

# Kick It Like That

Styles P

Baby, you you..

If it's so good, why you kick it like that  
You be callin me when your man's in the back  
When the shit blows up, you can go on me  
Cause he don't know nothin 'bout a rider like me  
If it's so good, why you kick it like that  
You be callin me while your man's in the back  
When the shit blows up, you can go on me  
Cause he don't know nothin 'bout a rider like me  
Rider like me

Listen ma, I'm far from a pimp  
But we can do the thang cause the car got tints  
My love's like a jungle, hop around like some chimps  
Or we can do the thang 'til the stick go limp  
Your man's a wimp like Frankie said  
I'm in the white tee gang and I'm a Yankee head  
This my sophomore solo album  
I'ma take a lot of shots and not for no photo album  
Come through in the Polo outfit  
Ryde or Die, two guns up, who I roll out with  
Keep talkin to me you gon' end up spouseless  
Keep hearin you're jackassin who you out with

Tell your man he can meet the pump  
I'm at the double-oh suites of Trump, for at least a month  
Got a whole lot of liquor and some reefer blunts  
I'm on the laid back tip, I don't need to front  
Tell your man he don't want no problems  
Better let him know that I'm hard like J.E. album  
I'm just tryin to fall back, get me some revenue  
But I'ma make you feel like you walked out of heaven too  
Ride like the down South Caddies, listen  
He might be yo' man, but I'm yo' daddy  
Call me from the back cause you want me badly  
Ask me to scoop you and I do that gladly

If it's so good, girl  
Why you kick it like that, girl  
Callin me from the back, and  
My niggaz don't know how to act, and  
And if it's all hood, babe  
Why you lookin so sad, babe  
Always gettin mad at me  
My niggaz don't know how to act, no-HOHHH~!

You can say she's sorta like my Wednesday lover  
We in the Benz if he find out he probably plug us  
I don't wanna ride on him, just came home  
Matter of fact I'm tryin to hide on him, get in that dome  
She wanna call from the back, knowin I don't know how to act  
I don't got a problem blowin the mac  
But I'd rather play the bed with her legs in the vertical  
Knockin Jagged Edge, Porsche Turbo convertible  
We can leave New York, skip to the A-Town  
Five star suite, hit me off with the hay now  
I'm just tryin to stay low, ma you feel me?

I don't need no jealous dudes tryin to peel me

No, it's it's so good

Hey yeah, yeah yeahhhh

While your man is in the back

Mmm-mmmmmmm

Yeah-heyyy, oooh...