

Pulp

"Fix Me"

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Intro:

[Jadakiss of The LOX]

Ha, Parle'

Ruff Ryders

(Got me down the street)

Uh, uh

Verse 1:

[Jadakiss of The LOX]

Yo

Catch me comin' out a red lobster

In a red Boxer

With a red bone and take headshots to Vodka

Nothing like a pretty chick, that's pretty rich

Who pretty lips and who smoke 50 nicks

The type you can bring around the fam and all

She get plain tickets, creditcards, scandin' off

And y'all know Jae, I, Swizz, honeys with Parle'

And I still gon get my money the hard way

Hook 1:

[Parle']

Just one hit of your love

Is exactly what I need

To get my high, (Got me down the street)

get my to the places where I wanna be

But instead, you got me in the streets (Got me down
the street)

Fiendin' like a freak

Caught up in the mix

All I need, all I need's just a fix

Chorus:

[Parle']

Fix me with your love

Straight up (Say I'm straight up)

Just can't get enough of your love (Can't get enough of
your love)

Hit me with the dub (two times baby)

And hook me up (High)

Wanna get high up off your love (So high)

Hook 2:

[Parle']

Just can't quit, can't get enough

So addicted to the stuff

Get me high, (Got me down the street)

tastin' your love baby's all I'm thinking off

In my bed, fucked up all the weed (Got me down the street)

I can't get no sleep

It's playin tricks

All I need, all I need is just a fix

Chorus:

[Parle']

Fix me with your love (Fix me with your love)

Straight up (Straight Up)

Just can't get enough of your love (Can't get enough of your love)

Hit me with the dub (with the dub)

And hook me up (Hook me up)

Wanna get high up off your love (So high)

Break:

[Parle']

She's the only thing in life I care about (Only thing I care about)

Can't live without (Can't live without)

Mix so loud

And anybody till A.G who cares about (Anybody, see me where I'm lovin')

?Not makin' love without? (I need the lovin')

Mix so loud (I need the lovin')

Verse 2:

[Eve]

Uhh,

Daddy you know the bid, mommy here a stimulate

Think you be ready for my lovin' on the first date

Blondie make 'em fiend, give 'em everything he need

Rydin' Ruff with a stallion, bring 'em to they knees

Tried to warn you first you ain't listen

Now you in a fucked up position, got you cleanin' up my kitchen

And the dishes and the gifts you givin' out

You got you dug out

Fiend of the tongue baby

And it's over got you strung out

Chorus: (with adlibs till fade)

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