Coochie Bang...

Queen Latifah

Brothers better strap they thang-thang
Ladies, don't let them in if they don't have a condom
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Ladies, don't let them in if they don't have a condomSome days I wake up grumpy
On other days, I let the brother sleep
But if there's no peace for the peace [?]
I say peace to the beast in heat
Let's talk about a Slim Jim jimmy chance in hell
If you can't protect a peck, your chances fail
That's just the pride I keep
He could great sideways, inside out
But still left on the side street
That's just a bare fact
My definition of bareback?
"Come at me bare? Don't come back"
Slap!
Try fittin' with a mitten
So you won't be trippin' and flippin'
And skinnydipping in the queen's kitten
So come and get candid
Kiss the candy
No claps
Can't stand me if I offend he
You can't be saved by the skin on your teeth
But the skin on your friend
Could be your end, to say the least
Peace
And I won't give a thang
Cause I'm down with the true crew
Down with the coochie bang
Slick, kick a groove
Don't show the trick in you
Fit the move smooth
Or forget it with the stick-and-move
And don't get tricky with the kissy poo
And don't say "don't be cruel" when I'm dissin' you
Kissin' you don't mean stickin' you
And If I was wishing to
Then you gotta know who I listen to

Like TLC
Me in heat
When lovin' me, couldn't care
If your hat was 2 da back, G
Don't turn the caution off
Turn it often
And don't say "always" then "often" and soften
Someday soon, you got to get to love what you got
Then you get love a lot
Get the point, yah?
You get faded like the face of any great sir
Slow down the fast pace, sir, until it's safer
And I won't give a thang
Because I'm down with the true crew
Down with the coochie bang
Some go from this one to that one
From wick-wick to wack one
You face one, you place one
The safe one's a strapped one
And I don't wanna buy my friends
Forget your promises and use your "condom" sense
Or I'm a glimpse
Then I'm gone
So long
The only thing that's on is your clothes
Now go home
And you can ho 'til the snow's gone
And I'll be here 'til the last hard head dead ho's gone
Either strap up or pack up is my motto
You say, "I wanna stay"
I say, "I know, yo, but bye. Go."
Let's take it to the extent
If you love her, when you rub her
Brother, take her hint (word)
And I won't give a thang
Because I'm down with the true crew
Down with the coochie bang
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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