

## Three 6 Mafia "Da First Date"

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(Tastes good, tastes good, tastes good)  
So what's up with you right now?  
What you mean what's up with me? What's up with you?  
I'm trying to find out what you want to do  
I think, I need to go home chill out, relax  
I think, you need to go with me and lay down and relax  
with me

Naw, it's too early for that  
Too early? I been thinking about it for a long time  
But I just met you, I don't do that on the first date  
Been with a man you should have been doing it girl  
What's wrong with you?  
What's wrong with you? You ain't getting none

The shit started off real well  
Real swell the bitch was talking lovely  
She got me scooping her from the crib say around 8:30  
It'll be my first time hitting this bitch, I gotta work

I call me nigga Big L for about two ounces to serve  
I jumped in some kinda fresh smelling like, is it me?  
I'm thinking I know, I'm anxious this bitch is beeping me  
This one right here is too wheezy, I'm damn near  
scared of that

But I'ma let you boys know when I take care of that  
I'm pulling up to the crib lights out  
I hit her Nextel celli tell her to come on out  
Stepping out of the crib sexy looking bad as hell

I'm knowing goddamn well I'm 'bout to get in that tail  
So we pulled out first stop J & S liquor store  
Don't you play no games young boy, you know that's  
where I gotta go  
She talking about going back to my crib but that ain't  
trying to happen

I changed the subject poured another cup and I kept on  
yapping  
Jumped on the title of six hoping the hoe peeps game  
Hickeys all over her neck so I know she got a man

I'm coming out can we fuck? I'm on my period

Bitch the lies  
So I dropped the trick off  
At the first stop sign  
And I'ma holla hoe

My conversates  
I'm trying to fuck on the first date  
Weaving all on that oil but still you hesitate  
I'm wasting time with this funk ass bitch  
Riding round with this drunk ass bitch  
Hoe let it bump

Chicken, chicken, don't be tripping  
When I'm bout to spit this pimping  
Stacking cheese and counting up easy  
'Cause you know I'm into winning

Heard your niggas like a pigeon  
Punk ass fagots always switching  
See that Lexus that he ride in  
I got that strapped on my wristin'

Come on hoe and stop the fronting  
Keep my dick from jumping, jumping  
Take a shot of fifths and liquor  
But I can't be buying nothing

Where I'm from, I can't be saying  
'Cause I'm just to cheap for paying  
Can't be hanging drinking, drinking  
With this guru what a behavior  
(Moan)

'Bout to ball the troops to college  
Watching haters ow they be falling  
Looking for the freaky, freakys  
That be chewing the dick and swallowing

We can take a short'n riding  
Through the cut to reach your housing  
We can ride down to the river  
While you work on using your mouth'n

Everybody know you going  
Bet you probably saying, oh no'n  
Then I'm gonna teach you lessons  
Stranglin' all to death and rowing

And your sister know she with it

'Cause she let me nigga hit it  
Then she get the licking, licking  
Then she have to pay to quit it

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Bitch, I don't wanna just hold hands  
And listen to slow jams  
I'm not with that romance  
Or candle light slow dance

Hoe, why don't you take a chance?  
Ain't like you ain't fucked before  
Come out those tight ass pants  
Stop thinking that I won't call no more

Don't listen to the rumors  
That Lord will school ya and slide  
You wanna wine and dine  
But don't wanna bump and grind

There's plenty hoes that wanna bone  
So next time we don't get it on  
The next time you phone  
You gets a dial tone bitch

There's many bitches that's fine as fuck  
Tell me how many dicks that they done sucked?  
(Say what?)  
Them pretty bitches that like to suck  
No telling, tell me how many niggas they done fucked?  
(Say what?)

One to the honey bitch over in the corner  
Two to the bitch on the porch  
Take 'em to the bathroom  
Dick them in the fucking moon

Make 'em 'til their toes rub on this side fuck

What the fuck you want though?  
Could it be my back room door wide open?  
Naw you know that'd make me mad

The cheese in my pocket  
Please for the head on the dash  
Koopsta Knicca sleeping on the bitch  
On the weekend, weekend

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Hoe get up out my shit!  
Ugly bitch I ain't wanna fuck your little stanking ass  
anyway bitch  
Only reason I man motherfucking  
Man took your motherfucking ass and babysitted you  
all night bitch

'Cause my nigga was trying to fuck you  
Motherfucking dike ass greedy little ugly drunk  
Stanking breath ass bitch, cigarette smoking ass hoe  
Get the fuck up out my car bitch!  
(Tastes good, tastes good, tastes good)

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