

# I Wanna Be Your Limousine

Black Kids

If your mother had her druthers  
Won't be riding with another rolling stone  
If these bitches had three wishes,  
You'd be busted up with stitches comatose  
With a broken nose

I wanna be your limousine  
Are you diggin' what I mean?  
I wanna be your limousine  
Sick and sick, let's split the scene

These pretty boys all call you "poison"  
But we never let those boys in  
Tit for tat  
It's unexciting, all the fighting  
All these suckers always biting  
Where it's at

I wanna be your limousine  
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Oh, you shake me like a coup  
I feel I don't know what to do  
You're just a child  
You'd say "sike-naw" to an outlaw  
It's like sparring with a southpaw  
Swinging wild

Oh my God  
I wanna be your limousine  
Are you diggin' what I mean?  
I wanna be your limousine  
Sick and sick, let's split the scene

Oh shit.

Oh ee oh, oh oh  
Oh ee oh, oh oh  
Oh ee oh, oh oh  
Oh ee oh, oh oh''

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I wanna be your limousine  
Sick and sick, let's split the scene