spittin up SHIT
No pain, nigga never no gain, nigga no strain
O.D. into my cocaine music
Spit that venom; pretty thick bitches walk by
If you let 'em pussy printin through they denim
Take her for a ride 'round the block, let her enjoy the
whip
Drop her off, let her walk the strip
Ain't it funny how nature work?
Make bitches wanna bounce on a nigga 'til they make it
hurt, c'mon

[Chorus]

Shake yo' shit until you make it hurt
Throw yo' pussy 'til you make it hurt
Pop that shit until you make it hurt
Bounce 'til you really wanna make it hurt
Now bang yo' head until you make it hurt

C'mon, stomp yo' feet until we make it hurt
Pound that shit until we make it hurt
Until we make it hurt, now let's make it hurt

[Verse Two]

Are we ever gonna stop nigga? HECK NO!
Shit now let me rip the muh'fucka from the get-go,
nigga
Let go 'fore you make a nigga wanna let the tec blow
Bitches dancin like a stepshow, nigga
Violate nigga, you gets no love, ghetto
Only give a nigga show love ditto
Your clique too little, fuck givin niggaz a riddle
Fuck around I turn your wife into a widow
Nitro nigga, make you wanna wild on the floor
like a bunch of little psycho niggaz
Presto, shit we got a expo of bitches in here
Whylin like a bunch of lesbo bitches
The best show of bitches, so electro bitches, c'mon
Get on your mark, get ready set go bitches
Then we go and add a little propane to it
Then we send another whole flame through it
Clear everything in my path, before I split you in half
You wack nigga, better get you a staff
The freak bitches try to hit me with math
Brushin off wack niggaz while them same bitches givin
me ass, yo
Now let me give you more hot shit, just for the record
and make bitches wanna get ass-naked, c'mon
Party 'til you wanna lash out
Better yet, y'all niggaz party 'til you motherfuckin pass
out!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

C'mon! Throw yo' hands up high y'all
Light yo' L, get high y'all
Shit you can't deny y'all
Don't lie y'all, don't try y'all
All my niggaz inside y'all
C'mon, let's start that shit y'all
C'mon, and you know we won't quit
Then bang niggaz with hit after hit y'all, c'mon
In the meantime nigga just pass me the Henny, c'mon
Little Cris' and a bottle of the Remi
Write a bit and STILL sortin it out
Flipmode up in this muh'fucka nigga, whatchu talkin
about?
Hold up - a lot of people ain't compatible nigga
They be buggin on how a nigga spend capital nigga

Ain't it funny how nature work?
Hot shit'll make 'em bounce 'til she really wanna make
it hurt, c'mon

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Visit [Chris Rock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.