

# Unladylike

Mia X

[KLC]

Hey, yo Mia!

[Mia X]

What's up

[KLC]

What you think about this beat right here  
You can do something with this

[Mia X]

Shit, man KL you motherfucker this beat is fire

[KLC]

Now that's what I'm talkin' bout  
I need you to drop some mackin' ass shit off this  
You don't have none of that huh

[Mia X]

Nigga you know I got some of everything  
I'm Unlady Like (Door Knocking) Who that is

[KLC]

That's ya beat

[Mia X]

Oh, OK well come here baby, why you holdin' up, you know I love you  
I know you still ain't trippin cause you seen that nigga downtown  
I don't care nothing about him  
You ain't seen no kissing, you ain't seen no hugging, none of that  
No emotions cause I give all my emotions to you  
You want me to make you feel extra special  
Now look at ya I see you trying to fight that smile back off ya face  
My baby, please don't give it to me, now give me some sugar  
Alright now, you know you my million dollar nigga  
So why don't you go on and make it happen for mama

[Verse 1]

See I flip scripts on niggas blow they mind like the wind  
Iceberg Slim pimped hoes, but I got my money and clothes from him  
Gator skin boots and purses for my slick verses  
When I ride it I twerk it, leave they body jerkin' and twitchin'  
Then I position my frame of thought  
Spit game, eye contact so it can soften his heart  
I lie if I have to even cry if I have to  
But in the end it's the law, they gon' buy what I ask for  
No rushin' I make sling it all then bring it all to me  
I used to be a rider, flyer now I'm retired see  
I took lessons from Big Vie and 67  
She still got them niggas down to do whatever  
I ain't gon' lie it's well known, I'm a fool in the bed  
And I understand full blown, niggas suckers for head  
Raw skills leave em' for dead, toes curl then shed  
Moaning, sighing, shivering like a little ol' bitch  
Just the art of pimpin' and pussy whippin' excites me  
After hearing the show ladies want to be just like me  
Shiesty, to keep my queen property and nice ride

My game's so tight it's unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Hey darling, it's daddy put mommy on the phone  
Yeah Barbara it's Richie yeah look I ain't never coming home no more  
Take it easy

[Verse 2]

I ain't right, cause I especially  
Send my nigga out to play on and flirt with other broads with big cheese  
I even dress him and tell him to say the shit we like to hear  
Tell her you want a commitment and want to build shit with her  
Don't forget to lick the pussy nigga, eat your Wheaties  
Cause you gon' need to bust about three or four nuts, no speedys  
Cook the breakfast and the flowers only  
He gon' comeback knowin' where the safe's at,  
And he gon' take that and bring it on to mama  
Send me off to relax, with my girls in the Bahamas  
Sipping pina coladas  
And I'ma be on the sand, plotting on his friends  
Especially the dark one with the six-hundred Benz  
His ends is long, he say he don't buy me shit  
Two weeks later, that same nigga, I was driving his shit  
With the keys to his crib, Prada full of his G's  
Knew the secret hiding place for the China and weed  
All my need he's trying to fulfill  
want to be my number one, every time I make him come  
It's like the boy gets dumber and dumber  
Cause mama say I got him under a gree-gree  
Take me shopping in New York, let them repossess her car, unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Yeah, man your not ruining my whole day, just do what I say  
Man just the other day I run into the law  
He up and out left with all my ends, ya dig  
Man I love my baby, I'm waiting for her to come back  
She has been gone three months man, damn

[Verse 3]

Nigga, MC's is always talkin' bout the game they got  
want to be pimps and playas but what about that beef cock  
Heifer, that got you missing studio sessions  
And got you calling her all day sweatin'  
Is you the same nigga to get on a mic and say fuck a ho  
Even though the one you love is up in ya bed, giving head  
To the nigga that I sent, coming back giving me fifteen percent  
Now, now I listen to your record and I laugh  
You weak for ass, and you know this compare the math  
Talkin' to a real pimp and I'ma drop it  
Cool off nigga, I know ya mad but don't knock it  
The truth hurts like life's a bitch  
And she happens to be down with No Limit, and money shit  
Mama Mia, x-rated, extra hard, extra tight, extra unladylike