

Episode (feat. T.I. & Chris Brown)

E-40

[Hook: Chris Brown]

All little bad bitches in here

If you came to get ratchet, say "yeah"

Baby, touch your toes

We can get freaky, have an episode

Tell me is ya with that

Episode, tell me is ya with that[Verse 1: E-40]

I don't like it, I love it, I wanna grip it and touch it

I'm tryna hit it and fuck it, stab it and stick it and stuck it

Get you to lick it and suck it and kiss it after I nutted

We can be friends, ain't gotta be seen in the public

I'm about that verb, that action, have that coochie having contractions

When I be smashing and smacking and sapping, thrusting and thrashing

Sit back and relax and have a glass of this bottle

Earl Stevens selections: mango moscato

Handbag by Selena, seem like I already knew ya

Beautiful girl, you so bad, look like somebody done drew ya

My eyes salute ya, you a sight for sore eyes, booty and thighs

You and yo' girls should get with me and my guys

Come and get a bar of this mackin', baby girl, get rid of that sap

He ain't real, he a fraud, baby girl, that dude is a cat!

When he first intervened, he bought you flowers, no doubt

But once he got in good, he started doggin' you out[Hook][Verse 2: T.I.]

Shawty in love with them gangstas, that's why she holla at me

A country nigga be whipping at 50 thousand a ki'

You just be giving her, getting her, I just fill her with D

Even though she cute and petite, freaky, discreet

She got SS on her booty, well, them tattoos on her cheek

Make me wanna take her to a island, we could do it for weeks

Girl, let me Birkin your bag, Jimmy Choo on your feet

Let me get you out of the Jag and in that Bentley GT

I'm on the west coast, droptop riding, fool

With E-40 sitting with me, we riding, fool

Hustle Gang bang green, we tried them truths

Somebody told you otherwise, they lied to you

I bet it all, roll the dice, bet, bet

Quarter mil' on me in the bag, check that

Them suckas don't like it but they gon' respect that

Spend the night, have a episode, you won't forget that, check that[Hook][Verse 3: Chris Brown]

Girl, I came here with all my niggas and all this liquor
Said she want a threesome, I'm gon' lick her
From the bottom to the top, take it down
I'mma roll the weed but she gon' break it down
It's not my fault if that's yo' girl
Cause she wanna leave with a real nigga
Pussy on my balls, her panties in my car
Before your nigga call, you know I gotta get it[Hook]

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