

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Need Some Quiet

Mama You Wine Fine  
Mama You...  
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Mama... Mama You Wine Fine  
We Need Some Quiet Time  
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Mama You Wine Fine,  
Mama You Wine Fine,  
And On The Hush Hush, We Need Some Quiet Time.

I Get, I Get,  
I, I, I Get So Deep In That Pussy  
I Touch The Back Of Your Soul  
You Gotta Man  
I Bet I Can Make You Pack Up And Roll  
Yea  
Let's Ride Like We Attached To The Road  
And If We On The Same Track I Hope We Crash And Explode  
Yea Where Do The Passionate Go  
I Beat It Up Forever  
Girl I'll Take A National O  
Nobody Know What Goes On Behind  
The Latch On The Door  
And If You Throw It To Me Baby I Will Catch It And Score  
Yea. Yea.  
I Beat That  
I Be Right? Right.  
When She Call Me She Got That Shit That I Just Can't Avoid  
She So Addictive And She Know That I Do Anything That She Tell Me  
I Am Her Personal Sex Toy.  
And Then  
I Pop The Bottle Of That Cris  
I Had A Glass  
She Had A Glass  
I Had A Glass  
She Had A Glass Again  
Ya Know.  
Then She Was Ready  
Got To It  
One Time. Two Times  
Hit Me Up And I Take That Ass Again  
And I Told Her

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I See Ya Walkin Like The Cameras On Ya  
I Love Ya Backshots  
I'm Like A Crack Head  
And You Got Your Crack Out  
See We Got Chemistry Baby  
We Like Cat And Mouse  
You Blow My Brains Out  
I Blow Ya Back Out  
Now What Is That About  
You Got Me Sweatin You So Hard I'm Bout To Pass Out  
And We Could Do It On The Beach In The Grass House  
Say We Could Do It On The Beach In My Glass House  
Uh Huh. Ah  
Know What I'm Doin  
I'm On It Until The Mornin  
Hop On It Until It's Foamin  
I Bone It Better Than Homie  
I Want It Better Than Homie  
Come On Get On This Pony  
I Put My Name On It  
I Own It  
Thats Right  
Pin Ya To The Wall  
Give Ya Couple Back Bites  
Give Ya Couple Thigh Bites  
Then Here Comes The Highlight  
I Could Make Ya Act Rrright  
Take A Ten Minute Break Than Get Back Right  
And Then I Told Her

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Yea. I Told Her  
Ya Mama Got A Be A Model Or Somethin  
And If You Was A Wine Bottle  
I'm Drunk

She Dance On Me Like It's Just Us Girl  
You Could Make A Nigga Pay Ya Rent For 6 Months  
Shhhh I Ain't Lyin Girl  
I Could Make Ya Little Pussy Start Cryin Girl  
You Wont Fire Girl  
You Know The Fireman Could Put Out The Fire Girl  
Are Those Applebottom Jeans Ya Wearin?  
She Said These Is Donna Karen  
So Tight She Can't Even Let Air In  
Man I Swear I Saw A Blind Man Starin  
No Lie. And I Hope She Take Her Clothes Off  
So We Can Do It Till We Doze Off  
We Fall Asleep Wit Our Clothes Off  
When We Wake Up We Pick Up Where We Left Off  
And Then I Tell Her

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