

# Sadat X

## "Do It Again"

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No diggity, Bronx style yeah, yeah

1- In the daytime, on the late night  
In the morning, on the wake-up  
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In the morning, on the wake-up  
In the daytime, on the late night  
In the morning, on the wake-up

[Verse 1]

Men's words can't describe the great X  
Is it the shoes or the fantastic  
That got cha' callin' out to ya girlfriend  
Boo banged who last night  
Made the man leave baby  
Forget about Stanley  
For real I came charged off the Staten Isle  
I'm like three or four down twisted  
Givin' away smoke  
Sweatin' takin' off my coat  
Money walked by all fly and dropped my drink on my  
leather  
And now my shit is fucked up  
And now I gotta do with dollar bill I see potential  
And I got a eye for spottin' kind of like Spike  
Miss Chocolate, Miss Brown, Miss Black  
Miss Long Legs, hey I'm ready to wrap  
Can't do that  
A vision of the deep, dark soul of home  
And claimin' niggas with dro  
Hey watch the honey roll, check it  
Surround sound hides ya crass  
Tell ya neighbor lies  
No that wasn't me that was my cousin  
Hey you're a school girl  
But hey you're in a different world  
You're a fly chick  
Now ya wanna learn a different trick

[Hook: with 1 repeated in background]

Now can I do it again, do it again  
Steady do it again, do it again

And then ya do it again, do it again  
Steady do it again, do it again  
And then ya do it again, do it again

[Verse 2]

Life is slim put me on to a game  
Had a lot of style in that last profile  
Got her nails filed and her hair done weekly

A real name thrower, y'all niggas know her  
Talkin' about garbles comin' out in ten  
Drinkin' goblets of gin and ain't givin' up trim  
Tease a nigga, make em' wanna squeeze a trigger  
They say a woman's best is diamonds and a man is a  
dog  
Better come in from that fog that you swimming in  
Brown skin, laid out in bed is real feminine  
I'll put that R. Kelly on ya  
Fingers have some smelly on ya  
The boy's dry humps are now man pumps  
Can he go deeper than the explorer  
120th street horror  
Let's get naked by the laptop  
Can I snap and pop  
You can squeeze and then stop and be all up in that  
piece  
I'm the late night window climber, you are the rhymer  
Ya mom thought you heard you wouldn't be fuckin' in  
the house  
Not you momma's sweetheart, undercover freak-heart  
Imagine if she would've seen us intertwined and  
pretzel style  
Legs and arms, hummin' with the radiator clickin'  
Our soft patience quickin'  
I couldn't slow the pace  
I bust off three nuts and man the sun's in my face

[Hook: with 1 in background]

[Verse 3]

I'm turnin' around handlin' things and then BAM!  
A toss of that ass hit me like out of nowhere  
And hey like a flashback honey  
There was a one should slipped off since day one  
Check it out, now can I do it again  
Sure I can do it again  
You're on some friction, bring along ya friend  
See how the world turns  
Look beyond the floor burns  
At least I have concerns  
I didn't take it like a chicken

I love ya sexually plus intellectually

[Hook: with 1 in background]

[Various ad-libs to fade]

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