

What The Lovers Do

Saigon

Yo shorty, let me get it in
Let me touch it then, let me touch it.
No
Why you acting like that shorty?
You been fucking around for a while
You know what I'm saying
Let me stick the head in
No

Check,
Shorty was a sweetie, beleive me she was a darling
Even come cook up some grub, when I was starving
Never interuped the thug, she said pardon
Only 18, and still was fucking with Marvin
Her mother was a schoolteacher, her father was a sergeant
Them chickens in the club, my baby be out joggin'
Would even go as far, as giving the god noggin'
But when it came to the coochie, she just would not bargain
Did it all, takin' her shoppin', the ice department
Even put shorty up in a real nice apartment
Would come over at night sometime, with some roses and white wine
Tryin' to create the right time
For her to give me some behind, let me get it in
I know if I hit it once, she gon' want me to hit again
But she sayin' she tryin' to use discipline
I said look lil' mama, your not listening
Go head

If your in love with me
And I'm in love with you
Then it's alright for us to do what the lovers do
Just follow my lead
I'll show you what to do
Cus' I know cuttin' is something your accustomed to

They say I gotta put a ring on her finger
Before I ding-a-ling her
I understand but the man ain't tryin' hear
My brain wanna shake her mother's hand
My dick wanna hit her father with a car, just for doing his job
Shit was coming so much of a problem god
Was stressin' me like them white broads, that seen me in Entourage
Seen what's in the car garage, shit is a mess
Brand new CLS, dressed up
I funkflex
That's besides the point, nigga I'm stressed
Either she give me some sex,
Or this relationship is put to a rest
Rather leave her than do her dirty son, this birdies the best
I had to show that respect,
She didn't deserve less
Step 2, I'm like boo either we do what it do
Or you can give me the keys to the view cus' we through
She started cryin' like, how could you do
As I turned to walk away, I heard a soft voice come out the blue, say

After all the time you needed me

How could you just turn and leave me here
Never to look back and see me
Didn't you swear that you would treat me fair

Yeah, but I was lyin' yo
And I ain't no thundercat
The skirt you got on mami, I want what's up under that
The shirt you got on boo boo
I want what's up under that
I wanna see your booty, get do to do the thunderclap

Boo, boo, (Yeah)
I know you thinkin' I'm a foul type man
But I ain't really seeing how I can't
When I'm just trying to get my nuts out the sand
Without my hand
Boo, Boo
I know you think I'm a rude type dude
Spend all my money at the Moulon Rouge
Laying up with some shorty cute like you
But nah I'm ?
Doing this for guess who

Yes,
Yes,
Yes,

I don't know what else to say
I mean, what you want me to say?

Say Yes Bitch
C'mon