

## 4th Floor Freaks

### Souls of Mischief

Your shape be...  
I got my eyes on you  
Visor's cool  
Ass be vast it's private school  
Imagination pornographic  
Memory is photographic why don't you  
Turn around  
Bend over so I can snag ya  
Polaroids  
It's your camera  
You's a freak  
That don't matter  
You can be yourself as ya  
Spread 'em hold 'em squeeze 'em lick 'em  
Heart rate quicken  
Salami stiffen  
Never caught me slippin'  
I get all up in 'em bras  
I'm rippin' all these girls are gettin' tossed  
Gettin' lost  
In a frenzy it's all flimsy (-ex on Remy?)  
Genuinely melo-drab  
Killer crabs  
Recipe for mischief  
When I hit it  
Standin' up in the doorway  
Skip the foreplay  
Fuck what the landlord say  
I'm straight shake rattle rollin' you controllin' your shake.

If it was up to Plus  
Every girl would be voluptuous  
With some D double cups  
Yeah them double cups they wonderful  
Say baby won't you take me to your bungalow on the under though  
We don't want no one to know how the slumber go  
I got a blunt to blow  
If you don't smoke then I'll take it facial  
Angels done up and blessed you  
Baby you somethin' special  
Let me undress you  
Baby go in your thong  
Make me gain some extra weight 'cause somethin' growin' is long for y  
a  
& if your nasty I might even write a song for ya  
& all the while I'm thinkin' in my head it's on nigga  
Girl you so pretty & you got them tig old bitties I know  
You fin a hit me when we rippin' in your city ain't ya  
Repeated: Your shape be...