

Cuban Link, Taste Of Pastry

Sing! All u gotta do is sing!

(Ooo ooo oh)

Micheal Jackson..who could sing!

But he ain't the most masculine fella in the world..

(You're my pretty lady, baby yeah)

(Chorus 2x)

Baby..you're my favorite lady

You make me go so crazy

For that taste of pastry

(Verse 1 - Cuban Link)

Baby u makin me crazy

The way u shake ya waist got me hasty

To get face-to-face and jus taste the pastry

Lately, u been waitin for that tongue massage

A one-on-one under the stars in my summer lodge

Pardon ma, but from the start I was guilty as charged

We was gods wit no regards jus strictly menage-es-trois

At the bar puffin Cuban cigars playin my part

As a deeper heart wit the streets smarts to read ya thoughts

But its hard cuz ur different, ur far from a pigeon u my princess

The vision which got me switchin religions

It's tradition, u even hit the kitchens witout bitchin

Theres nuttin missin, u perfect like Roger Clemen's picture

So ya wish is my command, give u kisses on ya hand

Takin trips to foreign lands, can't no competition stand

Here's the plan, we can skip to Cancun

Now who da man? Catch a tan, while we bangin bodies on the sand, understand

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 2 - Triple Seis)

Yo it's a dream, ask more why she don't go for beams?

Baggin heavy, so she ready for dat loco team

Ya man Queens a ho, after-show

From the trizz spendin all her dough thats how it goes

Don't ya know, profession a true thug

Who will eat the choch, beat the choch and leave u wit a new buzz

If u cuz my squad is reppin, its hard to check em

You makin it hard thats why the god is sweatin

Wanna taste u, lace u and embrace u

Lemme show u how Triple Seis do

A lil tongue lashin, make u cum laughin

Pick up ya thong cuz its on in the Bronx fashion

Think I'm cute? Wait 'til I finish the chooch

So smashable, start gassin u for my TS crew

So where my east coast riders at? (what what)

So where my west coast riders at? (yeah yeay)

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3 - Prospect)

Shorty I'm right here, I be the thug that u lookin for

Prospect and u kno I'm baggin it raw

Gimme one minute and watch her pants sag to the floor

You kno wat happened before, in the back of the door

Its hard to tell wen we type wildin those

Security tapped the door, we on silent mode

Musta been too much excitement for us to contain

People heard us next door tryin to fuss and get played

Mad cuz they wasnt crushin the same, doin it up

I'd still cock back and bust two in the gut

They call million-plex shit, had me lovin the sexin

Left the room and ya tear usin the Lexus
Flags over the shoulders either way I see textures
And gestures, got me comin back for extras

(Chorus 4x)

(Take off yo clothes, meet me in the bathtub, I wanna taste yo lovin)