

Opposites Attract

Fat Joe

"Got another hit, of fresh air!!"

"Ooooooh, got another hit!"

Platinum chains, down to my dick
I'm so sick, like flames, light up ya bitch
Get it hot like 'dro, and firin and pink slips
You at the club alone now she hidin in my whip (But kick it)
I know just what you need; you need to fuck with me
Cuz when you ballin with Joey you in another league
Somethin like Doji, Chloe diamonds, and better weed
I'm four-wheelin through roads you mighta never seen
Take you on trips, you know the minimal shit, the basic
Long as your dip is official, if we're twistin you lace it
Spit it amazin when I'm layin the mack game
I could, put 'em in chains and give 'em blings and cashy rings
Like delicious, thug passionate candy cane
Know you could, stay witcha mayne and just
I ball with the best of them, flossin the emblem
First playa front get applause from T.S. and them (Clap my niggaz)

I know what bitches like (What?)
They wanna live it live
They want a nigga with eight figures that can give 'em ice
They wanna chill up in Villa with me every night
Yeah pa you got it right
That's what my bitches like
But I know what niggaz like (What?)
They wanna hit it right
They want a chick that's willin to strip on the first night (True)
The type of chick that'll make you forget about ya wife
Yeah ma you got it right
That's what my niggaz like

I pull up to the club in the truck
Like what, the FUCK, IS UP!
I stay out with the blunt, cuz I don't give a fuck
With, L-I-D niggaz, know who I be
And I know what niggaz like, niggaz like me
Pretty Remy on the rocks in the V.I.P.
See, niggaz like menages and overnight parties
Butt naked bitches in the hotel lobby
I plays the bar cuz they don't charge me
Plus niggaz like dogs to broads in white T's
Outside it's a fight over me
Cuz I'm with niggaz like, "Yeah, you better get it right"
"You know my shit is tight"
If you live we'll be fuckin today, as long as you ain't
Touchin my pay, this shit is nothin to me
I got my mind right, my money right, I'm pushin a Benz
Plus I'm a dime like (Whoa!) Got niggaz lookin for Rem'

I know what niggaz like (What?)
They wanna hit it right
They want a chick that's willin to strip on the first night (True)
The type of chick that'll make you forget about ya wife (C'mon)
Yeah ma you got it right
That's what my niggaz like

I know what bitches like (What?)
They wanna live the life
They want a nigga with eight figures that can give 'em ice
They wanna chill up in Villa with me every night
Yeah pa you got it right
That's what my bitches like

You know a lot mama
How be take a nice cruise to the Ba-ha-mas
With ice daquiris and jewels, picture
Just me and you under the palm trees
Up on the beach in your bikini and we feelin the breeze

But baby, I know just what you need
You need some Hennessey (Uh-huh)
And in a minute we'll finish it with a little me
Sex into sleepin on bedsheets outta Italy
Then send yo' ass back home without no energy

Yo, after I take you on a night on the town
We could, slide to the telly when nobody's around
The next-door neighbors complainin because they hearin the sound
It's goin down da-down da-down, da-da-da-da-da down

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