

Dirty f/ Mr. Blue, Silk

"Lose Control"

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(Silk, Mr. Blue singing)

Baby

Ohhhhh-ohhhhhh

Ohhhhh-ohhhhhh

Yeaaa

(Verse 1)

I'm still comin' hard wit' this pimp game

And I'ma make 'em all realize

That they about to be

I get a ho to chop rocks for me

And when ever I need a hand

She quick to hit the block for me

A pretty bitch, she ain't got to be

And when white folks come and get me

Hold down my spot for me

And never have to do a lil' time

Please ease my mind

You better keep them legs locked for me

You make a nigga wanna, lose control

When-ever I'm wit'cha

I just wanna drink booze and roll

Shit baby, you ain't naked yet?

You got a nigga so horny

That I could fuck ya out'cha shoes and clothes

Them other bitches, I'll lose them ho's

And two things to ask

Don't take me for no fool and joke

Fuck up and make a nigga bruise ya nose

I'll have ya ass on the grind

Walkin' til' ya bruise ya toes

You think I'm lyin'? Ask Juice and Rolls

Them toe-sy hoes that I done had since ninety-four

Young shawty, I'm a pimp though

And I been had young ho's on the stroll

Grindin' for dough

But that ain't what a playa want'cha fo'

And a matter of fact, don't even want'cha dough (I know that sound crazy)

I need ya for, show me every-thang

And when around my folks, they don't question my

lady
Pimp wit' me, or get pimped on
You ain't wit' it? Then get on
They call me "Baby Bishop, Magic Don Juan"
You, know how the game usually go
I leave ya on the floor, wit'cha pussy swole
Head to the show, then get another ho
But not tonight, shawty, shit'chu make me lose control
Your candyman

(Hook, Silk & Mr. Blue, singing)
Baby won't you let me
Be your, candymaaaaaaan
Oh my baby, yeah
It's because you know
I caaaaaan
(It's because you knooww, I can, I can)
You can be my candy-giiirrl
(You can be my candy-girl)
If you don't mind baby
Come to my candy-woooooorld
(Just come on, come on)
(My candy-world, my candy-world)

(Verse 2)
Now we've been creepin' for a long time
Havin' conversations on the phone
Til' two or three-o'clock in the morn'
Reminisclin' on them good times
That we had, it used to make ya daddy mad
Every time you'd leave home
You gon' off this good thang
He don't know about how I be havin'
Yo legs cocked up in the air
Or how I have your ass screamin' my name
From all the pleasure and pain
Cuffin' and pullin' out my hair
Your girls always there
Everytime they see yo nigga comin'
Check the A-C, and pump they legs, wit' the smile
Bout to leave when I got there
But then I heard Misses Janice
Talkin' bout "we gon' have to wait for a while"
No question what they're stayin' for
But'chu done play on my mind
You got'cho game stinkin' pimp tight too
I got to speak it to you girls, wassup
But I ain't tryin'a cut
This slanger's here to please you
As if to tease you
You know how we do

No-one can freak you
The way that I do
Ain't got to buy you
Just lay beside you
And let'cha ride Blue
And doggies tied too
Damn... quick
I done livin' like my daddy named Carl Malone
And you so jazz, that you tall and all
I got'cha sprung by the way I work my back
And make you crawl the wall
I make your neighbor wanna call the law
Got me bustin' like a twelve-gauge pump
But I ain't sawed it off
Not just talkin', I can walk the walk
When it's done, I can tell it
Cause the juice'll flow wit'out the funk
Shawty, you
Know how the game usually go
I leave ya on the floor wit'cha pussy swole
Head to the show then get another ho
But not tonight, shawty, shit'chu make me lose control
Fo' sho'

(Hook)
Baby won't you let me
Be your, candymaaaaaan (Let me be yooour
candyman)
It's because you know
I caaaaaan
(It's because you knooww that I can, I can)
You can be my candy-giiirrl
(If you don't mind babe)
If you don't mind baby
Come to my candy-woooooorld
(My candy-world, candy-world)
(Come on baby, get in my candy-woooooorld)

(Verse 3)
Now I been freakin' to ya, makin' (Diff-erent sounds)
I got'cha ass where ya (Blue to go down)
And now she can't stop (Callin' me now)
I mean shawty be (Stalkin' me now)
Cause when I hit, it be (Drivin' her wild)
First I drill, then I (Bust in her mouth)
And said she love how (I'm turnin' her out)
Now she want me to (Father her child)
And now, well I feel yo pain
But hold on slim, don't get that deep
You knew from the jump, we was only meant to freak
I hit'chu wit' the dick, and now you actin' like you geek

And now, for some strange reason
You askin' me "where my girl"
And don't mean to be rude
But lookie here slim
You don't need to be worried bout her
Just worried bout bein' in the butt
Or posted up in the back of a truck
I'm jabbin' and stabbin' and beatin' it up
You scratchin' and grabbin' when you 'finna nut
And I don't mean to rush, but hell I'm off in the dust
Got a couple mo' ho's that's ready to bust
Got a couple mo' ho's that's ready to suck
I'm the only one they call when they ready to fuck
And they know not to trust me
Off the top, I told 'em I can't be true
And have the same thang goin' for you
How can I be your man, when I'm hittin' all ya
girlfriends too?
Shawty, you
Know how the game usually go
I leave ya on the floor wit'cha pussy swole
Or head to the show then get another ho
But not tonight, shawty, shit'chu make me lose control
Shit

(Hook)
Baby won't you let me
Be your, candymaaaaaaan (Let me be yooour
candyman, yo candyman)
It's because you know
I caaaaaan
(I wanna make you lose, make you lose, controool)
You can be my candy-giiirrl
(Be my candygirl, if you don't mind, if you dont miiind)
If you don't mind baby
Come to my candy-woooooorld
(Babyyy, yeahh)
(Let me turn you, oooonnnnn)
(In my candy-world, in my candy-world)
(Ohhh, be my candy-giiirl)

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