

# La Menage

## Black Sheep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Listen, hon, I mean, ah, as slamming as you are and all that good  
Stuff  
It ain't doing me no good out here cause you got too many clothes on  
So why don't we just take this cab and uh, slide on uptown and uh  
Slip outta this uncomfortableness of the world around us. Do you know  
What, you know what I am saying babes? Matter of fact uhhhhhListen to me honey  
Ah, honey listen here please  
If sexy were a virus  
Then you have a disease  
Slamming is your styling  
Let me speak for a while and  
Tell you all about the grand slamming  
(Why are you smiling?)  
Let's do the uptown slide  
Don't need a transfer or auto ride  
We only need a cab with us inside  
Finally finally we got uptown  
And when we got uptown  
Honey's drawers came down  
Did the audio visual  
She had the residual  
Bah bah Dres, now tell me have U.N.E. Pull  
I said honey uhhh, again I said it slow  
Coming out the boxers and my joint will surely grow  
Then she started feeling  
Yes it was appealing  
I thought of slamming girlfriend from the floor to the ceiling  
We started five play  
She said that she would come  
I said it wasn't four play  
Because I used my thumb  
Nibbled on her neck

Oh, what the heck  
She said, 'One two, one two' and went down for a mike check  
Her mike sounds nice check one  
Her mike sounds nice check two  
She did this 'till it was all gone  
I told her to slow down  
But she kept on And on, and on, and on, she kept on repeated four times  
(Added during second line)  
You gotta do something about those wisdom teeth baby  
(Added during fourth line)  
Though your sounding as good as a CD  
Second Verse  
Everything was Dolby, or rather was ok  
She was playing Frito and I play the Lay Then I heard a knock only to hear a voice say  
Yo, you can't have a show without the DJ  
I entered in my drawers  
To show that I was live  
The hoe didn't believe that I was nine point five  
She said, 'Let me see it Lawnge, may I see it please?'  
I said, 'Yeah, get a good look. Drop to your knees.'  
I was erectified. I gave her the proof  
And then I suggested a little roof roof  
She was uptight, I said, 'Hon, there's nothing wrong  
I'm the sugar dick daddy Mista Lawnge  
Don't get offended by the position I recommended  
Doggy style is my shit  
The bottom is what I hit  
I didn't eat her  
Or Rita, just beat her  
Bonita, Bonita, Bonita  
Uhhhhhhh Tip and Sugar Dick, blazing trails of evil  
Lawnge you got the felt 'cause I sure 'nough got the needle  
Now put them on the arm that pertrudes like a stick  
And live up to your name  
Mista Lawnge Sugar Dick  
As the dookie hits the fan  
Here comes the horny man  
To finish up the task  
So I'm scopein out that ass  
Lawnge, she wants it  
Her hands spread the butt cheeks  
Tip plus Lawnge plus hoe equals wet sheets God damn  
Yo, somebody give me  
A horny time  
Somebody give me a ho

Spread the ass  
Just give me a ho  
No man  
Somebody give me a ho  
I'm gonna come in your face  
Somebody give me a ho  
I'm coming, in your face  
Somebody give me a ho  
I'm gonna come in your face  
Somebody give me a ho  
Bitch just let me pee on you  
Let me pee on you  
Let me pee on you  
Somebody give me a ho  
I've got the anal sun god  
I've got the anal sun god  
Let me pee on you  
Somebody give me a ho

Ahhhhhhh

I can't hold it no more And on, and on, and on, she kept on repeated four times

(Added during second line)

You gotta do something about those wisdom teeth baby

(Added during fourth line)

Though your sounding as good as a CD

Second Verse

Everything was Dolby, or rather was ok

She was playing Frito and I play the Lay

Lyrics provided by

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