

# Hey Ladies

Black Knights

If you really want it...  
That's if you really want it...  
That's if you really want it...

Hey, Ladies if you really want it, we can get it cracking, oh yeah  
That's if you really want it  
Hey ladies, if you really want it, we can get it cracking, oh yeah  
That's if you really want it

I love hoes -- oops, I mean pretty bitch  
Thick thighs, big brown eyes, with dick on your mind  
That love to polish the dick, til they see the big shine  
See you hoes, I did it up to her, out for hustling for mines  
Seems like all I do is hustle with rhymes, or chuck a rhyme when I spit  
And she drop down to her panty lines  
So I dropped a few with the bar, and they gave me a few  
Dropped a few more at the label, and they gave me a deal  
I'm like a lover for the ecstasy pill, that's why I spit the best shit  
To make your ex-bitch on ecstasy switch  
She cop now, she turn now, she making me speak  
Cause I know how to get shit cracking, in this game

Game of chasing whom I'm dicking these hoes  
Fake bitches, yo I'm sick of these hoes  
I just wanna stick my dick in they holes  
You ain't a dime, you a chicken in clothes, I clip your wings  
Pluck the feathers off your back and make a casserole  
She fast to roll with an old nigga, even though  
She be 18 in June, I'll be in that soon  
Leave your window cracked open, I'll be in that room  
All night get hard wiper, up in that womb  
I got a call from the Doctor of Doom, he said

Fuck this solo bolo mission, I got a whole platoon of hoes (now that's what's up)  
Blastin' a cup, her ass on my nuts, harassin' my dick  
Kidnapping my sons, by swallowing cum  
That's when my body got numb, her name was Pussy Galore  
She was the finest of whores, her coochie never got sore  
She wore, suits made of valor (yeah, glass up, backing that ass up, out on the floor)

Hello there, mama, I'mma pop a lot  
Black Tech boy, puffin' on some sticky marijuana  
Do the honor, baby you can give me some head  
I'm not a trick though, maybe he can give me some bread  
I'm P the weasel, never P the weeney, get it right  
You know your bitch ass boyfriend, can't hit it right  
You committed right? So all that mean, is y'all sleep in the same bed  
So keep it calm, givin' the same head, you gave me and him  
Strip clubs, pussy holes, navigator, yeah, nigga, we be in there  
If you wondering what I want, it's simple and plain  
The neurologist, baby, all I want is them brains

The sound of sweet sugar rain dripped on my window pane  
Caramel cinnamon clit, lick my candy cane stick  
Soon as the chronic was lit, chocolate factory

We gradually moved across the dance floor sippin' Daquiri  
Dramatic words spoke, like, music to her ear  
Turned around, seen her friend, like, what do we have here?  
You're a starter, and you should be the captain of my team  
Women's lead, lead them hoes to swollen pounds of purple weed  
Smoke it for me please

My name is Monk, love, let's stop at untouchables and get a dove  
Sack of Hawaiian gold and the nice clothes  
Four 0, from the liquor store, you know we popping  
You the Hollywood type, still dickin' for an Oscar  
So you in the hood, like I lay down gangsta kike  
Niggaz is right, you can graduate and get that ice  
I light up your neck, wrist, and ankle with the things you adore  
But I don't pop out, baby, I pop more

If you really want it, you got it, black Pocahontas  
Give head to violence, I beat the pussy til it's red dropping  
You want some money, bitch, I bank your Prada  
That ain't my steeze, just put on capri's down to your knees  
True indeed, don't clip cheese, so there go these nuts in your mouth  
Let the Sharp Shooter bust in your mouth  
Soon as I finish I be rushing you out, unless you talking cash  
And if you talking cash, baby, what's the amount?