## 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...