

# Kick It Like That

## Styles P

{Jagged Edge:}

Baby, you you..

[Chorus: Jagged Edge]If it's so good, why you kick it like that

You be calling me when your man's in the back

When the shit blows up, you can go on me

Cause he don't know nothing 'bout a rider like me

If it's so good, why you kick it like that

You be calling me while your man's in the back

When the shit blows up, you can go on me

Cause he don't know nothing 'bout a rider like me

Rider like me

[Styles P:]Listen ma, I'm far from a pimp

But we can do the thang cause the car got tints

My love's like a jungle, hop around like some chimps

Or we can do the thang 'til the stick go limp

Your man's a wimp like Frankie said

I'm in the white tee gang and I'm a Yankee head

This my sophomore solo album

I'ma take a lot of shots and not for no photo album

Come through in the Polo outfit

Ryde or Die, two guns up, who I roll out with

Keep talkin to me you gon' end up spouseless

Keep hearin you're jackassin who you out with

[Chorus]{Styles P:}

Tell your man he can meet the pump

I'm at the double-oh suites of Trump, for at least a month

Got a whole lot of liquor and some reefer blunts

I'm on the laid back tip, I don't need to front

Tell your man he don't want no problems

Better let him know that I'm hard like J.E. album

I'm just tryin to fall back, get me some revenue

But I'ma make you feel like you walked out of heaven too

Ride like the down South Caddies, listen

He might be yo' man, but I'm yo' daddy

Call me from the back cause you want me badly

Ask me to scoop you and I do that gladly

[Chorus][Interlude: Jagged Edge]If it's so good, girl

Why you kick it like that, girl

Callin me from the back, and  
My niggaz don't know how to act, and  
And if it's all hood, babe  
Why you lookin so sad, babe  
Always gettin mad at me  
My niggaz don't know how to act, no-HOHHH~!  
[Styles P:]You can say she's sorta like my Wednesday lover  
We in the Benz if he find out he probably plug us  
I don't wanna ride on him, just came home  
Matter of fact I'm tryin to hide on him, get in that dome  
She wanna call from the back, knowin I don't know how to act  
I don't got a problem blowin the mac  
But I'd rather play the bed with her legs in the vertical  
Knockin Jagged Edge, Porsche Turbo convertible  
We can leave New York, skip to the A-Town  
Five star suite, hit me off with the hay now  
I'm just tryin to stay low, ma you feel me?  
I don't need no jealous dudes tryin to peel me  
[Chorus][Outro: Jagged Edge]No, it's it's so good  
Hey yeah, yeah yeahhhh  
While your man is in the back  
Mmm-mmmmmm  
Yeah-heyyy, oooh...

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