

Sauce Money

"Face Off 2000"

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2000, and it goes like
(Uh, huh, yeah, yeah)

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew
Lay my game flat, what you wanna do?
Talk all night, are we gonna screw?
I'm talking 'bout me and you

I like to push up on chicks like it's the last record
Take 'em to the telly get buck passed naked
Let 'em feel the power, lick 'em if it don't taste sour
Hit 'em in the shower for an hour

Give 'em that feeling, Sauce Money for real and
Let her get on top if there's mirrors on the ceiling
Hit her so right that she wanna throw rice
My device makes her say 'Damn, that nigga's nice'

Know I got wifey lay my cards when I pivot
Pass your seven digits if you're with it
Sauce wanna give you the option for the boot knockin'
Nine times outta ten, it's on and poppin'

Ain't no stopping, victory's in the air
Bring a friend next time, let's do it again
Bring your whole crew if you see through me
And we can meet on the BQE
And it goes like

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Had this bitch bragging
Sauce had his tongue between my thighs lally-gaggin'
Huh, could you imagine

Shaking your tail just like a dragon? Here comes my
worse flame

In the morning 'Hot 97' the first thing
Deny it, hell, yeah, y'all don't buy it
I don't eat no kind of fish if you can't fry it
But who knows, maybe, one day I'll try it
But for now, slow down too much lip is killin' your diet

Can I get it, what? Get it wet
When he hit it first, can I get it next? Shit you the best
It ain't wack to be with both of us, mami actually
I'm Eddie Kane Jr., that nigga me

You want me to feel what he feel when it's tight
And I know he don't be doing it right
But it gets no liver than this, never lie on our dicks
Shit, we got nigga's rides on our wrists

Play your cards right, you'll be driving the 6
Shopping all day hoppin' out in the Dist.
Popping the Crist., shit hoppin' outta your wrist
Popping your shit, New York's hottest bitch

From the ghetto to the Stiletto's
But you gotta do it two times like an echo, y'all feelin'
that
This is how we run it down the line
Nigga Sauce goes first, Jigga next to rhyme

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I see you got a lot to get off your chest
Coat, blouse, bra, don't talk me to death
Like murder's on your mind mami, off the dress
Jigga ran game 'til I lost my breath

Last thing I need to know is what it costs for sex
What you need to know is if I lost respect
Don't have to worry if you do Sauce correct
I'ma bless that, bring my whole crew through, don't
even sweat that

Uh, dime pieces I'm hittin'
Four in the morning Frosted Flakes in your kitchen
Now you want me to start trickin', I suppose
That's when the first face off kicks in
We don't love these hoes

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