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Three 6 Mafia "Late Night Tip"

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Let me just take you somewhere secret Gonna cut all of the lights down dim Forget all about your boy we gonna just flow it What we felt let's share a few private thoughts

I'm not just, out for your sex Let me simplify the things in life that you find complex Forget what, you heard 'bout me 'cuz you're a Scarecrow groupie But there's no pressure on you 'cuz you know

What you must do check this out Let's have a drink and I give you time to think Let me puff this buddah blunt and cut on this porno buff Girl come lounge here by my side, tonight you're my devil's bride

And there's a freak deep inside have no shame, no need to hide Why do you keep on blushin'? Get it on Like a slut she, she must be, kind of tipsy on this crystal like a gypsy

Now I got her on all fours

'Bout to break down the headboard crash this broad All through the wall now she howling like a dog, sweat poured

We hit the floor it don't quit, another one ripped It's just another victim of Lord Infamous late night tip

I'm not the type that get involved in long relationships Takin' trips and buyin' gifts, I'm sorry, I'm not on that tip

If you want romance you should just stick who you are already with

If you in that mood you can hit me on that late night tip If you in that mood you can hit me on that late night tip

I done seen some funny shit since I got in this game They wants my crib they wants kids since I done got my fame

I never recall you askin' your last boyfriend for nathin' But now the Big Bourban on gold got you aggravated

I need a coach bag, I can't be even doin' it, I need my hair done

Me too I ain't got nothin' to do with it

I been through with it, you and it since the first time you asked

And might I add, players like me can't be savin' your ass

I ain't with that nonsense, or that lovey dovey mess Feelin' kind of whorish I call and all I want is sex Slip on Victoria's secret, hit the liquor store before it close

Call Chris so I can get something white to go up in my nose

Now I'm feelin' fine, nothin' but sex is on my mind If you cannot please me boy, then please don't waste all of my time

Got you caught up in the mist, mystic girl from Triple Six

Late night tip is all we have, it's time for trick that sick

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I can't understand why these slobs be trippin' Can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen Ballin' in my Lex dropped low to the ground Just a young playa tryin' to put my bid in

Freaks want a trick that be constantly payin' Not a ghetto thug that be constantly layin' Raymo Inn on a summer motel oh well that's what the Juice might stay in Gotta have a lady that wanna do what I do Like skippin' work or love cuttin' high school Summon all the players in the Three 6 Mafia Camcorder on skinny dippin' in the swimmin' pool

Never try to argue, bother you, or fight Kill a pack a jimmy hats strapped on real tight Sippin' Alize all tall and a bud light Just for you freaks on the moonlight late night

Tell me Three 6 who be bumpin' that music Hypnotizin' Koop I tell you who I'm 'bout to lose it Could it be that late night, groove type, just inside the body

Always kinda lonely someone want me hold me, I say

Come here, come here, come here the Koopsta cryin' tears

I can't think positive when no one cares of how I feel Realize my mind, sometimes that I even try to find I cannot lie though I can ride high, late night

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