

# Sexuality

## Hi-Gate

Ah, this song is for all them bitches out there  
That think a nigga really supposed to pay they way through life  
You know, like that 'Scrub' shit  
It's also dedicated to that chicken head bitch that wrote the lyrics  
As we proceed, to give you what you need  
Gettin' down to my beats, as we bring the heat  
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side  
This is dedicated to a bad hoe  
From, you don't recognize? I'ma let chu know  
Always DJ Q U I K  
Get in my room now an' do what I say  
Get your ass up outta that chair  
Peel them clothes off layer by layer  
Article by article, 'til I say enough  
Leavin' you overexposed like the  
There is sex in the champagne room  
Me an' my homies gonna run a damn train soon  
Foursome goin' down, oh, my gosh  
Y'all get posh, I'll just watch  
Talk about the hoes, well, I didn't wanna do it  
But now I gotta put y'all back into it  
Your nothin' meaningful, what you screamin' fo?  
Really as if you didn't know  
Your sexuality is  
(You know the trouble I get you in)  
The reason you've got the kids  
(They got a whole lotta jokers too)  
There's somethin' more that you do  
(You know, when you put that little twist on it)  
That make them niggas wanna fuck you  
Hey, you say you need a side job, make an extra knot  
Clubbin' at the jet strip horny niggas spot  
Hop, stop an' drop it like it's hot  
Get burned, then you gotta go in an' get a shot  
Lookin' for a husband an' lickin' on your titty  
Fuckin' each an' every other nigga in the city  
How the hell you think your boyfriend gon' take it?  
You hear a fast song, get up an' get naked

Sellin' you a nice drink while you eat it up  
Negotiate with you for a minute, then beat it up  
Underground laws, the rules still apply  
Mackin' is an art reserved for the fly  
An' she don't know why they tryin' to harm her  
Lookin' for a dick in shinin' armor  
Yellin', 'Save me, save me?' with a dick on your breath  
Bitch, either get right or get left  
Your sexuality is  
(You know the way you keep grindin' on niggas)  
The reason you've got the kids  
(An' you bound to have a couple of 'em)  
There's somethin' more that you do  
(You know when you pop that thang)  
That make them niggas wanna fuck you  
(An' the girls do too)  
Bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side  
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side  
Oh, without a doubt, she lives to cum  
I'ma be mad if she gives you some?  
Dude, you could have this trashy bitch  
Put a down payment on her, make me rich  
Thank you for helpin' me to change my mind  
You're not my equal, hoe, fuck yo' kind  
Can't get mad if the bus don't come  
I'ma just bail 'cuz I trust no one  
'Cuz everything that come up out your mouth is a lie  
You spend a lot of time with your stomach to the sky  
Lookin' for a nut wit a nut comin' out a nut  
Got a nutty broke nigga, sprung with her sorry butt  
Bitch, you just been warned  
Another Sugar Free has just been born  
An' I bet you couldn't keep your pussy ol' shut  
With a pair of grip pliers, bitch, you tired  
Your sexuality is  
(You know when you take yourself out there)  
The reason you've got the kids  
(An' you bound to have a couple of 'em more)  
There's somethin' more that you do  
(You know when you put it up for sale)  
That make them niggas wanna fuck you

(Talk about buy one an' get one free)  
The sexuality is  
(You ain't nuttin' but a goddamn ride)  
The reason you've got the kids  
(An' you look like you rent it often)  
There's somethin' more that you do  
(Oh, your mama need her ass whooped)  
That make them niggas wanna fuck you  
(On second though, she just as bad, ol' tryflin' bitch)

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