

# 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