

Three 6 Mafia, Da First Date

“Da First Date”
by Three Six Mafia

Intro

(Tastes good, tastes good, tastes good)

Man: So what's up with you right now?

Girl: What you mean what's up with me? What's up with you?

Man: I'm trying to find out what you want to do

Girl: I think I need to go home chill out, relax

Man: I think you need to go with me and lay down and relax with me

Girl: Naw it's too early for that

Man: Too early? I been thinking about it for a long time

Girl: But I just met you I don't do that...on the first date

Man: Been with a man you should have been doing it girl, what's wrong with you?

Girl: What's wrong with you? You ain't gettin none

-DJ Paul-

The shit started off real well

Real swell the bitch was talking lovely

She got me scooping her from the crib say around 8:30

It'll be my first time hitting this bitch I gotta work

I call me nigga Big L for about two ounces to serve

I jumped in some kinda fresh smelling like is it me

I'm thinking I know I'm anxious this bitch is beeping me

This one right here is too wheezy I'm damn near scared of that

But I'ma let you boys know when I take care of that

I'm pulling up to the crib lights out

I hit her Nextel celli tell her to come on out

Stepping up out of the crib sexy looking bad as hell

I'm knowing goddamn well I'm bout to get in that tail

So we pulled out first stop J&S liquor store

Don't you play no games young boy you know that's where I gotta go

She talking about going to my crib but that ain't trying to happen

I changed the subject poured another cup and I kept on yapping

Jumped on the title of sex hoping the hoe peeps game

Hickeys all over her neck so I know she got a man

I'm coming out can we fuck? I'm on my period

Bitch the lies

So I dropped the trick off at the first stop sign

And I'ma holla hoe

Chorus

My conversates

I'm trying to fuck on the first date

Weaving all on that oil but still you hesitate

I'm wasting time with this funk ass bitch

Riding round with this drunk ass bitch

Hoe let it bump

-Juicy J-

Chicken chicken

Don't be tripping

When I'm bout to spit this pimping

Stacking cheese and counting up easy cause you know I'm into winning

Heard your niggas like a pigeon

Punk ass faggots always switching

See that Lexus that he ride in

I got that strapped on my wrist'n

Come on hoe and stop the fronting

Keep my dick from jumping jumping

Take a shot of fifths and liquor

But I can't be buying nothing

Where I'm from I can't be saving
Cause I'm just to cheap for paying
Can't be hanging drinking drinking
With this guru what a behavior (moan)
Bout to ball the troops to college
Watching haters ow they be falling
Looking for the freaky freakys
That be chewing the dick and swallowing
We can take a short'n riding
Through the cut to reach your housing
We can ride down to the river
While you work on using your mouth'n
Everybody know you going
Bet you probably saying oh no'n
Then I'm gonna teach you lessons
Stranglin all to death and rowing
And your sister know she with it
Cause she let me nigga hit it
Then she get the licking licking
Then you have to pay to quit it

(Chorus(x2))

-Lord Infamous-

Bitch I don't wanna just hold hands
And listen to slow jams
I'm not with that romance
Or candle light slow dance
Hoe won't you take a chance?
Ain't like you ain't fucked before
Come out those tight ass pants
Stop thinking that I won't call no more
Don't listen to the rumors that Lord will school ya and slide
You wanna wine and dine
But don't wanna bump and grind
There's plenty hoes that wanna bone
So next time we don't get it on
The next time you phone
You gets a dial tone bitch

-Koopsta Knicca-

There's many bitches that's fine as fuck
Tell me how many dicks that they done sucked? (say what?)
Them pretty bitches that like to suck
No telling, tell me how many niggas they done fucked? (say what?)
One to the honey bitch over in the corner
Two to the bitch on the porch
Take 'em to the bathroom
Dick them in the fucking moon
Make 'em 'til their toes rub on this side fuck
What the fuck you want though?
Could it be my back room door wide open
Naw you know that'd make me mad
The cheese in my pocket please for the head on the dash
Koopsta Knicca sleeping on the bitch on the weekend weekend

Chorus(2x)

-DJ Paul-

Hoe get up out my shit
Ugly bitch I aint wanna fuck your little stanking ass anyway bitch
Only reason I man motherfucking
Man took your motherfucking ass and babysitted you all night bitch
Cause my nigga was trying to fuck you
Motherfucking dike ass greedy little ugly drunk

Stanking breath ass bitch
Cigarette smoking ass hoe
Get the fuck up out my car bitch
(Tastes good, tastes good, tastes good...)