

# Disto Cake

Shaka Ponk

Just gimme one of those then  
I wanna see the pretty colors through my nose when  
I hit the dance floor in my crazy pose and  
I feel the doses come in little roses

Behind you, mind you, they can still find you  
Grind you up bind you up to blind you then line you up  
Cuffing then up 'till your shit cracks up like a tea cup  
Doncha ask that, where ya left your balls at  
When shit's wack, shit's plat, shit's outta date, shit's crap  
Y' take a nap fuckin' up our gat with your pants wet  
Slappin' down stains where ya last sat

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Breakin' of the neck of the mec at the discotek with a bottle of becks  
I reckon he be checkin' his pecs on the decks of my lexus in a wreck  
You know that it effects us (you 're next)  
Where 's my check, just a sec, bob'll sex us  
What the heck? Yogurt grec to connect us

Just gimme one of those then  
I wanna see the pretty colors through my nose when I hit the dance floor

You be knowin' he be flowin' to do you the way he does  
We be showin' how we goin', row in dough and be above  
Make up your mind so whatcha buyin' this time?  
Is it cake on the line or disto a dime a dozen 'till you're buzzin' with the  
  sexy lovin'  
With the chaude ass hummin' on the oven and we both comin'

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Free your mind, it's the time to taste my piece of disto-distocake  
Free your pie, it's the time to test my peace and disto-distocake

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With the chaude ass hummin' on the oven and we both comin'  
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