

Did You Do It?

Madonna

Tick tick tock, Mo is on the jock
I did her in the limo as we went around the block
Sucked the mole on her hip, licked the lipstick off her lip
She got real excited, yo she started to flip
She says 'Dre baby 'Dre baby oh
I said just relax, yo chill Mo
We made a right turn onto Central Park West
One hand gripped the car, the other on her breast

Did you do it? Ya know I did it
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I let the seat recline and I hit it
Did you do it? I said I did it
Did you do it? I said I did it
Did you do it? I said I did it
But I backed out quick because I thought I split it

Waiting for you, just waiting
Waiting for you
Waiting for you, just waiting
Waiting for you

Uh, Ho's in the front for the 1990's
Walkin' around showing off their hines
Wigglin' they're jigglin' they're swingin' and flingin'
9-7-0 Yo Ho, your phone's ringin'
You get a call from your John, you meet him at the mot'
He's chillin' in a pamper and a fur coat
Your head starts spinnin', you drunk too much gin in
Your jaw starts grinnin', and this is the beginnin'
Of a night of an average Ho
It ain't all about working on the streets no more
Here's another episode of dropping off a load
Peter was on the beater, I was about to explode
I couldn't hold back (so whadja do)
I took her to my place (yo, did she sit on your face)
She was so good just like uh, Campbell's soup
I won't try to front so here's the rude scoop
I dipped it and I stripped it and I ripped it like before
I had her screamin', nope no diddily, nope no more
I can't stop once I get started
But yo honey, uh, get them legs parted

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They come with the rough stuff, boy we hit it, split it, and forgit it
In the same order as ya hear, boy I'm not frontin' (me not front)
Don't ask what, me tell ya the truth, you understand me eye?
The iron eye can get busy, you know what I'm saying?
Clean up me rifle, clean up me rifle
Clean up me rifle, me elephant rifle
Clean up me rifle, you clean up me rifle
Clean up me rifle, elephant rifle

I flipped her from the top of my head, enough said
I'm the brother with the short short dreads
A couple different styles, a couple different 'fros
Just some that my souls about some girls I know
I gotta hit it hard because I go for the gusto
And I cover up the moans by turnin' up my stereo

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You didn't do it, he didn't do it
I made her go

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