

If I Was Fucking You

Ice Cube

[Intro][Big Worm' talking]Yeah that's cool
Er, everything closed so we just
We might as well just go straight to the hotel
And just get some rest
Let me slide this dick up on in ya
[Verse 1][Ice Cube]If I was fucking you right about now
You'd have a dick stuck in you (yeah)
Have to go brag to your fucking crew
On how this rap nigga dick you down
Kendo passed them guts and didn't have to kick you down
Who this bitch nigga wit' you now?
Do we know about your X-files?
And your sex styles?
And all the niggaz that you think about fucking
And all the shit you know you really wanna do when we buzz it (hahaha)
[K-Mac]If I was fucking you, shit, it'd be like drama (yeah)
And you might get tripped on by my baby mama (hey mac)
So do what I tell you and everything'll be alright
You're cute as fuck, plus that ass is tight (hype)
Get the fuck on 'fore these niggaz start to fight
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna fuck tonight
Give Herden everything, she got a fool in love (fool)
Gave it up to me and gangsta after the club
[Mr Short Khop]If I was fucking you, I'd be pakin the piss
The horny weight dick gettin' laid is for chips
Bitch I'm tryina' make grits
Him in with the trojan pack 'o six
Hin the gin and juice the mix
No time to pause, gots to drop draws
Prep through a half spankin', breakin' down walls
With tactics, nigga used two proper lactics (double-up)
Hit the twat chopper style
Bang it up back (echo)
[Chorus]If I was fucking you (echo)
(overlapping) ooh, oo, yeah, a, ahh, uhh, uh, come on
[Verse 2][Ice Cube]If I was fucking you, you'd be like fuck everybody
Kill, this pussy yours
Washin' dishes, rubbin' floors

Doin' chores for a nigga
Open doors for a nigga
Ridin' shotgun, holdin' forty-fours for a nigga
At the motelly, got you on your belly
In come morcelli
Niggaz calling K-Mac, bitches calling Kelly
Do it like Arthur Fonzarelli, hit the lights
So we can try to reform these potential dites
[K-Mac]If I was fucking you, you'd be spendin' all your dough (yeah)
Buying nigga shit, that you don't even know (mm)
Credit card maxed out
Bank account tapped out
Writin' bad cheques (hahaha)
When I call you break your neck
You do whatever please me, runnin' burs while I take it easy
Will as you do whatever, live your life just to please me
These buster-ass niggaz make the shit so easy
(He was fucking me?) for sheazly
[Mr Short Khop]If I was fucking you, I'd let the homies fuck too
Run up in the guts bust nuts and we're through
Hey you feenin'
cooch screamin', heatin' cleanin'
Tag-teamin', suckin' semen (echo)
Keep it low, put it in your grill cos you love me
With video footage of you giving nigga scully (got you)
Hold it till you've chocked off the bitched and got got
And roll one to smoke, grab my shit and shake my spot
(Chorus)
(Intro)
['Big Worm' talking]Nineteen inches of complicated funk. hahahaha
Ango urgin', probably be vomiting dick for a week though
Suckin' on semen, hahahahahahah...
Hmmm... be careful what you wish for, you just might get it

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