

85/Billy Dee Interlude

YoungBloodz

Uh-huh, yeah, y'knahmtalkinbout?
A-Town connection right heah
You got Youngbloodz, uhh
featurin Daddy Fatsack, y'knahmtalkinbout?
Outkast, y'knahmtalkinbout?
Yeah, like dis.. check it out

I know you're waitin for daddy, it won't be long shawty
Be patient cause I'm comin to you
Ridin dirty on 85, slow, takin it easy
I don't want nothin to keep me from you

Now the wind blows as I'm on 85, and chiefin good
with a six-pack a that Colt 45 just like I should
And if I could, I will, I might, get blowed tonight
If thangs go right, I'm gon' cut this hoe tonight
So I'ma get a call, from this broad
Run the game like she ain't ready
But still indeed, she on her knees, keepin thangs steady
like Betty Crocker, the face doctor
just as she swallows with passion
So now she braggin, laggin behind
What questions she now be askin, so time is passin
Now I'm mashin on, I'm gone, livin in the world of hoes
So I suppose, it's goin down deep in yo' city
Cause in these parts, ain't nuthin bad hard times
Now shawty, please, really

Shееееit
I'm lookin for anythang, gonna cut'em up
like everythang, in my stable
Sir Lucius, with the left foot, is ready willing and able
But these hoes will get on your nerves
Fuck all that kickin 'em to the curb
You lackin that tolerance;
You let the hoe swallow it, get off in yo' parlor an'
stab out to the cajun crab house
or the Jamaican cat house
or the college, frat house
for the gul you just, mad house that rat house
And get you some scrub, she ain't ya girl
Skeet-skeet one off and dip boi
I'm slick as a curl, smooth as a pearl
Don't, don't be givin no gifts boi
On the first date or the worst date
I'm goin all the way on the first play
Like Hail Mary's to field goals
I think I was put here to drill hoes
For real doe; and while you blowin up my,
bar I'm off in your purse
to get my gas money then I'm back on the 'spressway
And I'm out this verse, geyeah!

Man this shit gettin crazy, this girl wants to face me
Met her jes last week, told me that her name was Stacy
Bad lil' bitch, add her straight to my collection
Jump in my 'llac, in my pocket got protection

For thangs to go down, see I ain't playin around
Got a half a tank of gas, I'm 85 Southbound
It's a long ass way, I'm from the 20 side of thangs
She said it's dead serious, hot like some lighter flames
Oh you know how it go, I'm the nigga, she the hoe
She told me some mo', I shut my Cadillac do'
My hands on the grain, my pedal down to the ground
Ain't got my license, back so I need to slow down
Now I'm scrapin the flo', shawty ain't got on no drawers
Man I'm breakin the law, tryna' get me this broad
I don't know what it is, but shawty fine as hell
Slum-type that I like, straight from A-T-L
Shawty yeah!

[Chorus (to fade)]