Tangerine

The Andrew Scott Quintet, Randy Sandke, Mike Murle

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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