DJ Quik f/T.I.

"Indiscretions in the Back of the Limo"

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[Intro]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Ay, ay, ay, c'mon

Yo, yo, yo, yeah-yeah-ye-yo, uh ay

Yo, ay, ay, ay, c'mon

Ay look shorty tell your homegirl

put the puss on the wood, make the dick go wood y'know?

[over Intro]

Pimp Squad clique ya dig?

Big {?} done told y'all niggaz one time

DJ Quik in this bitch ya already know what it is hoe

A-Town's own one Bankhead homey (Bankhead!)

All the way to Compton ya dig?

[T.I.]

I got a bad bitch from Cali that love to blow cavi Kinda bitch that suck ya dick and make you wanna get married

Seem like she squeeze in them jeans just barely I can see the pussy pokin like your pants bustin open Now we hydro blowin in the Cadillac coastin On the way to the liquor store to go and pull a foursome

Tell her pop two of these then lemme see your knees bend

Hit the club find a bitch who familiar to freakin Tell her shawty look, all you need is three friends And get you to the suites, I'ma give you what you need then

Nine inches from behind on you bitches

'Til your pussy need stitches and spines outta commission

Listen tell 'em if they're ready to breeze
Bet whatever they can't eat your pussy better than me
If it's a gamble tell 'em meet me by the Phantom at 3
And now I'm, standin with three bitches challengin me
Before you know it

[Chorus: T.I.]

Three bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin dick 'til they're satisfied
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin titties 'til they satisfied
I got, five bitches in the back of the ride
They ass pokin from the back of they thighs
As I say, six bitches in the back of the ride
Eatin pussy 'til they satisfied, c'mon

[T.I.]

Five in the morning broads at my do' {?} smokin 'cross the hardwood flo' Open up the door don't recognize a face But was surprised by the size of her thighs and waist Ay, waste no time tell her come on in I'm fresh out of Grey Goose and no more Henn' But shawty got a thong on and fo' mo' friends See when you live like the man ye ain't gotta pretend I got her kissin in the mouth on the couch in the den Then I put it in right up over her chin Tell her rub in your face, it'll clear up your skin And that's with all due respect, I ain't tryin to offend ya It's, like I told you when we met at the club You in the, wrong place if you were lookin for love I'm fin' to find a couple freaks, buy a bottle and dip Y'all oughta be followin Tip to holler and miss, I got

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I'm dope, I'm bomb, I'm wounded and I'm so feeble Can't believe the bullshit I'm gettin from these people If I go to San Diego, I can't get no bitch Because the B-Dawgs beat the shit out of 'em all, and they tragic

Bitin off they nipples and bash 'em like y'all savage Pullin out they hair got they self esteem damaged I still love pussy but I don't eat the shit that comes with it

You can keep it if I can't hit and quit it because It's D-J Q-U-I-C-K who you thought it was C-O-M-P-T-O-N, flossin the proper buzz I cut my perm out so I wouldn't look burned out A young thug geekin off these beats that I churned out I'm bad, I'm the Mad Hatter, wish I was fatter But that's a dream weighin on my life like a triple beam A life that simple seems harder to fathom So I'm in Manhattan and Harlem gettin at 'em, in a Bentley

[New Chorus - Quik]

Three bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin dick until they satisfied
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride
Lickin nipples 'til they satisfied
We got, five bitches in the back of the ride
They ass pokin out the back of they thighs
Six bitches in the back of the ride
Spendin money cause we satisfied

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