

Eightball & MJG f/ 112, Three 6 Mafia

"Cruizin"

Visit "[Cruizin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro, Eightball)

Eightball and MJG

Three 6 Mafia, and 112

We finna take this thang to another level

Ya hear me?

All the ladies come to the front

All the haters, get out the building

Yeah

(Hook, 112)

Laid back in the 'Lac

Grippin the grain, as I'm cruisin the streets (Cruisin the streets girl)

It's 1:12 on the dot, you're on the phone talkin dirty to me (Talkin dirty to me)

I wanna know, do you really wanna go

Cause I'm sittin in front of your condo

Other niggas playin around, believe me, I'm the one though

So baby take ya clothes off and bring ya body next to me

(Verse 1, MJG)

Now how long will it take a nigga like MJG

To get a girl back to the hotel

I'ma stop and get some rubbers and some Cigarillos

You can meet me, I'ma be in room 112

Cause I did enough talkin on the telephone

Right now I'm really tryin'a put my hands on it

So if you any kinda way

You can come through, I know you didn't really plan on it

Although I gotta come and pick you up, show you off

Ride to the hot-spot

But don't try'ta act special, when you ridin in my drop-top

Listen what I need you to do is, hold this bag while I break this blunt down

We gon' have to park in a minute

Cause the cops get hot right around by sun-down

I like it how you wear them jeans

Tight fittin motherfucka, right with the low-rise
M-J, G finna sprinkle in somethin super incredible
Bitch I'm so fly
I got my hand on the woodgrain
I'm in a Cadillac feelin like a "Space-Age Pimp", mayn
And even if you try hard as hell
You never do it like I did it
It's a motherfuckin pimp thang

(Hook)

(Verse 2, Eightball)

Can I get'chu to, come here girl
Let me say some sweet in ya ear girl
I see ya movin ya butt to the beat girl
Wanna dip? Then come see my world
Big-Ball the one with the extra keys to the condo up-
town
You can come through when ya want to
That's how me a lil ma get down
Sometimes we hit the town
With the radio up, and the windows down
Get a suite at the W, get a bag of bush and just smoke
it out
And I don't expect every motherfucka in here to know
what I'm talkin bout
These niggas ain't got no game
A lotta these niggas just talkin loud
And I, know I'm not the best lookin nigga
But I'm, so far from the worst lookin nigga
When it come to the Dirty, me and my nigga
We was one of the first in the picture
Three strikes on my feet
For my nigga J, MJ, put'cha peace sign in the air
Wanna go to a place where they don't hate?
Listen to ya boy, let me take you there

(Hook)

(Verse 3, Crunchy Black)

I like it when ya call my name
I like it when we play that game
What game is that, girl?
That freaky-decky game
It ain't no shame when I bang
Go ahead and grab that thang
That grown man thang
Stop gigglin playin mayn
Do you know what I'm sayin mayn?
See you's a freaky dame
Can I call up couple of my friends?

So we can run a train?
And I'm sayin I think I can
I'm bangin her out the frame
Doin that big-boy dance
With my hands on my side, mayn

(Verse 4, Juicy J)

I'ma D boy from the hood (Yeah!)
Smokin on a big bag of kush (Yeah!)
Workin all day in a trap-house (Yeah!)
See the police, then we push (Yeah!)
And when a playa ride through the street (Yeah!)
I'm always lookin for a freak (Yeah!)
They call me the Juice Man gigolo (Yeah!)
Take it out, skeet-skeet-skeet (Yeah!)

(Verse 5, DJ Paul)

I hit her up on Blackberry
She see the e-mail from daddy
She know it's time to shake her man
And meet me at the ho-telly
See he a old head, with some mo' bread, Keep her fed
But I'm the one she call, when she need that ass
tagged

(Hook)

Visit [Eightball & MJG f/ 112, Three 6 Mafia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.