

Cuban Link

"Taste Of Pastry"

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Sing! All u gotta do is sing!
(Ooo ooo oh)
Micheal Jackson..who could sing!
But he ain't the most masculine fella in the world..
(You're my pretty lady, baby yeah)

[Chorus 2x]
Baby..you're my favorite lady
You make me go so crazy
For that taste of pastry

[Verse 1 - Cuban Link]
Baby u makin me crazy
The way u shake ya waist got me hasty
To get face-to-face and jus taste the pastry
Lately, u been waitin for that tongue massage
A one-on-one under the stars in my summer lodge
Pardon ma, but from the start I was guilty as charged
We was gods wit no regards jus strictly menage-es-
trois
At the bar puffin Cuban cigars playin my part
As a deeper heart wit the streets smarts to read ya
thoughts
But its hard cuz ur different, ur far from a pigeon u my
princess
The vision which got me switchin religions
It's tradition, u even hit the kitchens witout bitchin
Theres nuttin missin, u perfect like Roger Clemen's
picture
So ya wish is my command, give u kisses on ya hand
Takin trips to foreign lands, can't no competition stand
Here's the plan, we can skip to Cancun
Now who da man? Catch a tan, while we bangin bodies
on the sand, understand

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2 - Triple Seis]
Yo it's a dream, ask more why she don't go for beams?
Baggin heavy, so she ready for dat loco team
Ya man Queens a ho, after-show
From the trizz spendin all her dough thats how it goes

Don't ya know, profession a true thug
Who will eat the choch, beat the choch and leave u wit a
new buzz
If u cuz my squad is reppin, its hard to check em
You makin it hard thats why the god is sweatin
Wanna taste u, lace u and embrace u
Lemme show u how Triple Seis do
A lil tongue lashin, make u cum laughin
Pick up ya thong cuz its on in the Bronx fashion
Think I'm cute? Wait 'til I finish the chooch
So smashable, start gassin u for my TS crew
So where my east coast riders at? (what what)
So where my west coast riders at? (yeah yeay)

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 - Prospect]

Shorty I'm right here, I be the thug that u lookin for
Prospect and u kno I'm baggin it raw
Gimme one minute and watch her pants sag to the
floor
You kno wat happened before, in the back of the door
Its hard to tell wen we type wildin those
Security tapped the door, we on silent mode
Musta been too much excitement for us to contain
People heard us next door tryin to fuss and get played
Mad cuz they wasnt crushin the same, doin it up
I'd still cock back and bust two in the gut
They call million-plex shit, had me lovin the sexin
Left the room and ya tear usin the Lexus
Flags over the shoulders either way I see textures
And gestures, got me comin back for extras

[Chorus 4x]

(Take off yo clothes, meet me in the bathtub, I wanna
taste yo lovin)

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