

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
I'ma hit it, till you damn near start crying
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