

# Space Age Pimpin'

## Eightball & MJG

I want you  
I got to have you  
But what will this lead to  
Will it just be me and you  
Tell me, you know I want you  
Tell me how you feel I'll be obliged if you step outside  
Because my ride is awaiting our date and  
Of steak and a night cap  
We mating, awaking  
By smells of perfume that I inhale  
And then tell how well we raise hell on the dizzell  
Satin sheets  
Heat from your feet keep me warm  
The mood is perfected by sounds from the storm  
You came stronger, I lasted longer  
Than I've ever lasted, your mouth was fantastic  
The fuck test, you passed it  
The way you made a nigga laugh, I had to getcha  
And when I saw that ass pass, I had to hit cha  
Ya making me fight against my will, what must I do  
Would ya kill for me, ya if my life in danger too  
Even steal for me, ya if that shit belongs to you  
Then feel for me, ya if the way you act is true  
Who knows, fine clothes  
Lexus doors you'll be closing, when you become one of the chosen  
Hoes in different places, different faces  
Different cases, got me tied like shoe laces  
No mistake this MJG, you ain't gotta be  
Constantly trying to shoot that P, claiming that you ain't heard of me  
Keeping it real, let me know how you feel when we communicate  
We'll be straight, if you express your mind  
Instead of referring away, some who can't do it  
Lose women, but nigga like me used to it  
Space Age Pimping New day, new age  
Every once in awhile this is how we slang our game  
New day, new age  
Nothin is too strong  
New day, new age  
When setting it out is all we straight to do

New day, new age  
Just me and you, just me and you You and I, me and you; situation getting sticky  
Your mouth is saying no, but your body's saying stick me  
Lick me, don't be afraid of what your friends say  
Rappers get dat ass, then be outta here like yesterday  
But not tonight, you look so tight  
It feels so right, this indo got me perving  
Let's go hop in my Suburban  
And ride til we get to where you want to be, no matter how far  
Just call me Oball baby, to me your the superstar  
Ask me time and time again why did I choose you  
Do I wanna be your man or just misuse you  
I hear your partners dissing  
When they think I ain't listening  
Them hoes just be wishing  
They could be in yo position  
With me in luxury  
I got to be everyday  
Chief in hey would something stout wearing lingerie  
Let's hit the hotel  
Get a suite  
An order something to eat  
Tell me things about you  
I'll tell you things about me  
Then out the blue I'll be carressing you, undressing you  
You start doing all shit you said you'd never do  
Lustin busting all out of my boxer drawers  
Fingers dripping slipping in an out in an out  
Constantly telling me the things you don't do  
Yet you do it like a pro and think I don't know  
But I do that's why I'm here with you and you know this  
Slip on the latex, and dive in

Songwriters

PREMRO SMITH / M.J. GOODWIN / N. CREQUE Published by

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