

V1

Friday night, and yo, we just got paid/  
We're on our way to sight Miami, F-L-A nightlife to promenade/  
It's time to say exactly where to route the streets to scout freaks.../  
The words that collectively come out each mouth be South Beach/  
We seek to reach the sheets of Hotel suites that's candy coated/  
So, yo, if you're bringing a van, you'd better believe it's gonna get loaded/  
To the full. Cause RBM is in effect to that extent/  
We rent a hundred percent of the bitches at the age of consent/  
(So here we go) We hit the spot about a quarter to twelve-/  
It's Tone, Logic, Opie 1, and G-I-double the L/  
Craze is the definition of record spinnin' precision/  
Gettin' chicks in position's the mission of this expedition/  
So, my vision is in focus on the dancefloor/  
More 'Get-It, Get It'- 'Shake That Ass'- whores than you could ask for/  
And as for Logic, there was some blonde bitch with some tits that looked at  
omic saying she want it-/  
That calculated nigga's counting on it/  
Ope and Gill were scoopin' bitches by the numbers/  
So I began to wonder If I would pass to wax that ass before my slumber/  
U under A full-over-Miami-moon/  
But soon enough She simply hit me with a smile and said, "Hi, my name is Trixie."/  
She said she was a Gypsy, told me I was sexy/  
Wanted to show me she could do origami with her pussy lips/  
She tried to kiss me on the spot, I guess she deemed she felt the need/  
I said, "I know you're fast Trixie, but my name is not Speed."/  
She was barely 19, but, fuck, the bitch was lookin' wicked/  
With them type of D-S-  
L's that screamed for you to put your dick inside her mouth/  
She'd turn it out, I'm shoutin' no doubt and no question/  
When it comes to blows this girl would cave your fuckin' chest in/  
So, next in the mode of operations is to ditch/  
With Trixie, Logic, Opie, Gill, and the Atomic Titty Bitch/  
I flip the switch to open the trunk, so we can load the extra baggage/  
Now it seems we've got more people than I think the van can manage/  
So, yes, I begin to panic, And, man, I'm throwin fits/  
And I'm just swerving, cause I can't see past atomic bitch's tits/  
Now, 'Ahh, Shit', here come the pigs and they be burnin' my tail/  
They said, "Excuse me, Tone, we heard you had some herb to inhale..."/  
I said, "I'm sorry, officer, I'm not that type of MC./  
See, I embellish the status of my creativity/  
(y) Bitches are my addiction when the rhythm can't be/  
But, I won't tell no one you asked me if you let me go free."/  
He said, "Si", which translated to our asses moving on to the part of the song that had us naked in the sauna at Motel Iguana/  
Now, Opie's bitch's name was Shauna and Gill's was Ivana/  
And those two hookers was too live to be as nasty as they wanna/  
Talkin' 'bout whips and handcuffs, claiming only when they're battered and bruised they've had 'nuff/  
Now, that's ruff and tumble shit I'm not equipped to handle/  
If she wants to be a masochist, then that's a bitch I can't get with/  
They said, "Chill." Took off the panties, spread legs they flexed/  
Certain proceeds of the paychecks went towards latex for safe sex/  
It's time to get my face wet, the pussy taste test/  
Trixie tells me my Dick tastes best while I remove the bitch's playtex/

The sexual Apex. This scene resembles an X-rated playset/  
Swinging upon the dicks they park on, So, now the place gets/  
Hotter than steam boats. Pull out the willie in a hurry/  
She said, "Damn, you're dick is bigger than them words from Keith Murray"/  
'Yo, it bee's like that sometimes', stinging that ass with fury/  
Don't wear no yellow jacket, still Georgia Tech hoes prefer me/  
'Cause you can't lose with this big Johnson, it's a casino up in here/  
Because it's Licker up front and Poker in the rear/  
I strip and lose the T-Shirt. We flirt with penetration for a second/  
I tickled the clit, 'cause I figured the bitch would now resort to beggin'/  
I'm slippin' the dick in with that special move for wreckin'/  
Checkin' the fucks like hockey pucks and ass attackin' like it's Tekken 2/  
I betcha guessin' who would ever have a night (Such as)/  
The one I'm talkin' about, where me and the crew be gettin' (Much ass)/  
Not poppin' trash, but, yo, Any dirt could happen/  
So, uh, Just gimme a second so I can keep that ass splackin.

V2

So, anyways, as I was saying, yo, the fuckfest proceeds/  
Four kids be fixed in friction, four hookers be on their knees/  
Like in one way or the other, either, they're lickin' cocks or gettin rocke  
d/  
Just when you thought 8 was enough- well it's not/  
(Knock, Knock) who's at the door?/  
I be trippin over them hookers on the floor Tryin' to get my pants on/  
Hey, yo, it's 3:34 in the morning, time's passed on/  
Yo, it was Mannyphesto and DJ Craze with their grasps on/  
2 other Rave bitches that I didn't recognize/  
Sized 'em up enough to give the 'Go Head', so they could dive/  
Into the Live wire strip twister match we had going.../  
Tits and Ass showin', everybody hoeing' in the place/  
No space, it was a blatant exhibition/  
Face fishin' between the hips till we create the next position in the Kama  
Sutra/  
We shoot to make the text revisions/  
'Sutra' comma; Makin' 'em scream for preposition repetitions/  
No matter how cute you are, you're probably a future star for Porno/  
Rubbing my dick in the car, so, yo, quit trying to act so formal/  
Her sexual appetite's beyond abnormal, so you know that when the morn' brea  
ks/  
She want's to eat another bowl of Porn Flakes/  
But, there's a double meaning to the term/  
Second being a ditsy-bitch that keeps it creamin' on a firm cock/  
And she can burn spots and light 'em up; she never minds a fuck/  
She'll even make a frigid nigga turn hot to ride him up/  
But, right now, I'm tryin' to suck this hoochie's coochie/  
While fuckin' the brains out this bitch that's workin' my dick, and I'm hea  
ring "SWITCH!"/  
It's a house party, baby, kids be glued to the couch/  
The time has cum for niggas to do the same and 'Spoochindamouth'!/  
So, yo, we're bustin' nuts, and us- we aim at the chin/  
And I lost it when Logic said to his bitch, "Yo, what's your name again?"/  
Gilligan, Opie, Craze, and Mannyphesto did the same/  
But, before I had the chance to change, Yo, I noticed something strange./  
There was something about Trixie that really bothered me/  
A big ole' fuckin' grin on her face like she just won the lottery/  
When I figured she oughtta be brushing her teeth or finding her bra.../  
But, Yo, my eyes were in awe when she bust out the chainsaw/  
My brain stalled for a second I hopped back with no hesitation/  
I caught the relation of this hooker's saw and mutilation/  
The closer she came, the more we shouted/  
She said, "Motherfuckers, you're 'bout to suffer the same fame as John Bobb  
it!"/

Suddenly, the cameramen jumped out the closet/  
And that tig-ole' bitty bitch's tits turned out to be atomic/  
And them Shauna and Ivana girls were totally robotic/  
And them 2 rave bitches-well, they were knotted from the jump./  
(But, Anyhow) This Trixie bitch was wiggin' on me, on the spot/  
She said, "It's men like you who turn us women into sexpots/  
And meat- pieces objectified. I'm here to rectify the stain!"/  
Then the girl took off her face and, goddamn, "It's Chasey Lain"/  
Then they all took off their masks and what a change if I've ever seen/  
To Sunset hookers, actresses, and Supermodel Beauty Queens/  
I wonder what this truly means... It's all a scheme to make me pay/  
For being a Dog, yo, fuck this, move out bitch get outta my way—" (Chainsaw  
ensues)