

Mia X "Unladylike"

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[KLC]

Hey, yo Mia!

[Mia X]

What's up

[KLC]

What you think about this beat right here

You can do something with this

[Mia X]

Shit, man KL you motherfucker this beat is fire

[KLC]

Now that's what I'm talkin' bout

I need you to drop some mackin' ass shit off this

You don't have none of that huh

[Mia X]

Nigga you know I got some of everything

I'm Unlady Like (Door Knocking) Who that is

[KLC]

That's ya beat

[Mia X]

Oh, OK well come here baby, why you holdin' up, you know I love you

I know you still ain't trippin cause you seen that nigga downtown

I don't care nothing about him

You ain't seen no kissing, you ain't seen no hugging, none of that

No emotions cause I give all my emotions to you

You want me to make you feel extra special

Now look at ya I see you trying to fight that smile back off ya face

My baby, please don't give it to me, now give me some sugar

Alright now, you know you my million dollar nigga

So why don't you go on and make it happen for mama

[Verse 1]

See I flip scripts on niggas blow they mind like the wind
Iceberg Slim pimped hoes, but I got my money and
clothes from him

Gator skin boots and purses for my slick verses
When I ride it I twerk it, leave they body jerkin' and
twitchin'

Then I position my frame of thought
Spit game, eye contact so it can soften his heart
I lie if I have to even cry if I have to
But in the end it's the law, they gon' buy what I ask for
No rushin' I make sling it all then bring it all to me
I used to be a rider, flyer now I'm retired see
I took lessons from Big Vie and 67

She still got them niggas down to do whatever
I ain't gon' lie it's well known, I'm a fool in the bed
And I understand full blown, niggas suckers for head
Raw skills leave em' for dead, toes curl then shed
Moaning, sighing, shivering like a little ol' bitch
Just the art of pimpin' and pussy whippin' excites me
After hearing the show ladies wanna be just like me
Shiesty, to keep my queen property and nice ride
My game's so tight it's unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Hey darling, it's daddy put mommy on the phone
Yeah Barbara it's Richie yeah look I ain't never coming
home no more
Take it easy

[Verse 2]

I ain't right, cause I especially
Send my nigga out to play on and flirt with other
broads with big cheese
I even dress him and tell him to say the shit we like to
hear
Tell her you want a committment and wanna build shit
with her
Don't forget to lick the pussy nigga, eat your Wheaties
Cause you gon' need to bust about three or four nuts,
no speedys
Cook the breakfast and the flowers only
He gon' comeback knowin' where the safe's at,
And he gon' take that and bring it on to mama
Send me off to relax, with my girls in the Bahamas
Sipping pina coladas
And I'ma be on the sand, plotting on his friends
Especially the dark one with the six-hundred Benz
His ends is long, he say he don't buy me shit
Two weeks later, that same nigga, I was driving his shit
With the keys to his crib, Prada full of his G's

Knew the secret hiding place for the China and weed
All my need he's trying to fulfill
Wanna be my number one, every time I make him
come
It's like the boy gets dumber and dumber
Cause mama say I got him under a gree-gree
Take me shopping in New York, let them repossess her
car, unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Yeah, man your not ruining my whole day, just do what
I say
Man just the other day I run into the law
He up and out left with all my ends, ya dig
Man I love my baby, I'm waiting for her to come back
She has been gone three months man, damn

[Verse 3]

Nigga, MC's is always talkin' bout the game they got
Wanna be pimps and playas but what about that beef
cock
Heifer, that got you missing studio sessions
And got you calling her all day sweatin'
Is you the same nigga to get on a mic and say fuck a
ho
Even though the one you love is up in ya bed, giving
head
To the nigga that I sent, coming back giving me fifteen
percent
Now, now I listen to your record and I laugh
You weak for ass, and you know this compare the math
Talkin' to a real pimp and I'ma drop it
Cool off nigga, I know ya mad but don't knock it
The truth hurts like life's a bitch
And she happens to be down with No Limit, and money
shit
Mama Mia, x-rated, extra hard, extra tight, extra
unladylike

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