

Lil' Wayne F/ Juvenile

"Ben Dova"

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Bend over. . .

Yo, it's Muttie Ranks in the place (Muttie Rankin')
But in the immortal words of Shabba Ranks (Where are
the girls?)
We got some sweet, we got some foul
I'm about to break it down, check it out, let me know

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!)

Yo, as I cruise through this ATL town, my eyes brown
Chillin', freshly dipped when I get down
Jarobi, tell 'em 'bout the puppy named Mutts
Like lifestyles galore in case a chick wanna hump me
I'm rough with mine, tell me who's rougher
Makin' honeys express theyself like Salt-N-Pepa
Not sayin' that sex makes everything better
But if all else fails, I'mma fuck that tail
Now watch out now, damn look at your trunk
We could take it to the rest right now and get it crunk
Sing "Shorty Swing It My Way", it's only right
Turn the door, now walk it in and see the real sign of
life
Fuck a Phife, I'm on some Shawn Micheal shit tonight
On some Five Foot Freak shit, or I don't eat shit
But if you act right and you ain't about games
Then my screwin' can be longer than Nina's last name
Now tell me somethin' good before I hang up your
friend
Free humps and I'm out there if the shit is mad lame
Mad lame (mad lame) mad lame (mad lame)
Free humps and I'm out there if the shit is mad lame

When it comes to skins ain't no shame on my game

Mutty orders you to (BEND OVER!)
You can't live with them, you just can't live with them
So don't waste my time, just (BEND OVER!)
Now if you frontin' on the tail, then you get the cold
shoulder
Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)
Girl, you are not gettin' younger, you are just gettin'
older
So hurry up your ass and (BEND OVER!)
BEYATCH!

Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Now are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!) Do you like it like this?
Now are you ready? (WHAT!) Are you ready for this?
Do you like it? (WHAT!)

Forever in the jam where the diss be lookin' laced
Dancin' to the tunes of Cool J and Babyface
Me and my crew, no doubt we in the place
Ass everywhere, (Yeah son, this place is great)
Bumped into this cutie, damn boo you lookin' straight
Checked her backyard, can I guard that with a gate?
Slim trim, brown skin, what's your name? ('Salina Kate')
Where you from? ('Trinidad, but I live here in the
States')
'It's only been three months but I'm searching for a
mate
Word 'round town is you love to penetrate'
Of coarse, baby girl, what's the deal, you want a taste?
A stain is on your brain that could never be erased
'Sounds good Mr. Phifer, but I hear that's the case
Your style be so super that you should wear a cape
I love the way you sound on all five of your tapes
Plus you're always on the job like Mr. Slate'
Of coarse her best friend just has to player hate
And being who I am watch the Phifey hesitate
On dissing her ass, yo Jay, look at her face
Her motherfuckin' voice got way too much bass
Now back your ass up off me and give me my space
You know your fuckin' breath smell like chemical waste
Not to mention that ass, it be way overweight
Keep that ass out of Wendy's and lay off them shakes
Now back to you Salina, damn I admire your shape
'FUCK YOU! Mr. Ranks you just dissed my date'
Now what I'm supposed, scratch my head and ask why
You know that rug munchin's at an all-time high
Now all these chicks today are just hot hot hot

And me and my crew just wanna get hind, watch
I won't hold it against you the things that you do
I'll just have you know that I'm a lesbian too
So wiggle your ass here and swing over them titties
If you need to pay bills take your ass to Magic City
No need to act shitty, you're so so saditty
If you need to pay bills then take your ass to Magic City,
what what

All you're lookin' for all this time, money
Well ain't got enough time to take
You can't run game on a gamer!
You can't run game on a gamer!
It's Phife Diggy (What) I gets busy (What)
Blowin' up the spot (What) Givin' back shots (Ooh!
Ooh!)

J.U.S. (What) You know you can't test (What)
Blowin' up the spot (What) Givin' back shots (Ooh!
Ooh!)

When it comes to skins ain't no shame on my game
Mutt orders you to (BEND OVER!)
I'll fuck in a Land Cruiser or a Range Rover
Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)
Now if you frontin' with your ass, then you get the cold
shoulder
Diggy orders you to (BEND OVER!)
You are not gettin' younger, you are just gettin' older
So hurry up your ass and (BEND OVER!)

Like that y'all, to the beat y'all
Freak freak y'all, so sweat y'all
My name's Malik y'all, style's unique y'all
No doubt y'all, I come through y'all
Tribe all y'all. Phife Diggy y'all
On the ball y'all
And all these bitches on the way get the balls y'all
Phife Diggy but I never fall out
Slum Villy, got to bend over
What what what what, all over
Detroit Michigan, down in Angeles in CA
Fuck that we don't play round my way
Long Island, we whilin'
Yugoslavia, no doubt I'm Slav-in' 'em

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