

# Enemies With Benefits (F. Tonedeff)

## Cunninlynguists

[HOOK - KNO]She sits in bed with her halo crooked  
She says she's never been in love before  
She takes time to define what we'll never get  
We're turning into enemies with benefits  
Enemies with benefits[V1 - NATTI]She the girl of my dreams, also my nightmares  
Cus she be killin it, jigglin' in her nightwear  
Between mean glances that we might share  
The space between us is like a lightyear  
All in my phone like she AT&T  
All in my Facebook pretendin she me  
Cus her "Not Hot" single friends feedin her nonsense  
The ghetto's trying to kill me and my chick's an accomplice  
With black gloves (black gloves) black mask (black mask)  
Full lips (full lips) fat ass (I like that!)  
Text messaging ridiculous comments  
I'd have to wash my mouth out to read you the contents  
She might literally love me to death  
We had a stairway to heaven til' I fell down the steps  
Now I'm left with a pain in the neck  
But she's my eye candy, the flavor I savor  
And I'm part Vader, I think with my saber  
I live in crazy town and I'm married to the mayor[HOOK - KNO][V2 - KNO]They call me Lex, junior  
Not Rex Lewis  
my ex like a six shot shooter - sex ruger  
She's a sex cougar  
she texts we bang everytime I sit next to her  
Man, she get me hard as steel, I call her X-Ray  
Plus my ex bust her neck during sex play  
I get the cleanest dome, I mean it holmes  
She never be at home but she never be alone  
Her boyfriend is a punk, he rock a onesie  
He think he fly, pullin' stunts in his undies  
But she my kryptonite  
I know...cryptic right?  
I'm sitting back with a pipe getting ripped at night  
On my window pane, the coldest rain  
My enemy, Miss Lois Lane[HOOK - KNO][V3 - TONEDEFF]She's a devil in a baby blue dress  
Who I'm mentally redressing as an angel through sex  
Who be testing my mettle - and yes, in a way, I choose the stress

And I guess that I settle cause I'm a slave to huge breasts - But it  
ain't worth it.  
Ask me again if my mind has changed on the situation in five days  
And I couldn't say for certain,  
And so we stay in this deranged arrangement  
Nailing 'tween the breaks of these unwavering debates of 'who's the  
crazy person'?  
She got them fuck-goggles on me  
My judgement Impaired like I was drunk on kamakazi's riding a busted Kawasaki  
Callin the love doctor cause I need a fix of this chick and it's sickening  
Wish I could quit, but my dick is mixing the signals and shit  
Half of the time, I see past all these disastrous signs  
And half of the time, I keep asking if I'm happy to lie  
If blame can be assigned, then I guess I'll have to try this food for thought:  
You can always see the shape of the pan in the pie  
Savage desire in me to taste her loving/  
So my piece of the mind will never turn into a baker's dozen.  
I'm crumbling[HOOK - KNO]

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