

Indiscretions In The Back Of The Limo

DJ Quik

[Intro]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Ay, ay, ay, ay, c'mon
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yeah-yeah-ye-yo, uh ay
Yo, ay, ay, ay, ay, c'mon
Ay look shorty tell your homegirl
put the puss on the wood, make the dick go wood y'know?

[over Intro]

Pimp Squad clique ya dig?
Big {?} done told y'all niggaz one time
DJ Quik in this bitch ya already know what it is hoe
A-Town's own one Bankhead homey (Bankhead!)
All the way to Compton ya dig?

[T.I.]

I got a bad bitch from Cali that love to blow cavi
Kinda bitch that suck ya dick and make you wanna get married
Seem like she squeeze in them jeans just barely
I can see the pussy pokin like your pants bustin open
Now we hydro blowin in the Cadillac coastin
On the way to the liquor store to go and pull a foursome
Tell her pop two of these then lemme see your knees bend
Hit the club find a bitch who familiar to freakin
Tell her shawty look, all you need is three friends
And get you to the suites, I'ma give you what you need then
Nine inches from behind on you bitches
'Til your pussy need stitches and spines outta commission
Listen tell 'em if they're ready to breeze
Bet whatever they can't eat your pussy better than me
If it's a gamble tell 'em meet me by the Phantom at 3
And now I'm, standin with three bitches challengin me
Before you know it

[Chorus: T.I.]

Three bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin dick 'til they're satisfied
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin titties 'til they satisfied
I got, five bitches in the back of the ride
They ass pokin from the back of they thighs
As I say, six bitches in the back of the ride
Eatin pussy 'til they satisfied, c'mon

[T.I.]

Five in the morning broads at my do'
{?} smokin 'cross the hardwood flo'
Open up the door don't recognize a face
But was surprised by the size of her thighs and waist
Ay, waste no time tell her come on in
I'm fresh out of Grey Goose and no more Henn'
But shawty got a thong on and fo' mo' friends
See when you live like the man ye ain't gotta pretend
I got her kissin in the mouth on the couch in the den
Then I put it in right up over her chin
Tell her rub in your face, it'll clear up your skin
And that's with all due respect, I ain't tryin to offend ya

It's, like I told you when we met at the club
You in the, wrong place if you were lookin for love
I'm fin' to find a couple freaks, buy a bottle and dip
Y'all oughta be followin Tip to holler and miss, I got

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I'm dope, I'm bomb, I'm wounded and I'm so feeble
Can't believe the bullshit I'm gettin from these people
If I go to San Diego, I can't get no bitch
Because the B-Dawgs beat the shit out of 'em all, and they tragic
Bitin off they nipples and bash 'em like y'all savage
Pullin out they hair got they self esteem damaged
I still love pussy but I don't eat the shit that comes with it
You can keep it if I can't hit and quit it because
It's D-J Q-U-I-C-K who you thought it was
C-O-M-P-T-O-N, flossin the proper buzz
I cut my perm out so I wouldn't look burned out
A young thug geekin off these beats that I churned out
I'm bad, I'm the Mad Hatter, wish I was fatter
But that's a dream weighin on my life like a triple beam
A life that simple seems harder to fathom
So I'm in Manhattan and Harlem gettin at 'em, in a Bentley

[New Chorus: Quik]

Three bitches in the back of the ride
Suckin dick until they satisfied
Fo' bitches in the back of the ride
Lickin nipples 'til they satisfied
We got, five bitches in the back of the ride
They ass pokin out the back of they thighs
Six bitches in the back of the ride
Spendin money cause we satisfied