

Stroke 9

"Loungin'"

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Yeah! Ghetto to ghetto (uh)
As we bring the drama live (y'knahmean?)
We bout to set it! (uh) Word life son!
Yeah! Mad flavors (yea) butters
Ghetto to ghetto, yeah!

[Verse One]

Keep your chickenhead, I'm lookin for a dime (word up)
Get my swerve on, make it hot, word bond
I'm lickin on your ankle bracelet
We'll be sippin Moet with strawberries to chase it
I'm nasty, ask me, why I lick my lips
so in the darkness, I can run my tongue over your tits
It's all good sugary, you ain't leavin
Sit up on my face and help my stash grow even
Whipped cream taste mean from the back
She bounce with LL now shorty's on the map
I put away the gat, took off the hat
Throw ya Mo's in the air if you like it like that
No doubt boo, I keep it real girl
Mad pleasure, blowin up your whole world
Whatever's clever I got endless cash
Trees from Hawaii, two pulls and pass

[Chorus: Terri & Monica]

I'll be loungin with LL, Cooool J
I'll be loungin with LL, heyyy heyyy
I'll be loungin with LL, Cooool J
I'll be loungin with LL, heyyy heyyy

[Verse Two]

Uhh, my scenario is grand (word up!)
A dime peice, Henessey up in my hand
I "Turn Out the Lights" like Teddy (click!)
I'm fiendin, starin in the darkness, now I'm ready
Uhh, ooh yeah up in ya!
Let it flow while I pump slow
Then I speed it up, heat it up
Make it mo' tasty, so you can swing low and lace me
Use your imagination
You do me, I'll do you, sex education

It's all good, it's cranberry Absolut and peach scnapps
Feelin tipsy, loungin on the rooftops
I'm bout to spank you on that ass (oooh)
I know you love it when it lasts (truuue)
When you need it who you ask? (You!)
What you sayin when I dash? (Don't go boo)

[Chorus]

[LL Cool J]

C'mon, you got to bounce with me sugar (you got to
bounce) word up
You got to bounce with me sugar (word-a-word-a-word
up) word up
You got to bounce with me sugar (you got to bounce
with me sugar)
Word up, you got to bounce with me sugar (a-word-a-
word-a-word up)

[Verse Three]

Warm it up sugar, make it hot
Shorties'll swarm, make me wanna bust shots (BO!)
We speak, daily on the regular
Run your jibs all day chip in my cellular
Shoot down to Jamaica, pretty white sand
Suntan oil, pina colada in you hand
Layin up at night, peepin out stars
Remember - when we was at the club at the bar?
I told ya, my status, was that of a don
You thought I was a dog and you ain't wanna get it on
But my mind has attractin qualities
on the emotions of a young lady (word up)
So here you are, smack dab up in the mix (uh-huh)
Shorty this here's about as good as it gets
Word up, I'ma treat you like a queen from the heart
Crack the bubbly, and let the episode start

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Ghetto to ghetto! Ghetto to ghetto! {*fades out*}

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