

# What the Lovers Do (feat. Devin the Dude)

## Saigon

C'mon shorty, let me get it in  
Just let me, let me touch it then  
Let me touch it, no  
Why you acting like that shorty?  
And we been fuckin' around for awhile, boo  
Y'knowmsayin?  
C'mon let me, just put the head in, no  
Check, uhh, oh no, no, no  
Uh, shorty was a sweetie, believe me she was a darling  
Even come cook us some grub when I was starvin'  
Never interrupted the thug, she said, "Pardon"  
Only 18, and still was fuckin' with Marvin  
Her mother was a school teacher, her father was a sergeant  
Them trickers in the club, my baby be out joggin'  
Would even go as far as givin' the god noggin'  
But when it came to the coochie, she just would not bargain  
Did it all, takin' her shoppin', the ice department  
Even put shorty up in a real nice apartment  
Would come over at night sometime  
With some roses, some white wine  
Tryin to create the right time  
For her to give me some behind, let me get it in  
I know if I hit it once she gon' want me to hit again  
And she said that she tryin' to use discipline  
I said, "Look lil' mama, you not listenin'"  
Go 'head  
If you're in love with me and I'm in love wit'chu  
Then it's alright for us to do what the lovers do  
Just follow my lead, I'll show you what to do  
'Cause I know cuttin' is somethin' you're not accustomed to  
If you're in love with me and I'm in love wit'chu  
Then it's alright for us to do what the lovers do  
Just follow my lead, I'll show you what to do  
'Cause I know cuttin' is somethin' you're not accustomed to  
Uh, they say I gotta put a ring on her finger  
Before I ding-a-ling her  
I understand, but the man ain't tryin to hear it  
My brain wanna shake her mother's hand  
My dick wanna hit her father with a car just for doin' his job

Shit was comin' so much, it was problem god  
Was stressin' me like them white broads would see me on "Entourage"  
Seen what's in the car garage, shit is a mess  
Brand new CLS, dressed up by Funk Flex  
That's besides the point, nigga I'm stressed  
Either she give me some sex or this relationship's put to a rest  
Rather leave her than do her dirty, son this birdie's the best  
I had to show that respect, she didn't deserve less  
Step two her like "Boo, either we doin' the do  
Or you can give me the keys to the view 'cause we through"  
She started cryin like, "How could you do?"  
As I turned to walk away I heard her soft voice come out the blue

Said

After all the time you needed me here  
How could you just turn and leave me here?  
Never to look back and see these tears  
Didn't you swear that you would treat me fair?  
Yeah, but I was lyin' though and I ain't no Thundercat  
The skirt you got on mami, I want what's up under that  
The shirt you got on boo-boo, I want what's up under that  
I wanna see your booty d-do-d-do the thunderclap  
If you're in love with me and I'm in love wit'chu  
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Boo-boo, yeah, I know you're thinkin' I'm a foul type man  
But I ain't really seein' how I can

When I'm just tryin to get my nuts out the sand

Without my hand

Boo-boo, I know you're thinkin I'm a rude type dude, yup  
Spend all my money at the Moulin Rouge  
Layin' up with some shorty cute like you  
But nah I'm in the stu' doin this for guess who  
Yes, you, I don't know what else to say  
Yea-yea, go 'head, I mean, what you want me to say?

Ha, ha, ha

Say yes, bitch, c'mon

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