

# Indiscretions In The Back Of The Limo

DJ Quik

[Intro]

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, c'mon  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yeah-yeah-ye-yo, uh ay  
Yo, ay, ay, ay, ay, c'mon  
Ay look shorty tell your homegirl  
put the puss on the wood, make the dick go wood y'know?

[over Intro]

Pimp Squad clique ya dig?  
Big {?} done told y'all niggaz one time  
DJ Quik in this bitch ya already know what it is hoe  
A-Town's own one Bankhead homey (Bankhead!)  
All the way to Compton ya dig?

[T.I.]

I got a bad bitch from Cali that love to blow cavi  
Kinda bitch that suck ya dick and make you wanna get married  
Seem like she squeeze in them jeans just barely  
I can see the pussy pokin like your pants bustin open  
Now we hydro blowin in the Cadillac coastin  
On the way to the liquor store to go and pull a foursome  
Tell her pop two of these then lemme see your knees bend  
Hit the club find a bitch who familiar to freakin  
Tell her shawty look, all you need is three friends  
And get you to the suites, I'ma give you what you need then  
Nine inches from behind on you bitches  
'Til your pussy need stitches and spines outta commission  
Listen tell 'em if they're ready to breeze  
Bet whatever they can't eat your pussy better than me  
If it's a gamble tell 'em meet me by the Phantom at 3  
And now I'm, standin with three bitches challengin me  
Before you know it

[Chorus: T.I.]

Three bitches in the back of the ride  
Suckin dick 'til they're satisfied  
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride  
Suckin titties 'til they satisfied  
I got, five bitches in the back of the ride  
They ass pokin from the back of they thighs  
As I say, six bitches in the back of the ride  
Eatin pussy 'til they satisfied, c'mon

[T.I.]

Five in the morning broads at my do'  
{?} smokin 'cross the hardwood flo'  
Open up the door don't recognize a face  
But was surprised by the size of her thighs and waist  
Ay, waste no time tell her come on in  
I'm fresh out of Grey Goose and no more Henn'  
But shawty got a thong on and fo' mo' friends  
See when you live like the man ye ain't gotta pretend  
I got her kissin in the mouth on the couch in the den  
Then I put it in right up over her chin  
Tell her rub in your face, it'll clear up your skin  
And that's with all due respect, I ain't tryin to offend ya

It's, like I told you when we met at the club  
You in the, wrong place if you were lookin for love  
I'm fin' to find a couple freaks, buy a bottle and dip  
Y'all oughta be followin Tip to holler and miss, I got

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I'm dope, I'm bomb, I'm wounded and I'm so feeble  
Can't believe the bullshit I'm gettin from these people  
If I go to San Diego, I can't get no bitch  
Because the B-Dawgs beat the shit out of 'em all, and they tragic  
Bitin off they nipples and bash 'em like y'all savage  
Pullin out they hair got they self esteem damaged  
I still love pussy but I don't eat the shit that comes with it  
You can keep it if I can't hit and quit it because  
It's D-J Q-U-I-C-K who you thought it was  
C-O-M-P-T-O-N, flossin the proper buzz  
I cut my perm out so I wouldn't look burned out  
A young thug geekin off these beats that I churned out  
I'm bad, I'm the Mad Hatter, wish I was fatter  
But that's a dream weighin on my life like a triple beam  
A life that simple seems harder to fathom  
So I'm in Manhattan and Harlem gettin at 'em, in a Bentley

[New Chorus: Quik]

Three bitches in the back of the ride  
Suckin dick until they satisfied  
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride  
Lickin nipples 'til they satisfied  
We got, five bitches in the back of the ride  
They ass pokin out the back of they thighs  
Six bitches in the back of the ride  
Spendin money cause we satisfied