

# 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?

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