

Late Night Tip

Three 6 Mafia

Let me just take you somewhere secret
gonna cut all of the lights down dim
Forget all about your boy we gonna just flow it
What we felt let's share a few private thoughts
I'm not just, out for your sex
Let me simplify the things in life that you find complex
Forget what, you heard bout me cuz you're a Scarecrow groupie
but there's no pressure on you cuz you know
what you must do check this out
Let's have a drink and I give you time to think
Let me puff this buddah blunt and cut on this porno buff
Girl come lounge here by my side, tonight your, my devil's bride
And there's a freak deep inside have no shame, no need to hide
Why do you keep on blushin? Get it on
Like a slut she, she must be,
kind of tipsy on this crystal like a gypsy
Now I got her on all fours
bout to break down the headboard crash this broad
All through the wall now she howling like a dog, sweat poured
We hit the floor it don't quit, another one ripped
It's just another victim of Lord Infamous late night tip

I'm not the type that get involved in long relationships
Takin' trips, and buyin' gifts, I'm sorry I'm not on that tip
If you want romance you should just stick who you are really with
If you in that mood you can hit me on that late night tip (2x)

I done seen some funny shit since I got in this game
They wants my crib they wants kids since I done got my fame
I never recall you askin your last boyfriend for nathin
But now the big bourban on gold got you aggravated

I need a coach bag
I can't be even doin' it
I need my hair done

Me too I ain't got nothin' to do with it
I been through with it, you and it since the first time you asked
And might I add, players like me can't be savin' your ass

I ain't with that nonsense, or that lovey-dovey mess
Feelin' kind of whorish I call and all I want is sex
Slip on Victoria's secret, hit the liquor store before it close
Call Chris so I can get something white to go up in my nose
Now I'm feelin' fine, nothin' but sex is on my mind
If you cannot please me boy, then please don't waste all of my time
Got you caught up in the mist
Mystic girl from Triple Six
Late night tip is all we have, it's time for trick that sick

I can't understand why these slobs be trippin'
Can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen
Ballin' in my Lex dropped low to the ground
Just a young playa tryin' to put my bid in
Freaks want a trick that be constantly payin'
Not a ghetto thug that be constantly layin
Raymo Inn on a summer motel,

oh well that's what the Juice might stay in
Gotta have a lady that wanna do what I do
Like skippin' work or love cuttin' high school
Summon all the players in the Three 6 Mafia
Camcorder on skinny dippin' in the swimmin' pool
Never try to argue, bother you, or fight
Kill a pack a jimmy hats strapped on real tight
Sippin' Alize all tall, and a bud light
Just for you freaks on the moonlight late night

Tell me Three 6 who be bumpin' that music
Hypnotizin' Koop I tell you who I'm bout to lose it
Could it be that late night, groove type, just inside the body
Always kinda lonely someone want me hold me, I say
Come here, come here, come here the Koopsta cryin' tears
I can't think positive when no one cares of how I feel
Realize my mind, sometimes that I even try to find
I cannot lie though I can ride high late night