

WC Featuring Case "Flirt"

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We been through SL Coupe, wrist froze like igloo
Big Lou, Tony get your sauce swirled
Come twisting, Nina whistling that you with your home
girls
Big bankers, big drinker, I see you sneaking
A peak so I know you live these gangsters

Freaky thoughts got me cussing at you
Visualizing me in side ya, baby, can we holla?
Look at here let's skip the fake conversation and all the
waiting
My name is Dub, what's crackalatin?
Certified rider, all nighter, dipping in the Impala
Trying to get you with this anaconda

Be your friendly neighborhood, neighbor with paper
Chrome and wood on the Chevy, baby
Bust rubbers go deep under covers
A freaky mother fucka' we should get to know each
other

Come take a ride with me, baby
Me and my homey 'bout to blow, flirt
I saw you at the light looking bright
Banging from your head to your toes, flirt

Can't tell the future, I don't know what tomorrow holds
But we can smoke a little chronic, drink a little
And if it's good, drink a lil' duo, flirt

Ain't no denying, I'm straight buying you in that tight
skirt
'Cause baby you got my flirt, shutting all rookies down
Stub down Dub Cezzy a.k.a. Pussy Hound
Who was snitching, pun any technician
Trying to make your head off from multiple positions

Off a yatch and moet I fiend for sex, menage a trois
And getting freaky of that ass 'cause I insert it
Squirt it wit you on top jerking it
Playing mystical like, "Show me what you working
with?"

Running up in it playing dead duck let me put the plug
in it
Show you how a thug hit it, exchange lines, blazing
drinks
St. Ides trying to do the damn thing wit you
And your girl at the same time, no commitments
To make the butt riches, a machine, loving in ma
vocabulary, flirt

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I got a problem, and it's serious as cancer
No matter what you call it, baby, I'm a fuckaholic
Trying to get you on the lizo to blow
And whistle my melody, part them legs open like the
Red Sea

Make you smack, hit it from the back
While I'm creeping in the hood blowing on dubs sac
As long as your kit-kat gets wet and percolate
No matter the color or size, I can't hate

I like the skinny ones, thick one's the whole entry
I even think I'm country for fat monkeys like Beyonce
Wet lips and as ghetto as vivica
Nasty, long tongue known for licking ya

I might trick a little just to keep the litter
But tripping as G gon' 'cause we goin' sip
I'm mashing to smashing, there's too many asses
I can't role past them, I'm getting at them

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Uh, Dub-Cee, Case
New millenium shit

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