

I Wanna Be Your Limousine

Black Kids

If your mother had her druthers
Won't be riding with another rolling stone
If these bitches had three wishes,
You'd be busted up with stitches comatose
With a broken nose

I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene

These pretty boys all call you "poison"
But we never let those boys in
Tit for tat
It's unexciting, all the fighting
All these suckers always biting
Where it's at

I wanna be your limousine
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Oh, you shake me like a coup
I feel I don't know what to do
You're just a child
You'd say "sike-naw" to an outlaw
It's like sparring with a southpaw
Swinging wild

Oh my God
I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene

Oh shit.

Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh''

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