

I Wanna Be Your Limousine

Black Kids

If your mother had her druthers
Won't be riding with another rolling stone
If these bitches had three wishes
You'd be busted up with stitches comatose
With a broken nose I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene These pretty boys all call you Poison
But we never let those boys in, tit for tat
It's unexciting, all the fighting
All these suckers always biting where it's at
[Incomprehensible] I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene Oh, you shake me like a coup
I feel I don't know what to do, you're just a child
You'd say sike-naw to an outlaw
It's like sparring with a southpaw swinging wild
Oh my God I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene
Oh shit Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh I wanna be your limousine
Are you diggin' what I mean?
I wanna be your limousine
Sick and sick, let's split the scene Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh
Oh ee oh, oh oh

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