

## Sex Crymee

DJ Quik

They got an ATM in the strip club  
And when it's all trick money every crisp dub  
Switch your mouth put a dolla on a bottled water  
I'll then blame on a fight with a man's daughter  
When you see us comin in, pat us down playa  
Cus we aint goin for that muthafuckin shit later  
Lookin for the hoes, all the best you got  
It's little Quik and I come to spend a knot  
In about a hour I'ma be a proper groom  
Mike Bezy getting sculled in the upper room  
Top Dog taught me this is how to go  
If I aint havin fun, what I'm livin fo?  
Whether a barberry coast or a batch stars  
Or at first kings, we in a hundred thousand dollar cars  
We aint doin the worst, we be doin the best  
Now what's up with the manaché sex

Try me (Try me)  
Take me to your room and ride me (Ride me)  
And baby when you're through, you can hide me (Hide me)  
I wanna be your new Sex Crymee  
So if you wanna a true  
Try me (Try me)  
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Now what you talkin 'bout?

We be all over the states, lookin for the greats  
Hoes with the reputations for having cakes  
Puerto Rican mami with the black in it  
Whole booty looking like a heart with a crack in it  
Cabrini green style, say it three times fast  
Before you do you in love with the ass  
Top Dog, Playa Hamm bought her out  
Show these L.A. niggas what we talkin about  
She wanna give you pain till you feel it  
Claimin that you came on the Peni and the cillin  
Get down on it like Creeton with your thang  
3 or 4 tag team really aint a thang  
With a...She got game  
I love you like stranger, sex infinite  
I need you like a magma for a few minutes  
Pull your panties down some or at least to the side  
So I can Slip 'n Slide  
I like to lick you're paw prints  
I wanna show how raw that a jaw gets  
Bang down on ya kidney and it all hits  
That's it take it off do raw shit

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You actin like you aint tired  
You make me wanna just stay up all night doin this shit  
You actin like we aint both gotta be somewhere

When you first put it in that's the...that's the best part  
Doin it without a rubber like if that's smart  
Balls in ya jaws, lovin the walls you crawl  
Pillow case bitin and I'm inviting you all  
Tell me, what's the best form of stress relief  
Some head in the bed or some Ecs to keep  
And I'm lookin for the broads that I saw in the mall  
They got my number told you I was about to call y'all  
I beat your pussy like you stole somethin  
Bringin you down slow humpin  
I'm losing my religion, just like Pac  
Lookin for a broad to get up in the cock  
Cus a G aint shit without a bitch in his bed  
And money don't mean nothing if you're rich and ya dead  
So I'm slappin the cheeks  
And while you niggas scrappin in the streets  
I'm smackin in the sheets

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