

## On Mo Time

Z-Ro

So you getting married tomorrow huh  
Congratulations, hey you know I always be trying to look out for ya  
And just so you, can get this dick out your system  
And you don't commit adultery, or nothing like that  
Why don't you come over here, and give me some of that pussy

I keep thinking about, the first time that we fucked  
I was just six inches, you was a B cup  
Fuck all night, in your mama's bed  
Yes we did, like Obama said  
Never kiss and tell, but I told my homie Craig  
Ain't nothing sweeter, than being between your legs  
Dicking you up, in the center of the room  
And riding that ass, like a witch on a broom  
Your groom ain't freaky, like me down there  
I'm well rounded with the lint game, dude's a square  
But this time tomorrow, you'll be walking the isle  
And I'ma be the reason you smile, I'm speaking on it right now  
But I'll forever hold my piece, at the ceremony  
Feel that shit, bring back memories don't it  
Love it, when you do the cowgirl in reverse  
You getting married, let me leave you alone but first

I just wanna fuck you, one mo' time  
For old time's sake, let a nigga knock you down  
I'ma hit it, till you damn near start crying  
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Ain't nothing wrong, with a little bump and grind  
And if your man tripping, you know I'll be around  
Hit you with a pound of the meat, from behind  
Hit you with a pound of the meat, from behind

Your booty look like, two butterball turkeys  
But I'm not going in, I don't do butterball surgery  
Just giving you a compliment, you know I love your bowlegs  
Married in your mind, but them Ro titties and Ro legs  
Bet you when you walking down the isle, in the back of your mind  
You gon' be reminiscing, about how I hit it from behind  
So don't cheat yourself, treat yourself  
You civilized around him, around me you can be yourself  
Cause I'ma be me, and me is real freaky deaky  
You gon' think you peed on yourself, leaky-leaky  
Homeboy glasses ain't looking right, he think he can see me  
Knock his ass out, rings point bailbonds gon' have to free me  
When I get out, I'ma go shit shower shave  
Gators on my feet, Polo on my body sharp as a blade  
Tomorrow, you gon' have a different last name  
So before the sun rise, open up your thighs let me do my thang

I went and caught ya, at your bacholorette party full of wine  
Hit you with a pound of the meat, from behind  
Spot you at the hotel, putting on your wedding dress  
And send you to the church house, with dick on your breath  
It's Willie D chump, that's what it be hump  
You trying to put on lock, I got the key fuck  
I'm harder than a tree stump, baby  
And one mo' nut, and it's all gravy

We was some nasty lil' ol' ass kids, cause we would do it anywhere  
Back then you barely had booty, but it was still up in the air  
And I was standing all up in it, working up a sweat  
Go on marry that nigga, but I'm the nigga you won't forget  
When y'all be in the bed, I know you don't be satisfied  
I know you a nympho, he don't even know you have that side  
To him, you just a bad bitch with a job  
You give vegetarian head, dick is corn on the cob