Who You Slidin' Wit'

Big L

Yo, what's the deal, miss?
I'm sayin though, let me know somethin' right now
You know we been dancin' all night
I been buyin' you drinks all night an' shit
You goin' home with a nigga or what? Tell me somethin'
What up, miss, who you hidin' wit?
Who you slidin' wit? Who you ridin' wit?
We can jump in the SL
Rent a room at the best 'tel
I make it last 'cause I sex well
What up, miss, who you hidin' wit?
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Henn, Rock an' Alize, I get drunk off
What up, miss? Get wit a real man an' cut that punk off
Everythang gon' be alright
I been watchin' you watch me all night
I asked honey her name an' she told me Celeste
She had big breasts, honey had me harder than a Spanish test
We on the dance floor, gettin' our boogie on
I see the haters watchin' me with they hoodies on
Tryin' to peep the ice under the sleeve
I'm like, ?It's time to breeze,? told honey, ?Let's leave?
Took her to Ema G's, got some eggs an' cheese
Grits, fishcakes an' orange juice, freshly squeezed
When she finished her meal, I said, ?What's the deal
For real, you goin' home or you tryin' to chill?'
She got close, whispered somethin' slow in my ear
An' it ain't hard to tell where we goin' from here
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I ain't on that hatin' stuff, I was feelin' shorty
Then the bitch told me she was datin' Puff
I'm a average nigga, then she said she was in the 6
My relationship with that nigga called Jigga
I'ma compete with that, I'm a corner nigga, sellin' crack
Guess, I gotta be a ballplayin' nigga to bone Da Brat
One bitch, I ain't even wanna fuck
She runnin' around, all open off Kurupt
The hoe, I thought, was gon' be real easy
Told me she got a man
An' he's some beatmakin' nigga named Stevie
What's wrong with these hoes? I'ma fly nigga
I don't wanna go Flipmode to Rah Digga

Or Miss Lopez, bitch, no Feds
She used to be in the Bronx, rockin' Pro Keds
With some Dominican 'dro heads, ridin' on top this
On the back of mopeds, titties all out, what, what?
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Is yo' game rusty? Around yo' dame, never trust me
'Cause soon as you blink, I'ma slide her off, then bust three
An' I only lay pipe to dimes
A lot of niggaz, I know are takin' care of kids that might be mines
I love to go low, I'm freaky like that
I never get caught creepin' 'cause I'm sneaky like that
It ain't my fault your girl be hoe-hoppin'
An' matter of fact, the last time you gave her loot to go shoppin'
Honey picked me up some dope shirts
It's because of me why she's walkin' crooked an' her throat hurts
I hate to wait 'cause I'm not on the patient tip
Just hit me off, we don't need a relationship
An' when you mention my name, it ring a bell
Ask any female, nobody do it like L
I met this chick Rhonda, who pushed the black Honda

Took her to the crib an' bombed her
With this big brown anaconda
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Flamboyant Entertainment
NFL, 139, Lenox Ave, Harlem shit
That's how we do, yeah

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