

## The Isley Brothers "Showdown Vol. 1"

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I feel that the time is here  
For you to bring your body here  
And give me what I've waited for  
Hurry up and come on in and close the door  
I'm about to get up on it  
Feed me girl cause I'm so hungry  
Got plenty money but I'm still lonely  
Gotta have you now 'cause me so

Black and Asian girl  
Tattoo on your tummy  
Thugged out as hell  
But I'mma make you love me  
Sip some aphrodisiac and baby girl it's on  
I promise you I will do all these words to this song

Showdown  
I'm about to lay your body down  
Rodeo be like up and down  
'Bout to show you how I throw down  
It's about to be a showdown  
I'm about to lay your body down  
My rodeo be like up and down  
'Bout to show you how I throw down  
Baby it's about to be a

{Da da da da da da da  
Aisha, daddy's home baby  
Aisha, what's going on?  
Aisha, hmmm  
What is this? Hmmm}

{Hello, hello!  
Yeah Francis  
Hello?  
Francis, it's me Frank  
Stop I'm on the phone, who is this?  
Frank, listen turn the music down  
Hold on, didn't I tell you not to talk to me I'm on the  
phone!  
You know when I'm on the phone  
You don't supposed to be talking to me like that}

{Hello  
Yeah Francis  
Yeah  
Is Aisha over there?  
Aisha ain't over here  
Well do you know where she is?  
No, I don't know where she is}

{You don't know where she is?  
No, I don't know where she is, Frank  
I ain't got nothing to do with all y'all's business, that's  
on y'all  
Now wait a minute, I didn't ask you all that  
I just want to know where she is, and if you don't know,  
that's it  
Then that's it then}

I'll be making you my lady  
S E got me going crazy  
Anything that you want me to do  
I'll do anything 'cause I'm feeling you  
Off in the club girl you dance so freaky  
Tongue diamond pierced with a look that's kinky  
Acting like you want me to turn you  
Attitude like what, Kelly take me now

Black and Asian girl  
Tattoo on your tummy  
Doped out and scared  
But I'mma make you love me  
Sip some aphrodisiac and baby girl it's on  
I promise I will do all the words to this song

Showdown  
I'm about to lay your body down  
My rodeo be like up and down  
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Baby it's about to be a

{Holla  
Yeah, TJ  
Yeah  
Listen get up right now  
I'm up man, what you need be?  
I need you to meet me at the forum  
Oh and saddle up the horses, we gone take us a little  
ride  
Word up, I'm on my way one}

{Angie

Hmmm?

Angie

Hmmm?

Wake up girl, move over, I gotta go, I'll be back

What you mean? What's going on?

Business}

{What kind of business?

My business!

Can I come?

Haven't you come enough?

TJ!

No, look I'll be back alright? Go to sleep}

Now give me the mic so I can get buck wild

Like fiesta, fiesta still moving the crowd

Out of all the girls I've loved before

Got plenty of honeys

Puff puff give now let me hit it once more

Fake ass niggas get out and close my door

It's my house for me to live not yours

If I wanted to I could on the floors

Through the doors like a western flick, the club is  
crunked

Henney and Chris you know that boy's tore up

About 8 or 9 black stallions riding up

It's Mr. Biggs screaming showdown

I'm like, what?

Now Kelly

It's not enough room in this town

For you and me so let's get down

I'm sick and tired of you and this down low fight

From contagious all the way to Mrs. Price

You done it now with Ms. Black Aisha

I knew something was funny when she stopped paging

House, cars, shopping malls

Man I tell you it's a battle call

Like a raging bull I'm about to charge you

Kelly you won't see tomorrow

It's time to put an end to your late night creeps

Now any last words before my pistol speaks

Mr. Biggs

Now no disrespect but man I'm tired

'Cause all these years it's my back you've been riding

We been in and out of fights on these videos

Now it's about time you felt the real rodeo

See I dated Lila '98 of September

You took her from me, yeah right you don't remember  
I remember so clearly we were coming from an opera  
How clever you were when you slipped her your  
number

I know that makes y'all wanna know  
Who's really on the down low  
You wonder why we're always at it, there it is  
Sleeves up Mr. Biggs 'cause I'm about to get  
Wild, Wild West, sick and tired of your mess  
You put me to the test and now I'm sticking out my  
chest  
So any last words before I draw these cannons  
'Cause when the smoke clears I'll be the last man  
standing at the

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