The Mood

Vanilla

Shades over my eyes
Make the creepers look back at themselves
Sittin' stuck in emotional bliss
The skinny model girls rub coke on the gums
Tap my knee, I'm keepin' the rhythm
The young and wild take chances together
They all jump up, twist and groove
But no one talks, lost in the motherfuckin' mood
No one talks, lost in the mood
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood
Hey, there's a hunger in the night
The moonlight kissing the nips on the model frame
I kissed her inner thigh
Closed my eye, she began to make me fit
She like to go the mile, all the while
I can see her tear bit, I forgot her name
Something that sounds like Penelope
Maybe a French twang to it
Her tongue was quick, she was French I knew it
A lovely foreigner, foreign to racism
She like that young nigga vibe, my brown skin
My shagged out 'fro, I'm king to her
And she will please her friend for me
So funny how the starving are guardless
Naked is always honest
Her hands all over my privates, lost in the mood
No one talks, lost in the mood
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood
But no one talks, lost in the motherfuckin' mood
No one talks, lost in the mood
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood

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