

Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins**"Wit It"**

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[CHORUS]

Baby, tell me if you're with it, with it
Is it cool, can I get it, can I come over
Hit it when the club over
Tell me if you're really with it
Is it cool when I get it, act a fool
Can I hit it by the pool
Baby, tell me if you're with it, with it
Is it cool, can I it when the club over
Bring a little love over
Tell me if you're really with it
Is it cool, can I get it in the pool
Can I video it too?

Caught up in your lust
Knew I'd be back from the moment we touched
I get a head rush when I'm up in ya
Like when the lead bust; bad bitch
Lookin like she mixed on some half shit
Freaky bitch have a weaker nigga in a casket
Every time I call you (it's on), but I ain't no fool
Probably have a dozen other ballers callin you too
All in you, too, but I ain't the one that's fallin for you
When I hit you just wanna know that it's cool
Are you with it, can you dig it? My intentions explicit
Cause I fiend for the way you kissin and lickin
So intense, you make me feel it in my wildest dreams
High off the E or just chillin
Got you blowin up my two-way, ready and willin
Such a nasty little chassy cause we ain't even friends
We just ("Hi") fuck ("Goodbye") then I'm gone in the
wind
Till that next time I'm jonesin and I'm on it again
Me and my part-time fuck friend caught up in sin

[CHORUS]

I'm at the club 360, poppin big Cristy
Didn't bring no bitches but I'm takin some with me
Yellin dumb things to them ones with the tongue rings
Two-ways and thumb rings, young things with sprung

game
I got bitches in the elevator gettin it on
Busters handcuffin hoes and they sendin em home
I met two from New Jeru I just took to the Brougham
Puertorican speakin Spanish while they givin me dome
No play for the small-timers while they floss on the
phone
Cause he lackin the mackin tools and still livin at home
Workin that ticket-face Rolex that he copped on a loan
While I'm self-made, self-paid, popped on my own
I seen visions ever since the moment I was christened
Of me bein king, every word that I send straight ism
Don't try to lie, see the look in yo eyes
I think your man ain't fuckin you right, let's take a ride

[CHORUS]

Rollin in my new Lex SE-4
Had a little fun, now I'm ready to go
On her mama's frontdo' step I let her go
Smash home, blazin a rope about a quarter to fo'
When I pull up to my house, nigga, whaddaya know
It's little mama in the furcoat from the weekend befo'
LA type, probably lookin for dough
But I'm thinkin that I can get her for mo'
And have her flippin me rolls
We upstairs and she rippin my clothes
Hangin on me like a new pair of Girbauds
Vampire, all on my throat
Take it easy, baby, nice and slow
You gon' get it but first think I like to know
Is if you with it

[CHORUS]

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