

Body Language

Saukrates

(hear this)
(let me just say this)
(you're a very pretty girl)
(where's your attitude, which was ugly as a motherfucker
You really need to tighten that shit up)
(you got to fix yourself)
('cause there's gonna be one nigga... that might just snap on your ass)

It's 10:15 up in the am, scratch the back, cough the phlegm
I hear the phone ringing
I wipe the sleep from the tear ducts
Phone's ringing, sun's blazing through the curtains
Ignore the phone calls, pager bawls
Check the number, it's 4-1-6-k-c-t-2-2-6-4
The 3 means for me to go an call back immediately
I call back and I'd myself as the chizz-knocka

Yo, what up potna? I got a little story to tell
About this heavy chickenheaded, brow eye cocktail
Nipples like pickles, did her well to the dills
Spinning in the background, all I could hear was wedding bells
'cause the cock had me locked on pussy detention
Forgot to mention ass cheeks was heavy, broke my suspension
And even got to say what happened
Her body language spoke a new form of rapping
Pussy so tight she grabbed my dick with it and started clapping
When we were done, she said 'thank you sugar' (sugar)
I analyzed her barbed wire tattoo 'round her ankles
Would have taken the time to study it before I hit it
Was killing to get in it,
So I choose to peep the g right after we done did it
I'm telling you this because I'm the sweet pussy critic
I reminisce on ass, pussy, tits and thick lips all over my long prick
You the shit brown eyes, you the shit's what I said
I see you doing movies, getting all up in my nigga's head
Peep what I said, you the bomb and my mind is caught
But listen, the dick is long but the time is short, it's you I'm dissing
You pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold
You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold
As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing
I read you body language, now please get out my basement

But that some shit nigga
I bet if you wanted to,
You'd make that pussy drip like your snotbox up in the winter
Or watch your picture
I knew this trick that was similar to yours
With the tits that stood up, just like the lights upon an '89 accord
As sharp as a sword, with these nipples like ? ? ? ? ?
I was like farmer brown, 'cause I was picking to get in it
Her body looked stolen from a stacey dash mold
If you seen the hold on that ass, shit! (shit)
The cactus had my brain blitzed like I'm smoking l's up in the stairs
My pipe is getting full with the liquid joe(?)
Yo, I wanted to unload and make it spread like pour-ed milk on the floor
The center fold, had me rocked if I stood up
Her shoulders being tapped, yo I'm fiending for the cat

I wonder if she'll feel me
I'm breaking through my jeans, lips looking mad big
Like she could suck the green off army fatigues
Body smooth like a gs3, double ooh on the body I would do
She can take the chizz right out the knock-aaah
You guess you get rock more tricks than the sea
For the chizz-y (chizz-y), real-ly (real-ly)
You see you just pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold
You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold
As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing
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Outro Let's go conquistadoris, chocola-tay, ooooooww
Aight, bring it back so I could double this