Don't Go

Devin The Dude

[Devin the Dude]
Don't Go, No girl (don't go just yet baby)

I'm surprised you tried to compromise and not supply me with
The pleasure of touching you tenderly, at least a tit
Shit, a nipple or something, Just let me tickle it with my pinkie
And play with your, well you know, get my middle finger stankin'

(Girl: Hey don't touch that)
I was just kidding
but you was crunk at the club, now we're alone and you bullshittin
Kissin' all on my neck, squeezing all on my shit
You getting yourself all wet, simply for the funk of it
Why don't you get undressed, lay back, let me massage ya
I won't tell Timmy, if you won't tell Tosha
Everything should be Kosh-er, well you know kosher
Why let your lips hang, let 'em sing like they supposed to

(My name's Cecile)
Pass the sweet around and hush
Don't pull my third leg and I won't beat around your bush
I put 15 dollars in the tank to come and get ya
Now you ready to go and want me to wait til Wednesday to get with ya

[Chorus]
I got ta go
Where you got to go?
Don't go to soon
Where you got to go?

Another day wasted
Shoulda told you I couldn't make it
A nigga damn near masturbated
But I waited
I told myself that I would quit
Fuckin with ya, after I can tell all my friends that I hit
But now its Blue Ball Tuesday
I may be out but I'm not down
I hit the town, neighbors frown
Hearing my ultrasound

I couldn't hear my phone
But when I checked it, a message
Opened it up and read it
It was you, saying come get it
Hey, sure you ready?
I mean, you felt it before, you know its heavy
And hard; you have me 'bout to nut just thinking of you
Those titties, that ass, girl I think I love you

Devin (talking on phone):
I'll be there about 10
What you got on?
You haven't been drinking have you?
Oh yeah, you want some more?
What? What do you mean somebody at the door?
Hello?

I gotta go
Why you gotta go?
Don't Go just yet baby

Her man came home soooooon
And then she saw him walk straight into the room
She was just on the phone luckily
Talking to a strong-boned nigga like me
I, detour to the left, mashed on the gas
Dick hard, hard times, I'm mad, gave the gas another smash
But fuck it, I'll get another chance
Cause tomorrow she's gonna borrow her mother's van
And that's a whole lot of room for the boom-shaka-laka
I've been spending time, thinking on how soon I can fuck her
But seems the bitch ain't gonna get no dick somewhat like Lassie
Cause her momma's takin the van to visit her Auntie in Tallahassee

I gotta go
Where you gotta go?
I gotta go
Baby don't go, don't go
I gotta go
Where you gotta go?

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Ware, Leon / Moore, Cory Allen / Dean, Mike / Copeland, Devin / Rudolph, Richard / Riperton, Minnie
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/