

# Fantasy

Twiztid

Baby, you don't know me, but I'm crazy  
'Cause I like comic books, toys and freaky ladies  
And you can never fade me at all  
Even if you're coming out of your panties and bra  
I been taught and I been played, it's all the same  
And that's why they call it a game and me a loser  
I like subtle bitches who like to fuck rough  
Not thug bitches who just like to just make love  
You're just too confused  
And maybe you been abused  
But who am I to critique  
The dudes you let up in you  
I know who I am  
Do you know who you are  
And would you really have the hots for me  
If I wasn't a rap star  
I'm an underground provider of the carnival speech  
To get you so hot you flash your titties and peach  
You say you rub your soft spot when you thinking of me  
Well add two more fingers and go deeper into your fantasy

You rub, you touch, thinking of me  
You want it bad, just let it be  
How bad you want it, let me see  
How far you'll take this fantasy

I see girls like you all the time  
They act like they want to be mine  
They act like once they get what they want  
They'll be happy, fantasy

I'm not sure if you know what you're getting into  
'Cause fucking with me is like fucking with a gin-su  
I'm not the candy and flowers type that you're use to  
To damn near die to try to impress or amuse you  
And all you see is the paint and the contacts  
And hear a couple of bomb raps  
And then you're like, where Paul at  
And I don't even see how you could get a picture of me on the internet  
I guess with the fame  
It'll make it look like we ever met  
It'll take another guess maybe 'cause you're crazy  
And lady I ain't even trying to be playing with  
And plus I'm probably everything you'd expect  
And you'll probably just want to go and get married instead  
And you'll probably just be the craziest bitch I ever met  
And I'll probably end up in jail for abusing your neck once again  
If I was working at your local record store  
Would you still want to be my little whore

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I got bitches telling me they hear I got a pretty dick  
Aside from that and the fat kid tits, that's my assets  
A few more reasons to make you lick your lips  
Imagining you're deep throating my pretty chubby thickness  
Would you be feeling me  
If I was serving you burgers and fries  
Chocolate shakes and promotional apple pies  
Or just drying your ride at the local car wash  
Some how I imagine my digits  
Would have been lost in the sauce

Maybe it's because I got some cute ass nuts  
That make the chickens want to get me  
And just gobble them up  
It could even be my super long run of bad luck  
That will turn a good girl into a freaky deaky slut  
Or maybe it's because you're crazy sitting in the dark  
With headphones like we're never apart  
And on that note I'm going to see you when you're dreaming  
Thinking of me and just feining

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