

The High & Mighty

"Hands On Experience Pt II"

Visit "[Hands On Experience Pt II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Bobbito Garcia, Kool Keith, What What

[Kool Keith]

You know baby

I've been thinkin about you a lot

You know I've been doin a lot of.. private things on my own

Just me in the bathroom, by myself

You know, a little hands on experience

You know, just a little thing for myself

Yo, I'm six million dollars, rappin like I'm Steve Austin

Made of steel, diamonds glitter on the Ampex reel

Superchargin my brain cells, glowin extra large and

my afro sheen, skin color should be green

Girls in the backseat, with thongs stuck between they booboo

I'm rappin through you, on sidelines he's talkin to you

My finesse in Batmobiles, cruise with Adam West

Down Bronx streets and project buildings holdin flashlights

Daily newsies, pull your maxi's out, in the movies

Make you think fast, rub powder on your diaper rash

Catch you with stomachs out, bumps out, and Jimmy Craig'n

You still be beggin, with that body shaped, like an
egg'n

Rhinoceros funk, with panties piled in the trunk

Playboy books with Black Tail, my boy, readin Hustler

I pull up with no Benz, just a Plymouth Duster

Cruisin around town, naked bumpin James Brown

Underwear light blue, scratchin balls with hands down

You see me comin passin rappers like I'm Mr.
Drummond

On your street pee, your colored socks, smell like feet

Timberland boots walk in Bentley's with my space suits

Astronaut sneakers standin hard by the speakers

Kool Keith..

Chorus: Kool Keith (repeat 2X)

We got butlers with maids, condos built, in Brazil

Chrysler Cordovas, Monte Carlos on the hill

The raw ingredients, with hands on experience

with Nissan trucks, worth a hundred thousand bucks

We got butlers with maids, condos built, in Brazil

Chrysler Cordovas, Monte Carlos on the hill

The raw ingredients, with hands on experience

with Nissan trucks, worth a hundred thousand bucks

[What What] + first four lines overlap chorus

What's he talking about?

I don't get it..

..

Hmmmm..

Ooooh!

..

Yo I bust my own, ready to feel thrusts

My lust explodes in loads, feelin like Big Pun

The crush, rushin to phones, for episodes, atone for sex

and videos, layin at home, that's stamped with X
(hahaha)

You feelin me yet? Well then I, guess I'll commence

with my five niggaz rubbin, resort-in to self lovin

White blood runnin (yo well that's some really nasty
shit)

Oh, oh well I wouldn't y'all thinkin I'm a sadomasochist

I'm past the list of niggaz who masturbate

I flash my wrists, when there's no brothers to pass the
gate

Holdin myself down when I'm on the clit

I've got gadgets like I'm fuckin James Bond and shit

Flippin myself, hittin the spots, keepin it hot

Got the lights off, porn's on, ready to rock, fukkit

"Ohhh What What!" I praise myself

And I haven't went blind, I've got days of health

Even amazed at the stealth speed my hand flicks

I represent for chicks and niggaz with they hands on
they shit

Hah, you got experience?

Chorus

[Bobbito Garcia]

Yo yo yo

It's Hand Solo, one time again

I'm no jerk my friends, just for dick again and again

I put a towel up on the floor

for easy post-cleanup, get up, close my door

So my roommate won't bust me

like my mom did, and my dad did

and my college roommate did, with jerkers in my palm

That's why now, I do it dry

So that's the set up, I tilt my head up

puy my fingers on my nipple, swish around my pre-cum
dribble

Rippin epidermis cause it's easy to be

Shootin loads to go to bed, cause it makes me sleepy

Titties on my mind, close to ejaculation

Anal perspiration, heavy inhalation

I strive for the shoulders, in Boulder Colorado

Shoot on walls and toilet stalls is my motto

It's like that y'all y'all and you don't dare stop stop

I grab my cock until the cum drops

Mr. Eon -- you got hands on experience? (You know I
do)

Grab the mic and get delerious

[Mr. Eon]

Callouses on my hand, both left and right

Vaseline, magazine, and my lovin hand with a tight

slip, put my wood in a vice grip
And then Janet Jack-me with them fine ass lips
I spew goo in the form of Elmer's Glue
Up in my mind, a pornography who's who
Channel 35 receiver, dick reliever
Spank to the thought, of me shavin beavers
I'm Mr. Miyagi, wax on, wax off
I even jerked at dinner, on the tableclothes
Paper towel napkins, tissue's not the issue
I know you be fearin this, hands on experience
So there you have it
Live, from the perverted minds
of Kool Keith, What What, Bobbito and Mr. Eon
Another case of hands on experience
Put your left hand on, pull your left hand off
Put your right hand on, and we jerk it til it's soft
We do the knuckle shuffle til the cum run out
That's what it's all about!
That's what it's all about

Visit [The High & Mighty](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.