Dick On the Track

Mystikal

Hey there, 'sup boo? What's happenin'?
Come holla at me
Naww, come here, yuh, I got somthin' for you
It's gon' make ya say, Ungh
I aint sayin' nothin', y'all jus playin'
Come here, why you actin' like that?
Naw for real, come 'ere tho'You got that fire, ain't too fly but when I jus walked by ya
Hands at your side, don't you know I ain't your average buya
I thought you live on the twelve-hundred block on Tecnuiqe
By tha studio apartments, right off 70 streetShe said, "Ya, how do you know that?"
I said, "You live next door to my friend, her name, Tazra"
She said, "Oh you know, Tim?"
I said, "Ya, we use ta kick it man, what about it?"She said, "No that's cool, that's my girl"
Don't take it how it sounded
She said, "You mean, I said who told ya?"
Me and you can make music
Dats kinda what I'm hopin' for movin' like I'm automatedWhat we bakin', mixin', blendin'
And twisted tha neighbors gonn' be listenin'
She said, "Slow down baby, movin' kinda swift
Besides we just met I usually don't get down like this"
I said, "Dont even trip, I got you!"
She said, "You sure?", I said, "Yup I got to"Put tha dick on tha track, and make 'em sang
Put the needle to the grove
Put the needle to the grove
Them otha niggaz ain't gonna do what I doWhen I hit ya with tha tenor
Say sapreno, when your moanin'
We aint gonna stop makin' racket
Till in the mornin'I say baby, kick it wit me all nite
Safe sex like pot holder on my mic
Comin' thru the woofer, in your speaker when we freakin'
I can see you gettin' hot, why you weakinin'? Climaxin'While I'm rappin'
Whats my name, and who it's for? Dats what I'm askin'
Spitin' like wax all over 64 tracks
Remember shock ta knock you sax, symbols and high hatsGettin' nasty with the music to be funky
Like a bass line
Disregard it and get ya good sing ain't no red lights
When I take mineI'm havin' sexual intercourse with the chorus
Screamin' hot vocals, got your ad libs gettin' hoarse
Sweatin' the whole session, your circuits burnt

She said, "Baby, don't beat it down no more
It's just the second verse"Put tha dick on tha track, and make 'em sang
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Them otha niggaz ain't gonna do what I doPut tha dick on tha track, and make 'em sang
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Them otha niggaz ain't gonna do what I doFirst time I laid eyes on ya, I was like "Zaam"
"Tell me, girl where you goin'? What's your name?", she said," Pam"
And I think it's only better that you know who I am
I'm the man they make high, like the melophones in Southern JapanThe way I work my acoustics, ain't no comparin'
Very rough and aggressive when I lay 'em
Huffin' and puffin' right when I see 'em
Ya breakin' it down so scandalous
She got me thinkin' when elseI'm touchin' ya like a massager
I'll be bustin' off soon as ya touch me in
You can hear It through the soundproof booth
Fuckin' up the roofDon't stop, she on top and I'm watchin' 'em jiggle
No more preachin' and minglin'
She pregnant with my singer
I don't be kissin' and tellin'But it's gotta be told
Now I'm 500 dollas short, unless we got married, I wed till I was old
To infinite, I'm plannin' our future
It's jus gonn' be me, you, nobody else, Me and Mystikal juniorHow that feel? Com here, take dem headphones off
Turn around little baby
I put tha dick on the track, ya feel me
It's like when I get on the trackI have sex with it, I make out with it
We make woopie, we do the nasty
Anyone wanna jus jump on and rush it?
I'm gonna spend time wit you, I ain't quittin' halfway

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