

## Spice 1

### "Behind Closed Doors"

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[Verse 1]

She call me on the phone breathin and moanin  
I'm seein phone call, sayin she wet, hot, and alone and  
Baby we could corleone it and fuck till the sunrise in the  
mornin  
I'm cocked strong, a gang of condoms, and I'm feelin  
like conan  
Restin for ya brown skin and ya soft thick thighs  
I'm on the freeway wit a hard dick doing 125  
Keep it hot baby, rub it if it start gettin cold  
So much passion, love it when you stay in that mode  
I was knockin on the door fore she hung up the phone  
She opened it up, grabbed me by my collar, And it was  
on  
We did some hardcore fuckin, dead in the eyes  
As I got front and back and side to side  
Lift yo legs up baby, throw 'em over my shoulder  
Wrap the dog shit, let you see the range on my rover  
Take a ride through ya sugar walls hittin them corners  
You in bed wit a felon tonight behind closed doors

[Chorus]

We can do it all, behind closed doors  
Behind closed doors  
Just turn off the lights, and I'm all yours

[Verse 2]

Up against the wall, rubbin yo thighs, Lickin yo neck  
As we embrace, face to face, tongue kissin, passionate  
sex  
In them dark rooms, fuckin by the light of the moon  
Blowin circles wit c-c-chronic smoke caressin ya womb  
Whisperin in ya ear while I hit it slow from the back  
Moanin cause she knowin how deep I'm bout to go in  
the crack  
Gettin silly sometimes, in the morning when I awaken  
Tryin to hit it from the back while she cookin eggs and  
bacon  
Had to reinforce the frame cause the bed keep breakin  
It's like an inch of the room, the whole room be shakin  
Fixin to start a fire, moan if you wanna

Cause baby if ya body got curves, I'm hittin corners  
Wit my thug thing wrapped between ya peaches and  
cream  
Pull up to ya bumper in my black limosine  
Triple X like a magazine, we put on a show  
The only audience is me and you behind closed doors

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

My objective is to get you more wet like champagne  
Bed bump against the wall, neighbors call and  
complain  
Boxers, shorts, sling shots, Still got on my socks  
Now we naked playin twister, drinkin Hennessy shots  
Bout the ring around the bed baby, just you and me  
We can go a couple of rounds wit no referee  
Behind closed doors, body soft like marshmallows  
Fixin the pillow, black thong, black stilleto  
Take old bennie, still look like a cattage grill  
Talkin to her friend, she tellin I'm daddy's I'll  
Never shout wit ya bomb-ass beautiful body  
Potential to put a nigga to sleep like a hot toddy  
No corns on ya feet, I can see through ya sandals  
Baby let's do it like animals on discovery channel  
Behind closed doors

[Chorus x2]

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