

## Lucy Pearl F/ Snoop Doggy Dogg, Q-Tip "Into What You Say"

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You know I never had time for the he say, she say  
Cats talk greasy  
I put 'em on the three way  
Coupes keep coming, lookin like a relay  
Don't catch it now, get it on the replay  
I'm M.I.A., with some kid named Enrique  
Don't pump weight, don't see the D.A.  
What you hear now is definitely not a cliché  
I ball so much, I be sold on eBay  
People thinkin 'How I'm posed to love 'em?'  
They hate whats great and I know some of 'em  
Since 12 years old they had a poster of him  
Kids cry, you don't get 'em close to hug 'em  
And this right here is my retro flow  
The price of the air gotta let ya'll go  
Five guys arise when I step to the flo'  
Phantom style, push a button, open the do'

If you rule it and you know it  
And you ain't afraid to show it  
Put yo hands in the air  
And say oh yeaaaah  
And if you loaded and you know it  
And you ain't afraid to show it  
Put yo drink up in the air (put 'em up)  
And say oh yeaaaah (put 'em up)

I'm into what you say (I'm in, I'm in)  
I'm into what you say (Let's work, Tell me what you say)  
I'm into what you say (I'm in, I'm in)  
I'm into what you say (Let's work, Tell me what you say)

Now how did I get so pop-a-lar  
The people watchin with bi-noc-a-lars  
Even when I'm eatin at the lobster bar  
I come out cops wanna stop my car  
I move quick, I can't lollygag  
Jewels thick, it make my body drag  
I'm not just a star from the hood  
But money like this, god, gotta be good  
Friends platonic, cars exotic

You name it, you know I got it  
Flow so melodic, sorta hypnotic  
You ain't gotta question, 'Do the kid got it?'  
Gimme another topic, get low, wrist glow  
You could even see it from the 25th row  
V.A. to San Francisco, they married to this flow  
Keep the disco poppin like crisco

Hook (x1)

It's the M to the A  
Crooked letter, ON  
B to the E to the T-H-A  
This here knock from the beach to the bay  
I vend this all way down to Australia  
You can't come, I'll mail ya - a post card  
Of the coast guard, for the most part  
Paint my picture, as clear as Mozart  
And these cats got no heart  
Oh my god, why I got to flow so hard?  
I'm thinkin now I'm hot-hot forever  
Cruisin' down a drop-drop whatever  
Cruise down the street in a drop top Carrera  
These cats here can't stop my cheddar  
In my former life did more Cris than Aguilera  
I roll through, people wanna grab my sweater  
Stole a bomber so I don't fly jets in bad weather

Hook (x2)

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