

## **Three Six Mafia**

### **"Late Night Tip"**

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(Lord Infamous)

Let me just take you somewhere secret  
Gonna kut out of the lights down dim, forget all about  
your man  
We gonna just flow wit what we feel lets share a  
Few private thoughts, I'm not just  
Out for your sex, let me simp-lify  
The things in life that you find complex, forget what  
You heard bout me cause your a scarecrow groupie  
But theres no pressure on you cause you know what  
you must do  
Check this out  
Let's have a drink and I give you time to think  
Let me puff this buddah blunt and cut on this porno  
bunk her come lounge  
Here by my side tonight your my devils bride and  
theres a  
Freak deep inside have no shame no need to hide why  
do you  
Keep on blushing get it all like thugsta she she must be  
Kinda tipsy on this crystal like a gypsy now I got her on  
all fours,  
Bout to break down the headboard crash this broad  
On through the wall now she howlin like a dog sweat  
poored  
We hit the floor and don't quit another one ripped it's  
just another  
Victim of Lord Infamous late night tip

Chorus x2

I'm not the type that get involved in long relationships  
(why)  
Takin' trips and buyin' gifts  
I'm sorry I'm not on the tip (what)  
If u want romance  
You should just stick who you already with (ok)  
If you in that mood you can just hit me on that late night  
tip (ooh)

(DJ Paul)

I done seen some funny shit since I got in this game

They wants my crib they wants my kids, all I done gots  
my fame  
I never recall you askin' your last boyfriend for nathin  
But now they be purple on gold  
Got ya aggrivatin'  
( I need a coach bag)  
I can't be even doin' it  
(I need my hair done)  
Me too, I ain't got nothin' to do with it  
I've been through with it  
You and since the first time you ask and might I add  
Playas like me can't be savin' your ass

(Gangsta Boo)

I ain't with that nonsense  
Or that lovey dovey mess  
Feelin' kind of horish  
I call and all I want is sex  
Slip on Victoria Secrets hit the liquor store before it  
close  
Call Chris so I can get something white to go get up in  
my \_\_\_\_  
Now I'm feelin' fine  
Nothin' but sex is on my mind  
If you cannot please me boy then please don't waste all  
of my time  
Got you caught up in the mist  
Mystic girl from triple six  
Late night tip is all we have  
It's playin so trick that's it

Chorus x2

(Juicy "J")

I can't understand why these broads be trippin'  
Can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen  
Ballin' in my Lexus dropped low to the ground  
Just a young playa tryin' put my bid in  
Freaks wanna trick that be constantly payin'  
Not a ghetto thug that be constantly layin'  
Rainbow Inn or da Summer Motel  
Oh well that's where the juice man stayin'  
Gotta have a lady that wanna do what I do  
Likes skippin' work or love cuttin' high school  
Servin' all the playas in the three 6 mafia  
Camcorder on skinny dippin' in the swimmin' pool  
Never try to argue bother you or fight  
Kill a pack of Jimmy hand strapped pen real tight  
Fillin' alazey all tall and a budlight  
Just for you freaks on a moon lite late nite

(Koopsta Knicca)

Tell me three 6 mafia whose that bumpin' that music

Hypnotizin' Koop

I tell you who I'm bout to lose it

Could it be that late night crew tight just inside the  
party

Always kind of lonely

Someone want me, hold me, I say

Come here come near come hear

The Koopsta cryin' tears

I can't think positive

When no one cares of how I feel

Relax my mind so tired that I even try to find

I cannot lie though I can ride hight late night

Chorus...till song ends

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