

Flirt

WC

We been through SL Coupe
Wrist froze like Igloo
Big Lou, Tony get your sauce swirled
Come twisting, Nina whistling that you with your home girls
Big bankers, Big drinker, I see you sneaking
A peak so I know you live these gangsters
Freaky thoughts got me cussing at you
Visualizing me in side ya, baby can we holla
Lookie here lets skip the fake conversation and all the waiting
My name is Dub what's crackalatin
Certified rider, all nighter, dipping in the Impala
Trying to get you with this anaconda
Be your friendly neighbor-hood neighbor with paper
Chrome and wood on the Chevy baby
Bust rubbers go deep under covers
A freaky mother fucka' we should get to know each other

Come take a ride with me baby
Me and my homey bout to blow - Flirt
I saw you at the light looking bright
Banging from your head to your toes - Flirt
Can't tell the future, I don't know what tomorrow holds
But we can smoke a little chronic, drink a little
And if it's good, drink a lil' mo - Flirt

Ain't no denying I'm straight buying
You in that tight skirt
Cause baby you got my flirt
Shutting all rookies down
Stub down Dub Cezzy
A.k.a. Pussy Hound
Who was snitching, punany technician
Trying to make your head off from multiple positions
Off a yatch and moet
I fiend for sex, menage a trois and getting freaky of that ass
Cause I insert it
Squirt it wit you on top jerking it
Playing Mystikal like "show me what you working wit"
Running up in it playing dead duck let me put the plug in it
Show you how a thug hit it
Exchange lines, blazing drinks St. Ides
Trying to do the damn thing wit you
And your girl at the same time
No commitments to make the butt riches, a machine loving m vocabulary, flirt

I got a problem, and it's serious as cancer
No matter what you call it baby I'm a fuckaholic
Trying to get you on the lizo to blow
And whistle my melody, part them legs open like the Red Sea
Make you smack hit it from the back
While I'm creeping in the hood blowing on dubs sac
As long as your kit-kat gets wet and percolate
No matter the color or size, I can't hate
I like the skinny ones, thick ones the whole entre

I even think I'm country for fat monkeys like Beyonce
Wet lips and as ghetto as Vivica
Nasty long tongue known for licking ya
I might trick a little just to keep the litter
But tripping as G gon' cause we goin sip
I'm mashing to smashing
There's too many asses
I can't role past them, I'm getting at them

(You me, Dub-Cee)
Uh, Dub-Cee (Flirt)
Case (that's me)
New millenium shit (baby baby babe)