

Ghetto Love

Tech N9ne

I'm talkin 'bout ghetto love,
Girl dont keep me waitin for that
Ghetto love! talk bout misbehaving.
Because when I get you home in the sack and when I give
it to you,
Give it back give it back give it back give it back
give it back naked ass

Im talkin bout socks on, socks off, get my rocks off.
big old back end, wax on wax off.
You can have it however you like, thin or go bad make
it sure the cookie monster is tight.
Ginseng make ya swing from the chandelier , I know I
sing but its a real man standin here.
Now that I think cackle
Lay on your back girl, ill have you thinkin im the king
of the world!
When I put my thing in ya girl!
Im pullin micro-braids and weaves out, blowin backs and
knees out,
Have ya screaming kali baby after that your knees out.
predator lookin for a black and decker pecker wrecker
Better than bed and head and make me wish I never left
her.
Hey! dont tell your girl friend how I beat it up and
your man;
He so cold to ya and I heat it up.
Let go your inhibitions, reservations: swallow them.
Get some ghetto-ness give it to you at your mom and
dems.

Have you ever all witnessed the "just been hit with a
dick" stature?
From a nigga like me who licks it then hits in it
after.
(ohh) in your cervix servin you some of this summer
salami,
Work up a sweat from passionate sex like performing
palates.
Ghetto! im lex-er than steel when it comes to real sex
in the pill,
No step in this fill if you scared of catchin a di-lzn-
ick.
Real spit, or do you prefer lil' dick?
She said "no I likes it nice and hard to bring the real
shit"
And ill be commin (commin) from around a corner with a
box of magnums to put it on ya.
Backpack and newports with third patron ya never hear
kutt calhouns a loner.
Im not sincere, not me from the bottom of a bad mother
fucker named sascha fears
Drink (drink) your kool-aid with a booty naked aint
nothin but some mother fuckin sex in here.
(I) beat the koochie, (I) treat the koochie, (I) never
heard a bitch call me a pussy,
(WHY) aint seducing shutem up quick, makem cover up

dick like shes a hoe.

Tellm kutt just what you like little mommy and we can settle up,

We'll have you twitchin, feinding, and constantly thinkin bout my ghe-bout-bout my

I want you to pop it and dip then upswing your hips, back it up and dont trip,

Let your back bone slip, spin around get a grip, of the pole and then flip,

Baby thats the way you strip, heres your tip, not on the lips

(hey hey) the ghetto be missin me, I had an epiphany, I need some ghetto lovin so I get what their diggin me, They sniffin and kissin me, "wanna split with me? all in favor say yes,

Is you is or is you aint my constituency?"

Heimlich, all over tech n9ne dick, imma bark and grind this,

"do you know your beautiful and your fine miss?

And you two you three find this, well we never be minded,

I love big behinds, call me your highndness,

"hey mister mercatroy I love when your workin;

You're twerkin that ghetto booty even makin suburban boys,

Make alot of suburban noise, got money in my pocket like im a turban boy."

So after your koochie crusade, you know she ghetto if she come and bring you kool-aid (ohhh yeahh)

I'm talkin about pole slidin, lap dance ridin,

Do something strange for some change if your buying,

But big strippers make big tippers, show no thankful for all their booty you give us.

For just a drink or two, she'll make and wink at you.

Drain your change till she think you're through,

The ohh she gotcha booty bopper, oochie wobble watch ya while she callin you poppa.

The urge to push to thrust I mean to shove takes you back to the ghetto, for some...(ghetto love....)