

Method Man "Tease"

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Uh huh, no ID
It's another one right here
I love women
Know why, 'cause they love me back
Come on, come on, come on
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Come on, come on, come on
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo, yo

Now that I got you in the mood, it's way past time you
shook dude
'Cause I'm the best thing since cooked food
Holler at your frog, I'll be at the lily pad near the log
And let me drop it off in them drawers
Baby doll, hood, bookers, with sugar walls
That talk back to you like, nigga you should've called
Word, the kid got a thing for big curves
Might find him down on Sesame Street with big birds

Big pimpin', all dames is all game
So fine with her beautiful mind, she all brain
A head doctor, get it poppin' like Reddenbacher
Chicks call me gravel pit dick, the bed rocker
Big John Studda, motherfuck who fuck mudda
Gots you covered like Magnum XL rubber
Easy does you, but we never love her
You down for the get down girls, go work at Dubya's,
ohh

Give me one reason to stop teasin'
'Cause I know you got good sex for me
Tell me what comes next for me
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'Cause I know you got good sex for me
Tell me what comes next for me

Hey ladies, oh baby, you all crazy
And freaks for some grade a meat, it's all gravy
From sun down to sun up, I stay on the bone
Like I'm creepin' on the come up, like get it, got it, I'm
gone
Now I got hun, ridin' shotgun

Windows halfway down, 'cause she a hot one
Love it when them chicks pop shit, and pop gum
My team cuttin' but we ain't cuppin', finger fuckin'
everything cluckin'

Baby I'm frostbitten iceberg slim into black women
When Three's Company ask pigeon who Jack trippin'
Man listen, money slippin', it's honey dippin'
And if she come up missin', don't worry she went
pimpin'
You gotta be, down with the cause before you come
Down with the drawers, how many of y'all down with
menage
Let's make this understood, if it's 3 a. m. and all to the
good
It don't matter if she hood or she's Hollywood, oh

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What do you expect from me
I know of those promises, of love and affection
There's something about you, that's got me going
But is it worth not knowing if you're gonna be around

Who the fuck is your daddy, and who your king girl
Are you unhappily married, don't see no wind girl
Soul sister, can't get you to hail witchya
At the players ball, Cinderella lost her Chanel slipper
Now that's flavor neighbor, shake what your momma
gave you
Twist dick and move like Layla, call you manana later
I love the misbehavior, no minor, miss your major
No finer chick can flage-you, God bless the bitch that
made you

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Haha, yeah, yeah, the ladies love Big Johnsta
Yeah, get it right, don't get it fucked up
Big dick daddy, ride the big sick Caddy
All I need now is a chick with a big thick phattie
Now go back to doing whatchu was doin'
When you was doin' it, gone

Gimme one reason, gimme one reason, gimme one
reason
Gimme one reason, gimme one reason
Tell me what comes next for me

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