

Junior M.A.F.I.A, I Need You Tonight

(Verse One: Trife)

Baby listen, bet to believe
I can give you what you want and all that you need
Mackin' all the ladies, from the fly to the shady
Marquis diamonds, 600 Mercedes
I'll fly you across the seas in a private jet
Whisper shit in ya ear to get ya panties wet
Honey I'll show you how good life can get
Winin and dinin, non-chalant in the finest restaraunt
Feed you lobster cause I'm a true mobster
Lame niggaz bore ya, lay ya down in the Waldorf-Astoria
Victoria Secret; lingerie, I like the freak shit
Dim the lights, sex all through the night
King sized beds, Satin sheets gettin' right
Wear you out, leave my number by the phone
When you wake up in the morn', I'm gone

(Chorus: Aaliyah)

I wonder if I take you home will you still be in love baby
Because I need you tonight
Wonder if I take you home would you still be in love baby
Because I need you tonight

(Aaliyah)

Home, home
Home home home

(Verse Two: Lil' Kim)

Uh! Do you know who I be? Lil' Kim the Lieutenant (that's right)
Here to put it on you fools tryin to run up in it
(What's the matter Big Momma, don't you like what you see?)
Like my girl Mary B. you just ain't runnin' up in me, uh
You got to give me what I need baby..

That's a drop top Z baby
Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante
Dom Perignon so we can get it on
Movado watch, Tennis for the wrists
Nigga; you ain't ever seen no ice like this
So now you know what you workin with, handle your business
And keep coming with that stuff that I like (like..)
Light a candle, I'm too hot to handle
I see yo' eyes sizin' up my hips and my thighs
Man I'll do things to you (uh-huh)..
Vanessa Del Rio be 'shamed to do

Chorus

(Verse Three: Kleptomaniac)

Mack ass nigga, smooth like Tom Cat in the zoot-suit
Game's fullproof leavin parties with bitches in NFS Coupes
Spittin' game, with or without the eye contact
With or without contracts, layin my game down flat
Kleptomaniac, rides any rhythm that you give him, I'm livin right
Semi-precious stones, exotic bitches in skin-tights
Hands-free mobile phone, showin women how to live life
If that's your girl, she wasn't last night
Made her life worthwhile, Benjamins by the piles
Turn her frowns to smiles, livin Goodfella's lifestyle
Nails done and hair, livin rooms with chandeliers
Sex in a stretch Lex, no cares for who wanna stare
Yeah, now that's a real women for ya
High execs and lawyers, pearls gems and Tag Heuers

Bachelor degrees, bringin home bacon and cheese
Freaky Sandra ain't afraid to get some dirt up on her knees

Chorus 3X (repeats to fade)