

Hey Ladies

Black Knights

If you really want it...
That's if you really want it...
That's if you really want it...

Hey, Ladies if you really want it, we can get it cracking, oh yeah
That's if you really want it
Hey ladies, if you really want it, we can get it cracking, oh yeah
That's if you really want it

I love hoes -- oops, I mean pretty bitch
Thick thighs, big brown eyes, with dick on your mind
That love to polish the dick, til they see the big shine
See you hoes, I did it up to her, out for hustling for mines
Seems like all I do is hustle with rhymes, or chuck a rhyme when I spit
And she drop down to her panty lines
So I dropped a few with the bar, and they gave me a few
Dropped a few more at the label, and they gave me a deal
I'm like a lover for the ecstasy pill, that's why I spit the best shit
To make your ex-bitch on ecstasy switch
She cop now, she turn now, she making me speak
Cause I know how to get shit cracking, in this game

Game of chasing whom I'm dicking these hoes
Fake bitches, yo I'm sick of these hoes
I just wanna stick my dick in they holes
You ain't a dime, you a chicken in clothes, I clip your wings
Pluck the feathers off your back and make a casserole
She fast to roll with an old nigga, even though
She be 18 in June, I'll be in that soon
Leave your window cracked open, I'll be in that room
All night get hard wiper, up in that womb
I got a call from the Doctor of Doom, he said

Fuck this solo bolo mission, I got a whole platoon of hoes (now that's what's up)
Blastin' a cup, her ass on my nuts, harassin' my dick
Kidnapping my sons, by swallowing cum
That's when my body got numb, her name was Pussy Galore
She was the finest of whores, her coochie never got sore
She wore, suits made of valor (yeah, glass up, backing that ass up, out on the floor)

Hello there, mama, I'mma pop a lot
Black Tech boy, puffin' on some sticky marijuana
Do the honor, baby you can give me some head
I'm not a trick though, maybe he can give me some bread
I'm P the weasel, never P the weeney, get it right
You know your bitch ass boyfriend, can't hit it right
You committed right? So all that mean, is y'all sleep in the same bed
So keep it calm, givin' the same head, you gave me and him
Strip clubs, pussy holes, navigator, yeah, nigga, we be in there
If you wondering what I want, it's simple and plain
The neurologist, baby, all I want is them brains

The sound of sweet sugar rain dripped on my window pane
Caramel cinnamon clit, lick my candy cane stick
Soon as the chronic was lit, chocolate factory

We gradually moved accross the dance floor sippin' Daquiri
Dramatic words spoke, like, music to her ear
Turned around, seen her friend, like, what do we have here?
You'se a starter, and you should be the captain of my team
Women's lead, lead them hoes to swollen pounds of purple weed
Smoke it for me please

My name is Monk, love, let's stop at untouchables and get a dove
Sack of Hawaiian gold and the nice clothes
Four 0, from the liquor store, you know we popping
You the Hollywood type, still dickin' for an Oscar
So you in the hood, like I lay down gangsta kike
Niggaz is right, you can graduate and get that ice
I light up your neck, wrist, and ankle with the things you adore
But I don't pop out, baby, I pop more

If you really want it, you got it, black Pocahontas
Give head to violence, I beat the pussy til it's red dropping
You want some money, bitch, I bank your Prada
That ain't my steeze, just put on capri's down to your knees
True indeed, don't clip cheese, so there go these nuts in your mouth
Let the Sharp Shooter bust in your mouth
Soon as I finish I be rushing you out, unless you talking cash
And if you talking cash, baby, what's the amount?