

Areola, that shirt came off, that bra came off and...so  
crazy

What a day. What a motha fuckin' day. I tell ya.

Baby, I'm home! Hey, baby!

What's that smell? Smell like...like my baby's pussy.

What the fuck?! (Oh, shit! Sorry! Shit!)

What do you do when you're workin, come home, and I'm  
creepin' out the back door

Pants on the floor and you're lookin' at her sayin'

"Whatcha doin' that for?"

This is how it goes when you're hard at work (hard at  
work)

I'm with ya lady and I'm all up in her skirt (all up in  
her skirt)

She chose a rapper 'cause this rapper know how to tap  
her

Strap her down and attack her while you sneak in, watch  
 pornos and jerk (watch pornos and jerk)

And ya can't be mad at me 'cause your thick bitch wanna  
ravage me

Got my big dick in her cavities then it's spit spit I'm  
in anatomy

And ya can't come badgin' me 'cause she sick wanna  
insert half of me

Straight addicted to the master he whips the sticks up  
without batteries

Poetry in motion

I make her water 'cause I'm a scholar I father her twat  
and bother her I got her

She'll eat anything I want her to eat, she'll swallow  
anything I want her to swaller

she'll go down & chew on my dog, doin' anything that'll  
make me holler.

And you the victim don't even know whats ya comin' home  
to, I'm bangin it out & she's screamin like we doin  
kungfu.

Im feelin' right cuz you the one she do the wrong to.

Now that you know your lady is creepin' - whatcha goin'  
do??

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But it aint no need though, cuz I'm a G tho.. I find  
em, then fuck em, feed em & I let him repo.

I understand you're punchin that clock, but while  
you're punchin man, Im punchin that twat - gonna get  
that overtime

BG Bullet does step over the line, gotta key to the  
crib, this pussy's suppose to be da line,

this bitch too old to be lying, she done told her  
husband things suppose to be fine,

you da bigger man, and I'm her clover leaf now, what

about the clothes that he found:  
did you tell him you love him, did you tell him you wit  
it,  
did you tell him you this love his dick every time that  
you get it - I don't think so,  
so Ima keep things low, keep pullin these strings close  
that pop that El Nino - (yes!)  
Cuz Im the best at it, your lady's sex addict - all in  
the spot when ur not, getting my head patted.  
But Ima keep this thing respectable homie, I'm using  
condoms in your festival homie, no need to killa nigga!

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What would you do if your boo crept on you-with me, new  
tattoo with the letter "P" - all over her humps like  
the letter "B".  
Trip if you want to, scared nigger - never me: your  
girl has been land-marked,  
that means that I marked her - that means that I  
skidded sperm all over her twat fur:  
that means that I got her, where you never had her- sex  
game critical, now she is a master.  
You never got ur dick licked, mine is getting tongue-  
kissed, she could suck a orange thru a straw - call her  
Sunkist:  
Man, she a cold chick, yeah I know you miss that: bank  
account access- ya- you know I did that.  
Put it where her ribs at, then I let her slip on it -if  
ya like it then ya shoulda put a ring on it.  
Cuz Paul Mussan had that pussy with a sling on it. And  
I aint even poppin' E homie, but the question is:

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