

# 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

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