

Seanchai, 718 Baby

skiddin' down the runway, headed for jamaica bay
close my eyes and pray, let me live to smoke another day.
kennedy gonna be the death of me, got my baby to see...
taxi! taxi!

she's waitin' at home so to brooklyn i roam
then she says "we're all alone", from the wall pulls the phone
throwin' the bone, hittin' the zone, makin' her moan...
there's no place like home!
spoon me three hits of sugar, peter lugar
start it up again, time to say when
get some rest, i didn't know you were asleep
but when i woke up in the bed i was in even deeper
even deeper, even deeper in love
dear god up above! state of the nation!
total elation! lovely creation!
and she's seven-one-eightion...

loungin' in the satin i'm feelin' real fat an'
thinkin' you can take money makin' manhattan
cos keepin' it real is true sex appeal
i'm flush at the wheel, she's cookin' up a meal
spaghtti and veal, a bottle of vino
you know the deal, put on a little dino
cos he know, life is for the livin'
like keno, gotta be in it to win it
and i'm in once again and again if i can
fillin' up her cup until she says when
feelin' the celin' with sexual healin'
and we don't stop
til we both drop...

third bass gave praise to the brooklyn queens
and you can add shaolin and the bronx to the team
so before you make that call, settin' up a date
let yer fingers do the walkin' to the seven-one-eight...