

Styles P, Kick It Like That

(feat. Jagged Edge)

[Jagged Edge:]

Baby, you you..

[Chorus: Jagged Edge]

If it's so good, why you kick it like that
You be callin me when your man's in the back
When the shit blows up, you can go on me
Cause he don't know nothin 'bout a rider like me
If it's so good, why you kick it like that
You be callin me while your man's in the back
When the shit blows up, you can go on me
Cause he don't know nothin 'bout a rider like me
Rider like me

[Styles P:]

Listen ma, I'm far from a pimp
But we can do the thang cause the car got tints
My love's like a jungle, hop around like some chimps
Or we can do the thang 'til the stick go limp
Your man's a wimp like Frankie said
I'm in the white tee gang and I'm a Yankee head
This my sophomore solo album
I'ma take a lot of shots and not for no photo album
Come through in the Polo outfit
Ryde or Die, two guns up, who I roll out with
Keep talkin to me you gon' end up spouseless
Keep hearin you're jackassin who you out with

[Chorus]

[Styles P:]

Tell your man he can meet the pump
I'm at the double-oh suites of Trump, for at least a month
Got a whole lot of liquor and some reefer blunts
I'm on the laid back tip, I don't need to front
Tell your man he don't want no problems
Better let him know that I'm hard like J.E. album
I'm just tryin to fall back, get me some revenue
But I'ma make you feel like you walked out of heaven too
Ride like the down South Caddies, listen
He might be yo' man, but I'm yo' daddy
Call me from the back cause you want me badly
Ask me to scoop you and I do that gladly

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Jagged Edge]

If it's so good, girl
Why you kick it like that, girl
Callin me from the back, and
My niggaz don't know how to act, and
And if it's all hood, babe
Why you lookin so sad, babe
Always gettin mad at me
My niggaz don't know how to act, no-HOHHH~!

[Styles P:]

You can say she's sorta like my Wednesday lover
We in the Benz if he find out he probably plug us
I don't wanna ride on him, just came home
Matter of fact I'm tryin to hide on him, get in that dome
She wanna call from the back, knowin I don't know how to act

I don't got a problem blowin the mac
But I'd rather play the bed with her legs in the vertical
Knockin Jagged Edge, Porsche Turbo convertible
We can leave New York, skip to the A-Town
Five star suite, hit me off with the hay now
I'm just tryin to stay low, ma you feel me?
I don't need no jealous dudes tryin to peel me

[Chorus]

[Outro: Jagged Edge]
No, it's it's so good
Hey yeah, yeah yeahhhh
While your man is in the back
Mmm-mmmmmm
Yeah-heyyy, oooh...