

Makaveli

"Toss It Up"

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[Tupac]

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin
war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called
Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin through right now, Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

(Toss it up!)

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but
call
Time for action, conversatin, we relaxin, kickin back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue kissin, hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean no disrespectin when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin busy in the parking lot
And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin back-breakin when we're
tossin it up

[K-Ci, JoJo]

In this baby, I like the way it's goin down
When all that is around, slip slide ride
Givin me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up
Baby let's, get it on!
I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar

The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me, I like the way you give
it to me!

Chorus: K-Ci, JoJo

I like the way you give it to me -- let me see you toss it
up
(Repeat 4X w/ variations)
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play onnn!
(Repeat 4X w/ variations)

[K-Ci, JoJo]

Ohhh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady
Ohhh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as
gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna
sang
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!
Now the man, I'm here again
Don't worry to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady lady
Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty to the lung delight-ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me!

Chorus 1/2

[Tupac]

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get
around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin for
paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?
Lookin for suckers cause you similar
Pretendin to be hard, oh my God, check your
temperature
Screamin Compton, but you can't return, you ain't
heard
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to

the burbs
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust, only time reveals -- toss it up!

Chorus w/ variations

[Tupac]

Play on playa, play on
How can some non-players do a song about Compton
And then wanna do a player song?
How can non-players do it? (We not little kids, we not
playin)
Tellin lies, who?
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touchin us, all that peace talk
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the
street boy
It's on
Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat
Cause you wasn't rockin it right
Tired of suckers rockin it, toss it up, is how we did it
Yeah, toss it up now!

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