

U Got It

Mc Lyte

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

Pop that Crys, Mr. juicy lips
What I gotta do for you to ride these hips
Slide to the whip, ride to the strip
Get a place on the low, right off fifth
Low lights, move right, seats real cushy
Make a move on you, hope I ain't too pushy
I like the way we vibe
But there's something about you baby that's making me hot
And I don't smoke, but I will take a tote for you
I see you risin', tell me what ya going through
You want to what, oh shit, now you talkin' to me
That sexy shit gon' bring out the New York in me
I know you heard me say it before, Lyte as a rock
I hope you knock, come on baby, put it on the spot
By that knot in your jeans I see you holdin' a lot
You makin' me hot, so show me what you got

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

[Unknown Male]

You lookin' good chick, I want to get that
Tell me what I gotta do to get with that

You lookin' good girl, I want to get that (aha)
Tell me what I gotta do to get with that

At the club I gotta preview
You followin' me, I can see you in the rear views
You swallowin' me, every word that you heard me say
Rolled up the elevator, ran down the hallway
Blast through the doorway, pause
You gon' make me drop my drawers
X that nigga, come out yours
Back's real big and shoulders broad
Six pack, let me hit that with your thick back
From the kitchen floor to the jacuzzi
Anywhere we do it, you gon' salute me
I got the whipped cream, I got the magazines
Before we hit it you gon' have to get that ass clean
Get that hat boy, and crack that back boy
And don't be scared if I smack it from the back boy
I'm feeling sticky like I'm hot from the sun, oh
What you sayin', you ain't got one

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans
And if you do it good, well then you got me

And if you do it good, good, well then you got me, me
Well then you got me, me, ooh, ooh, ooh, pause

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by KEITH WILKINS / GERARD HARMON / LANA MOORER
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>