

# Youngbloodz, 85

(big boi)

Uh-huh, yeah, y'knahmtalkinbout?  
A-town connection right heah  
You got youngbloodz, uhh  
Featurin daddy fatsack, y'knahmtalkinbout?  
Outkast, y'knahmtalkinbout?  
Yeah, like dis.. check it out

Chorus: repeat 2x (sung)

I know you're waitin for daddy, it won't be long shawty  
Be patient cause I'm comin to you  
Ridin dirty on 85, slow, takin it easy  
I don't want nothin to keep me from you

(j-bo)

Now the wind blows as I'm on 85, and chiefin good  
With a six-pack a that colt 45 just like I should  
And if I could, I will, I might, get blowed tonight  
If thangs go right, I'm gon' cut this hoe tonight  
So i'ma get a call, from this broad  
Run the game like she ain't ready  
But still indeed, she on her knees, keepin thangs steady  
Like betty crocker, the face doctor  
Just as she swallows with passion  
So now she braggin, laggin behind  
What questions she now be askin, so time is passin  
Now I'm mashin on, I'm gone, livin in the world of hoes  
So I suppose, it's goin down deep in yo' city  
Cause in these parts, ain't nuthin bad hard times  
Now shawty, please, really

Chorus

(big boi)

Sheeeit  
I'm lookin for anythang, gonna cut'em up  
Like everythang, in my stable  
Sir lucius, with the left foot, is ready willing and able  
But these hoes will get on your nerves  
F\*\*k all that kickin 'em to the curb

You lackin that tolerance;  
You let the hoe swallow it, get off in yo' parlor an'  
Stab out to the cajun crab house  
Or the jamaican cat house  
Or the college, frat house  
For the gul you just, mad house that rat house  
And get you some scrub, she ain't ya girl  
Skeet-skeet one off and dip boi  
I'm slick as a curl, smooth as a pearl  
Don't, don't be givin no gifts boi  
On the first date or the worst date  
I'm goin all the way on the first play  
Like hail mary's to field goals  
I think I was put here to drill hoes  
For real doe; and while you blowin up my,  
Bar I'm off in your purse  
To get my gas money then I'm back on the 'spressway  
And I'm out this verse, geyeah!

Chorus

(sean paul)

Man this shit gettin crazy, this girl wants to face me  
Met her jes last week, told me that her name was stacy  
Bad lil' bitch, add her straight to my collection  
Jump in my 'llac, in my pocket got protection  
For thangs to go down, see I ain't playin around  
Got a half a tank of gas, I'm 85 southbound  
It's a long ass way, I'm from the 20 side of thangs  
She said it's dead serious, hot like some lighter flames  
Oh you know how it go, I'm the nigga, she the hoe  
She told me some mo', I shut my cadillac do'  
My hands on the grain, my pedal down to the ground  
Ain't got my license, back so I need to slow down  
Now I'm scrapin the flo', shawty ain't got on no drawers  
Man I'm breakin the law, tryna' get me this broad  
I don't know what it is, but shawty fine as hell  
Slum-type that I like, straight from a-t-l  
Shawty yeah!

Chorus (to fade)