

King Toast Queen

Wu-Tang Clan

But I love the way... that you carry yourself...
Even love the way... you wear your hair...
Ain't that loving you? (Ain't that loving you?)
Baby, ain't that loving you? (Ain't that loving you?)
Baby, for more reasons than one...

Roses are red, violets are blue
On one knee sucking your hips, up in your poo, boo
Got a flu, cuz I'm loving your candy lips
Tight as a glove, when we lock, understand me, miss
We made love in our socks, Hawaii was our last trip
Water splash the ass, right between the rocks
Dreamy fox, your hard nipples, yo, I kissed them
As if a spring fountain came running through like sprinkler systems
Your eyes twinkle, I'm your victim
Your hot jacuzzi love, unplugged, Stephanie
Her pops, don't like black people, that's why she left me
Especially, fucked me, test me, then stressed me

You got some tig ol' bitties, you every bit of pretty
You come from Cakillac, or just to see me in the city
You got the oh my goodness, you got the oh my goodness
You bootylicious, ma, your doggystyle is oh my goodness
I see your nipples peaking, I got Victoria off the hook
No she telling every local single secret
You sweating and you moaning, I'm wetting and I'm grown in
I'm biting my lip, ma, your head game got me zoning
Wanted to thug you at first, now I love you the worst
Every man in his right mind, wanna fuck you on Earth
Your fragrance got me floating, your patience got me open
The type of dame to give you brain, playing video games and smoking
Forever and a day, my love song, my babe
The love jones'll stay, when you love zones a way
Forever and a day, love song, my babe
Love jones'll stay, love zones the way

I let love slip away...
Now all that I can say...
Is hear the toast to a better day...

This is King Toast Queen, we touch glasses
Sipping the finest imports, burn murs and Love Supreme

Peace to my forefathers, stories of King Solomon
Autobiography, momma, this is my reference
Been up north twice, avoided the pins on the last setting
Ghetto cambaret, watered down charteney
Not only brought up, aknowledge yourself
Momma said you my boy, so avoid the negative gassing
Ain't no future in flashing, everyday struggle, who asking?
I live amongst snitches, who love when po-nine kept
Who was in the projects blasting, old timers
Whispering how I'm a dead man standing, a star of the track heads
Pushing stolen video parts, God body, but still love criminal parts
The girls ate pork, all winter then had asses in the summer
Millionaire dollar run-up, rolling on the roads that Allah paved
Word around the hood, Mary J. Blige would say

Solomon Childs, ghetto celebrity, top grade, nuh...

I let love slip away...

Now all that I can say...