

## Bar Tap

Pharoahe Monch

{"They don't dig the urgency"}

Okay, so boom like  
I'm at the bar right, I'm at the club  
I'm chillin' at the bar  
I got my drink, you know I drink my Grey Goose  
So I turn around with my drink in my hand  
Shorty all over me, you know what I'm sayin?  
Everybody lookin at my face like "Yo what you gonna do?" you know what I'm sayin?  
So I'm like, yeah I'm lookin at her and like...

Wooo let me adjust myself  
She making it hard, I don't trust myself  
But you throwin' it back, I might bust right here  
You dancing like you're really tryna fuck right here  
If you don't feel that roll of quarters  
Move that bubble back whole at boarder  
And if you turn around and bend  
I will show you one and again  
{"Goddamn, what are those 2 midgets in her back pocket? "}  
She said, "Who you know, how you get a.9 in the club?"  
I said, "That's not a nine ma, that's merely an 8  
But if I buy you drink could we go out on a date  
'Cause you sound like you wasn't born inside the Empire State"  
She said, "I'm not from here, it's hot in here  
But you're popular, so I'm not secure"  
Everywhere she was walking dudes was stoppin' her  
The smoke was irritating to her ocular  
I said, "Your contacts", she said, "Huh?" "Give me your contact"  
"I'm going to the bathroom, can you buy me a cognac?"  
Okay, okay...

Ooh ooh, you sexy (sexy)  
Baby won't you let me (let me)  
Baby, oohh, show some secret thangs to you  
Ooh ooh, you sexy (sexy)  
Baby, won't you let me (let me)  
Baby, oohh, all the things you want me to

I got you Hennessy and coke but shoulda got a diet 'cause if you watching yo  
ur calories, now where's my hospitality?  
And if I got it straight... shiet, what if it's straight?  
Cause after a couple of those you start to relate  
She dancin' better than savion, workin' her lady charm  
Battin' her eyelashes, finaglin' her baby arm  
And all up in my space, next day I'm on her myspace top eight  
We contemplating a hot date  
Got poolside flicks for the cool fly blogs  
With the rules I kicked about the yuletide logs  
She like low cut jeans with the real high clogs  
And dig music so much she got two iPods  
I'm tryna make it to third base like A-rod  
Threw a couple of Guinness stout back just to stay  
(So qu'est-ce que c'est?) now let's just say  
I'm tryna get horizontal like yesterday, she say...

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All the things you want me to