# Sexuality

## Melrose

Ah, this song is for all them bitches out there
That think a nigga really supposed to pay they way through life
You know, like that 'Scrub' shit
It's also dedicated to that chicken head bitch that wrote the lyrics
As we proceed, to give you what you need
Gettin' down to my beats, as we bring the heat
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side
This is dedicated to a bad hoe
From, you don't recognize? I'ma let chu know
Always DJ Q U I K
Get in my room now an' do what I say
Get your ass up outta that chair
Peel them clothes off layer by layer
Article by article, 'til I say enough
Leavin' you overexposed like the
There is sex in the champagne room
Me an' my homies gonna run a damn train soon
Foursome goin' down, oh, my gosh
Y'all get posh, I'll just watch
Talk about the hoes, well, I didn't wanna do it
But now I gotta put y'all back into it
Your nothin' meaningful, what you screamin' fo?
Really as if you didn't know
Your sexuality is
(You know the trouble I get you in)
The reason you've got the kids
(They got a whole lotta jokers too)
There's somethin' more that you do
(You know, when you put that little twist on it)
That make them niggas wanna fuck you
Hey, you say you need a side job, make an extra knot
Clubbin' at the jet strip horny niggas spot
Hop, stop an' drop it like it's hot
Get burned, then you gotta go in an' get a shot
Lookin' for a husband an' lickin' on your titty
Fuckin' each an' every other nigga in the city
How the hell you think your boyfriend gon' take it?
You hear a fast song, get up an' get naked

Sellin' you a nice drink while you eat it up
Negotiate with you for a minute, then beat it up
Underground laws, the rules still apply
Mackin' is an art reserved for the fly
An' she don't know why they tryin' to harm her
Lookin' for a dick in shinin' armor
Yellin', ?Save me, save me? with a dick on your breath
Bitch, either get right or get left
Your sexuality is
(You know the way you keep grindin' on niggas)
The reason you've got the kids
(An' you bound to have a couple of 'em)
There's somethin' more that you do
(You know when you pop that thang)
That make them niggas wanna fuck you
(An' the girls do too)
Bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, drop it, pop it, on the side
Make it bounce, bounce, grab it, slap it, on the side
Oh, without a doubt, she lives to cum
I'ma be mad if she gives you some?
Dude, you could have this trashy bitch
Put a down payment on her, make me rich
Thank you for helpin' me to change my mind
You're not my equal, hoe, fuck yo' kind
Can't get mad if the bus don't come
I'ma just bail 'cuz I trust no one
'Cuz everything that come up out your mouth is a lie
You spend a lot of time with your stomach to the sky
Lookin' for a nut wit a nut comin' out a nut
Got a nutty broke nigga, sprung with her sorry butt
Bitch, you just been warned
Another Sugar Free has just been born
An' I bet you couldn't keep your pussy ol' shut
With a pair of grip pliers, bitch, you tired
Your sexuality is
(You know when you take yourself out there)
The reason you've got the kids
(An' you bound to have a couple of 'em more)
There's somethin' more that you do
(You know when you put it up for sale)
That make them niggas wanna fuck you

(Talk about buy one an' get one free)
The sexuality is
(You ain't nuttin' but a goddamn ride)
The reason you've got the kids
(An' you look like you rent it often)
There's somethin' more that you do
(Oh, your mama need her ass whooped)
That make them niggas wanna fuck you
(On second though, she just as bad, ol' tryflin' bitch)

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