

## All In Togehter

Bizzy Bone

(All in together now, now) Yeah, uh. That's what I'm talkin' ab  
out Jae. (What are you doing to me, to me) Another Studio Rat P  
roduction, please believe  
it. (I love the way she do's it and she loves the way I does it  
, makes a brother really want to sing) Yeah. C'mon baby, let's  
show 'em how we do it.

All in together now, now/ Now, now what are you doing to me, to  
me, to me?/ I like the way she do's it and she loves the way I  
does it, makes a brother  
really want to sing

You can ride it all night, feel the erection deep in your secti  
on, I got a pocket full of protection/ She's sleepin' I'm cooki  
n' breakfast/ Huh, still  
gettin' followed by those hip hop fans, it ain't a thang for me  
to get swallowed, I gets hip hop head/ Let me your baby' Daddy  
, I keeps bread/ And please  
don't get it misunderstood, I'm from the 'hood and it be good t  
o be there/ Talk about; Taste that, hit it all, don't waste tha  
t, hit it all like A-Sap/  
Video record it, watch how we play it back/ We did it all like  
way back, live it up and lay back/ Soon as I reach my climax, h  
it the weed and freak the  
black/ Lookin' at me while I'm countin' this money stacks, so s  
exy, yo man be grindin' don't he say "Yeah, you can get the bes  
t of me"/ Watch my back, you  
can take charge when we in the dark, gon' make me lick that ass  
, be in your stomach and nurish your heart/ Talk about; Taste t  
hat, hit it all, don't waste  
that, hit it all like A-  
Sap/ Video record it, watch how we play it back

"How many people has slept in your bed?" It's one of my questio  
ns, please/ That's why we at the hotel, respect the presidentia  
l suite/ Eatin' up all of  
my strawberries, drinkin' up all of my good Belvi/ With a pocke  
t full of magnum rubbers, double XL, that's what they tell me/  
Anythang, like "B, I love  
you" Baby, you know you lyin'/ You only know Bizzy, you don't k  
now Bryon/ You think that my heart is too soft to see you cryin  
' pitiful/ And, don't get  
mad; You fuck him for strictly physical, I thought you was spir  
itual/ My baby's mommas, and she know' who she is/ And she can  
never come get that taste  
again, I'm comin' to get my rim/ But I think you know this, and  
I got people in the streets wondering how'd you ever get close  
to one of my fortresses/ I

gave you marriage, you didn't know what to do with it/ Confused  
on top of the stickshift, didn't know how to work my clutch, n  
itwit/ And I tried to teach  
the taste of temptation to take the ticket, I had to leave you/  
As soon as you pulled the trigger you so wicked/ Holler, holle  
r

Use the words "I love you" like the filatio, baby/ Don't swallo  
w it, came at the same time, uh, you like that/ Each silhouette  
, each sheet, pillow wet,  
eat me more, don't you bite that/ Little freaky deaky sneek in  
the back of the four door, you like that/ Won't you try that, l  
et me put it up in the door  
(Roof!) Titilation, elevation, take it standin' with wickedness  
/ Tendencies candle wick, and it's hot, you got me shakin'/ Soo  
n as I finish I rolls up  
some spinach and feel it/ The village, my niggas and killas and  
dealers got the low down word the bitch was mysterious, somebo  
dy wanna kill us/ Mob Life,  
bail, bitch/ I'm best when I'm thuggin' check my etiquette outt  
a the bedroom and I'm thuggin' in Columbus, yeah/ Long live The  
King, and The Queen and the  
whole Regime/ And I deem from tipsy bitches, split these tipsy  
bitches, let's split/ Man, the bitch can cut me, fuck my homies  
, be a dyke and spike my  
Henessey/ It gotta be satan testin' me, only God control my des  
tiny/ And yo' other nigga don't impress me, watch suckers full  
of lust to that deadly  
medley, love me "Let's be friends, let's be friends"

[Chorus]