

Honestly

Kurupt

It's your boy Terrace Martin
What's happenin' y'all?
Yeah, yeah...
Yo, y'all remember these kind of records?
That Prince-type, Stevie vibe?
Remember, like, in the morning it's your first to play
Stevie for that feel good
And in the evening time
It would play Prince for the freaky shit
(Hey Caris, talk to me)

I just want to be with you
Is there something I can do
Just to make you see how honestly
You should be with me
Tonight, is alright
Morning flight
I just got to let you know

The bottom of the bottom of the ocean cracking
Little momma all up on a nigga, what's happening?
I just left Paris on a yacht, floating
Smoking on a bomb that's oh-so-potent
This type of shit you probably can't relate to
Sippin' on Bahama mamas whole new mate-too?
Now that's the car that I'm a take to the premiere
Of the new flick with me and Snoop
Problems in the Porsche, TMACK in the Terris
Aston Martin, film festival Paris
Got me a girl that made her ticket
On nothing but modelling and popping bottles
And all she wanna do is freak with me
She's got that low-key freaky frequency
Baby, if you want it, I got it
I'm up on it, I spot it on a yacht
And I got a whole lot of bombs

Stop, back to basics
So many pretty ladies & so many new faces
Everybody's looking 'round, just running their races
After the same thing like smoking aces
Nothing but a party in this bitch tonight
In a place where bad couldn't be more right
Right couldn't be more wrong tonight
Tonight is the night for all intentions
And leave at the door all prohibitions
Tell your little boyfriend you didn't mean to do it
Go for what you know, put your back into it
Stack up change, get that bread
Little mama won't you give me some
Liittle mama won't you show me that
So quick, so fast, soon as she walk past
I can tell she had ass in them pants
Instead of playing the game or playing the lane
Just play in your lane, that's how you stay in the game
The game ain't changed, it's all the same
Just different faces on different names

Different stages and different aims
We both in-flight on different planes
I can't help but keep looking at them big ol' bitties
Enough games, show me your titties

Soon as you land we can roll out
And pour our heart and soul out
Until the party is poppin' around 10
Get an early start, walk in
Everybody gossiping, talking
It's me, Snoop, Daz
Everybody 'round us getting that cash
Everybody 'round us got their own stash
If you got weed, I got hash

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