Need Some Quiet

Lil' Wayne

Mama you wine fine
Mama you... mama you..
Mama... mama you wine fine
We need some quiet time (3x)
Mama you wine fine
Mama you wine fine
And on the hush hush, we need some quiet time

I get, I get
I, I, I get so deep in that pussy, I touch the back of your soul
You gotta man, I bet I can make you pack up and roll
Yea, let's ride like we attached to the road
And if we on the same track, I hope we crash and explode
Yea, where do the passionate go
I beat it up forever, girl I'll take a national oath
Nobody know what goes on the latch on the door
And if you throw it to me baby, I will catch it and score
Yea, yea
I beat that, I be right when she call me, she got that shit I just can't avo
id
She so addictive and she know that I do anything that she tell me
I am her personal sex toy
And then, I pop the bottle of that cris
I had a glass, she had a glass, I had a glass, she had a glass, again
Ya know, then she was ready got to it
One time, two times, hit me up and I take that ass again
And I told her

I see ya walkin like the cameras on ya, I love ya backshots
I'm like a crackhead, and you got your crack out
See, we got chemistry baby, we like cat and mouse
You blow my brains out, I blow ya back out
Now what is that about
You got me sweatin you so hard, I'm bout to pass out
And we could do it on the beach, in the grass house
Say, we could do it on the beach, in my glass house
Uh huh
I know what I'm doin, I'm on it until the mornin
Hop on it until it's foamin, I bone it better than homie
I want it better than homie, come get on this pony
I put my name on it, I own it
That's right
Pin ya to the wall, give ya couple of back bites
Give ya couple of thigh bites, then here comes the highlight
I could make ya act rrright
Take a ten minute break, then get back right
And then I told her

Yea, I told her
Ya mama gotta be a model, or somethin
And if you was a wine bottle, I'm drunk
She dance on me like it's just us girl
You could make a nigga pay ya rent for 6 months
Shhhi, I ain't lyin girl

I could make ya little pussy start cryin girl
You won't fire girl
You know the fireman could put out the fire girl
Are those applebottom jeans ya wearin?
She said these is Donna Karen
So tight, she can't even let air in
Man I swear I saw a blind man starin
No lie, and I hope she take her clothes off
So we can do it, 'til we doze off
We fall asleep with our clothes off
When we wake up, we pick up where we left off
And then I tell her

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