

# Tell Me What U Think

## Terror Squad

(2x)

Yo

If you want it in the morning and you need it in the  
Night

I'm a give it to you baby

I'm a give it to you right

Would you do whatever I want?

Would you give me all that I need?

Ugh yo yo

Don't need to tell me about your love life

I can see it in your eyes you like the thug type, his & her bikes

Diamonds in the rough? right!

Love the crushed ice? love to puff la? love to get fucked? right!

It's the don with the s-class, all aboard! with the best ass

Known to make the sex last,

Only rep that, bet ya can't sit

Joey head crack, keep you dancin', shit be hectic

Start the party in the limo, bacardi con limon

That's what's on, girl, shake your body, c'mon

Forget your friends, you can trust this

I know you heard how we run tris, but I want one chic

Don't thick with the big hips, joe will have a hoe

Screaming "fat niggas got big dicks!"

So lick your lips if you're feeling me, I'm right in

Front of trinity

The way you work that thong, girl you're killin' me

Yeah

Me? I love the way you work it now Pumping your bottom up and down like some  
body played

You and now you tryin' to hurt them back

Whatever it is that you really need, you can get it,

If it's me you can hit, if it's weed it's already litted

We can leave in a minute, hop in the drop top 3 if you wit it

Watch tv in it, feel the breeze,

And get lifted on our way to the four seasons

Here's a sweet that I rented; I'm a get deeper in it

Than he's been in it

Bangin' like a chief's up in it Fuck your punnony; butterfly on top of my bo  
dy

I'm a suck that tootsie roll

'til the cops gotta come and find me

That's word life, mommy, I break you off like

Commission, through all the positions

Show you shit you always thought you was missing

Go and walk like a stallion, yelling "fuck!" like italians

Beat it from the back, with your butt hitting my trunk, gold medallion

I'm puttin' in work, so now you gotta trade your pussy in it

If armageddon heard it, let it rest 'til it's new again

Dame un beso, en el pecho, y quitate pantalon

Let me freak your body, mommy, with my cancion

I got a spot at the ramada, asta manana

Dame un beso en el cuello y quitate pantalon

Let me freak your body, mommy, with my cancion

I got a spot at the ramada, I make ya holla, holla

I make ya holla, holla, you're the best dada  
I'm that dog with the collar, your father told you not to bother  
Make it hotter than lava when I climb up in the cama  
Llama me when you want and come satisfy your gana  
I'm a smooth criminal, type of dude that's sneaking  
Through your window while your husband slump, sleeping  
In the living room, getting you best, get on that ass  
Doing back flips, arial tactics that'll have you  
Yelling that's it, then pass it to joey gauge  
They both know me already, from the show to the telly,  
Are you ready like r. kelly?  
Just belly to belly dancing, have you cats steadily  
Telling me I'm handsome  
It's hard to keep my pants on, the last don; I last  
Long like sad songs, mad strong  
Known for breaking hearts and back bones, act grown,  
Cause ain't no chaperones in sight  
It's no price, I'm a give you what you want tonight  
(4x)