

Do You Want It

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]
Whiny, whiny
Uh, yeah, turn it up
There you go
Ladies, yo
Legs, y'all know I like dem
White or black or light skinned
Chinese, big or tiny
Right between the legs is where you find me
In the bed, gettin mad head
Hit it from the back, made her bite up on the spread
Grabbin pillows, yo ass right in the middle
She gets excited, and calfs start to tremble
I rough ride her, when my dick up inside her
Have em buggin out and actin all retarded
'Damn, Priest, look what you started'
(Hush) Lemme finish my job then
Roll over, roll one, I'm sober
Come back to the bed with a snicker and a soda
Was it good? (Hmm)
Well that's what I told ya
Was it hood? (Hmm)
From the bed to the sofa

[Chorus: Woman Voice (Killah in CAPS)]

Do you want me? (YEAH)
If you had me would you freak me? (YEAH)
Do you wanna feel me deeply? (HELL YEAH)
Then come here and give it to me (UH HUH, UH HUH)

Do you want me? (YEAH)
If you had me would you freak me? (YEAH)
Do you wanna feel me deeply? (HELL YEAH)
Then come on and put it in me (UH HUH, UH HUH)

[Killah Priest]
I love fat hips, full lips and thick thighs
Now ladies, take down my dick size
About that long, or maybe this wide
She says she love the way that it fits inside
Have em catchin fits, throwin up gang signs
Old school cat, hit em off Saint Ives
Talking in tounge til the bitches go blind
Slow down baby, bout to lose yo mind
Now, I lick on breasts, the honeys impressed
Talk about sex til we both undressed
Til she's in bed, tryna put me to the test
Then I beat upon that flesh to put her ass to rest
I can, go for hours, control my power
This position is called the lotus flower
Now the chick is strung, like the way that I'm hung
Cause I could drive it like a slave all the way to her lungs
Aaaaahhh

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Hold up ladies, lemme tell y'all one thing
G strings and I like that tongue ring
You really freaky, come over and freak me
Get on top, you all hot and leaky
Oh you need me, know how to please me
You just like the way the ring is on the pinky
Calling me daddy, talkin all trashy
I'm into that fatty, bring that wagweed
I pulled that hair, put that there
Put those up there, lets use that chair
Bring those fruits out, I got ideas
Belly to belly, hands cuffed under that jelly
Split that muff and disrupt the tele
Damn girl, you got a six pack
Small pack, honey sit back
I'ma freak ya like 'How you did that?'

[Chorus x2]

[Fade]