

Justin Timberlake F/ 50 Cent

"Tricks Up My Sleeve"

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[Common]

I'm a Jake, I don't bake a cake
I'm not a cake daddy, you know the type be pullin up in
a Caddy
with a drop top, see when I hoe hop, I kick it to the bus
stop (what?)
and it's goodie goodie gumdrops
I don't be droppin squat but to the heads they think it's
topnotch
I'm skippin over every other dip as if it's
hop hop hop hop hop hop hop, hop, hopscotch, watch

Aiy ayyo man, ay man, look at ol' girl
She got a BIG ass! (Yo man, sic her.)
Aiy man, ay... hey sweetheart, how you doin?
I'm doin fine.
Oh word? What's your name?
Rayshel.
Why don't you come over to the house so I can put you
in the
BUCK BANG!

Aight check it, you see I only bag ya for a second
You never see me beggin, you see the slimmie naked
in my headroom, mo' better yet my bedroom
Tippedy token, and stutterin as if she's Max Headroom
Redroom (Redrum?) No I ain't a murderer
I'm Jake the Rake, yo sorry if I'm hurtin the
vaginal area, fallopian tubes and your cervix
I strongly recommend that for your gen' you get some
Jergens
I find it beneficial; not to force the issue
I just blow my shit and wipe you see a head it's like
tissue
Use em and throw em away, see a hoe a day is
essential
If you want a piece of the rock, trick, go to Prudential
cause I rock a buyer babe on the treetop
And when the wind blows, my dick'll get hard, the
cradle will rock
I'm like the peacock on NBC, Nuttin But Cock

I pump, prrrrrrrrrump pump it up yo, like a Reebok
Hey, I don't sell junk, but I'm a Junkyard Dog
And when I Duke it's a Hazzard, so call me Boss Hog
Or Roscoe Pecol, ohhhhh! pain
That's the sound of the Caravan... running the train
yeahhhh yeahh, bitch
That's the sound of the Caravan, running the train
Owwowhahahaheha! Check it out, check it out yeah, in
yo' eye!
Yeahh! Hahhh! Yeahh!

Twilite Tone got tricks up my sleeve
Immenslope got tricks up my sleeve
Yo DRK got tricks up my sleeve
De La Soul got tricks up my sleeve
JuJu got tricks up my sleeve
The Nubian Nut got tricks up my sleeve
Com Sense got tricks up my sleeve
("Wait... I got another trick up my sleeve")

[Rayshe]

I'm not a Jake or a Rake or a hoe, but I got the mo'
better
for head of the class
And if you ask me I'm not tryin ta be drastic
I'm not a bitch like Robin Givens I'm concerned about
your
plastic, ask it, I'll tell you what you wanna know
And if I tell you no, don't be all up on it dope
Frontin so your friends won't know that you got the 86
so you call me a bitch
You get your kicks, but Kix and Trix are for kids
I don't turn no tricks, I don't suck no Dix-ie cups
I hops in the hubba Hubba Bubba I'm like
Al B. stud, cause if I'm not your lover or your friend
don't try to spend, waste your time
tryin to get a taste of mine but you ain't tastin mine
So find a new type puss, cause if I don't like you
you ain't gettin service G, this ain't the drivethru
Drive by, way far, and everything'll be groovy
Then you pester me? Yo I'ma tell ya like the Nubians
Move on black brotha move on
You gotta move on black brotha move on

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