

## Aim To Please

Rehab

Ain't you from Georgia  
I want somebody now  
To come lay down with me  
I got that dirty South  
And girl I aim to please

She tender like tender roni  
Suck the meat off the boney  
You know that I'm feeling lonely  
Make me some macaroni  
Cook me a cheesesteak  
Sit with me by the lake  
Why bother with bein' fake  
Fuck it, let's mate  
Like rabbits and caribous  
You know I don't care, boo  
Yeah, baby I care about you  
Bust a nut over you  
All in the family room  
Lettin' the bass boom  
You smilin' right now  
But you'll be washin' your face soon  
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Okay, I'm in a GTO, a '66  
With this dixie chick  
Lickin' Pixie Stix  
All in my mix  
Can't beat these ho's off me  
Tricks and hicks all be kickin' digits at me  
Hollin' call me  
Shit, like I'm ballin'  
Hell and y'all all callin' me  
Spaulding, Rawlins to my face  
Behind my back, pray I'm fallin'  
I'm a lay the law then  
I've been where y'all been  
I ain't shamed  
I've shared an eight ball with lame friends  
But when does truth start  
And where does the game end  
I pushed on the door long enough  
And it caved in  
Now you're on my ankles  
Holdin' on, stranglin'  
My neck, no respect ho  
I'm not your angle  
I'm not gonna be able to pay your cable  
I can't get you baby David on a label  
So save it

If it was all gravy, maybe  
"you done changed!"  
Yeah bitch, you used to hate me  
That's alright, come by the house around 11:30  
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Now she's a ball juggler  
A dick smuggler  
She thinks I'm lovin' her  
But, I'm just cuttin' her  
So pimpish, wood grain in the parlor  
Golden ball, 24s  
Make these ho's holla  
Swalla  
Even make believe  
And everything this weekend  
Gold's in my mouth  
Damn right, I'm from the South  
Lookin' like a million bucks  
I did us on some Chucks  
Brooks Buford, Danny Boone  
Crawlin' all up in your womb  
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