## Don't Crush It (Hakan Lidbo Club Mix 1)

## **Kool Keith**

Yeah girl

I've been checkin' out Big Willie Keith

He been trickin' a lot of bills on me

I think I'ma show him somethin' tonight

A lap dance I would say

Yeah, that's what I'ma do

YeahI'm like a freak from Hunts Point, the bronze and the gold

Wear my drawers in tight mode, naked with no coat

Walkin' around, I see youse about to lose her

That honey with white boots, and hair like MedusaBrown-skin fine, I drink her body like wine

And throw the wax on it, and watch two cheeks shine

I drunk a Forty, I'm up in here feelin' naughty

I like the go-go girl, go 'head work it shortyI got no time to trick, on the average girl

I'm in paradise, caught up, in the booty world

And for you regular honeys, tryin' to play fly

I ain't no Chemical, no bank in your human eyeI like my spot, everybody's butt naked

Pump with G-strings, watchin' hot momma shake it

I got my beer, viewin' from the back rear

Yo brotherman, pass it right over here I got to ease off the stress, like a eight to five

Keepin' it real vexed, them panties wanna get live

Change the pace up, yo Jimmy turn the bass up

Yea yeah, yeahYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itI see you scopin' me, the fourth time you cut your eye

Left the brother to catch wreck, then tell the man goodbye

I'm next on the menu, runnin' up and in you

With seven rubbers on me, don't try to discontinueWe gots to bump and grind, crank up the R. Kelly

Delicious kickin', no leather like I'm Fonzarelli

I order two drinks to think, while you show me pink

Summer Eve breeze and Woo when it don't stinkI'm in the mix, like Funky-master Flex

I'm shootin' gizm, then after you can pick up next

I watch you shake it, like palm trees in California

Now you a lady, mature and I'm rubbin' on yaI got my Phantom mask, I'm on the dolo

I slipped in my Tipton, bonin' sweetie look like yo-yo

She had a good time, knees bent in the chair

She said, "Get wild, I like it when you pull my hair" I gave her cream, and rubbed it on her black boots

I see a packed house in different color body suits

I'm in the front row, chillin' on the down low

Checkin' her dogstyle, she's [Incomprehensible]I'm from the back kid, smooth with tons of grease

Denver and Texas, and Cali on back to East

She hittin' switches, and watch she make it lowride

Zoot, zoot, zzzYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itIt's three o'clock, the morning shift's about to come

Watchin' Goldie lapdance, that gray hiney ain't no slum

I gets my workout, my slickest hand from every angle

She's on the job right, cutiepie sippin' TangoI gotta peel for real, a hundred dollar bill

I'm comin' straight up, and not for a breakfast meal

This ain't no Burger King, this ain't no White Castle

Not like some ugly girls in Bentleys tryin' to give a hassleI like the slot machine, bustin' nuts mean

Slippery wet lubrication like Valvoline

I'm pullin' nylon, yo dead up G, to the side

Feelin' soft flesh, I'm hard, I'ma let her rideJump up and down, get live like House of Pain

Leavin' 'em so wet, the silk with a tan stain

I reach a climax, she's happy with her orgasms

Go on girl!Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon itYo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't crush it when you sit upon it

Yo baby

(Whassup?)

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Yo baby

(Whassup?)

Don't rush it when I sit upon it

## Songwriters KURT MATLIN, KEITH THORNTONPublished by Lyrics © THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY

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