

# Tangerine

## The Jim Hall Trio

She said her name was Tangerine  
Damn the American dream  
She all about her fuckin' cream  
So shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
She shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
She shake it like a tambourine  
She said her name was Billie Jean  
Said she wanna show me things  
I pulled out a stack of green  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Now, let's set it straight  
B-I-G don't cuff or cake  
I put her on a plate  
Until she's no longer awake  
They just lay fast asleep  
When I hit 'em with the snake  
Put that venom up in 'em  
Until I leave 'em with the shakes  
On display, she's a model  
But she only model shoes  
Not fake like a prosthetic leg or prostitute  
How she choose?  
She just whispers in my ear, I'm with you  
I'm the type of dude  
That sends your baby mama out for food  
And I also like her throat action with a passion  
Love in her mouth for dental satisfaction  
That means I hit the head like  
Greg Louganis then I'm splashin'  
Ugh, bust one back of the 'llac, stabbin' hootie hoo  
She know what's happenin'  
There's no reason to doubt it  
If you ask her how I got it she say

"How he had went about it was"  
And then you wake up from a bad dream, a nightmare  
Settle down cause she right there  
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Okay, midnight, fit like four or five chicks  
In the drop '66 bumpin' southern playalistic  
As we ridin' through the city lights  
Monday Magic City night  
Pass these around, momentarily they feelin' like  
Gettin' right, good girls, got 'em gettin' busy like  
Big dykes, eatin' so much pussy they forget pipe  
All got boyfriends, tell me they don't hit it right  
They come see me so they can come be freaks  
In the back seat, everything's fast like a track meet

All I can see is titties, pussy lips and ass cheeks  
Actually, no exaggeration, no imaginin'  
Real talk, my reality is yo' fantasy  
Keisha, Kim, Tamika, Shay, Alicia and Gloria  
Chasin' this broad tryin' to find euphoria  
Name notorious, dick game glorious  
Find me shawty when your boyfriend borin' you  
Shake it like some Texas Pete  
Droppin' on your collard greens  
Make it hotter when she want a dollar  
Do you follow me?  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine

Smellin' like some tangerines  
Rollin' like she on some beans  
Garter belt full of greens  
Booty bustin' out the seams  
Shake it like a tambourine  
She shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Watch her shake it like a tambourine  
Once upon a rhyme I knew this girl and she was fine  
As everything outdo's  
The kind of girl I describe her like like like  
Michael Jordan when he's froze in a pose of a Jumpman  
Top flight security on these hoes man  
She drop it low only for me to pick her up  
When she's liquored up I'm leavin' my fingerprints on her butt  
A ten-hut, at attention as we stand for this woman  
General Patton, boy stop, we think she cummin'  
Lovin' the way that I'm dickin' her down, Boi you bluffin'  
Nothin' but a nigga like me be straight up royal flushin'  
But this ain't 'bout playin' no cards dummy  
Her give me open mouth sugar and she go hard for me  
Even take a charge for me, if the coppers caught us ridin'  
To get a tray of fruit and a pack of 1 point 5's and  
I'm all the way on them papers, she all the way on my team  
We burn it down like California trees in the breeze, fire  
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Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake it like a tambourine  
Shake, shake it, shake, shake it  
Shake, shake it, shake, shake it  
Shake, shake it, shake, shake that ass  
Shake, shake it, shake, shake it

Shake, shake it, shake, shake it  
Shake, shake it, shake, shake that, shake that  
Work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work

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