Barbra Streisand F/ Bryan Adams "Pass Da Blunt"

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Verse One:

Bitches

I never wanna hang with bitches Since I turn Missy Every bitch I meet be booty lickin My ass they kissin But I feel like they way to picky I use to know a guy name Ricky Oh really? Don't piss me off and Son, better let ya'll know you lucky Cause if I come out buckin The whole world better be duckin Cause I roll with Puffy No Doubt Shit turned out get lucky No matter what you still love me You whack, you buggin

Chorus:

Pass da blunts on the left hand side

Pass da blunts on the left hand side

We got the beats

You got the beats that make me jump, jump, jump

We got the beats

You got the beats that make me rocky dodi dum

Pass da blunts on the left hand side

Pass da blunts on the left hand side

I got the rhymes

I got the rhymes to make you jump, jump, jump

I got the rhymes

I got the rhymes to make you rocky dodi dum

Verse Two:

Niggas I always keep a good nigga I get him for his figures I A-K-A gold digga See me with him
In a jewelry store
Buyin glitta
Should I not or should I?
I'm a get em, I'm a get em
Bitches
They mad cause I be flossin
Yeah this pussy costin
Tired and we tossin
You know I'm rockin
Cause there will be no stoppin
All that shit you poppin
What that shit you talkin

Chorus

Timbabland talking:

Welcome y'all
To Timbaland and Missy hit factory
A lot of people try and sneak in
And get the ingredients
But I am da man behind the ingredients
So please come to me with the recipe baby

Verse Three:

You see me on the videos
And then you want to go and play me on the stereo
Mic check 1-2-1-2
Here I go
My style is supa dupa fly and yours is so so
You see me on the videos
And then you want to go and play me on the stereo
Mic check 1-2-1-2
Here I go
My style is supa dupa fly and yours is so so

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