Blues

Cheifs

Check it life sure hurts with your dick in the dirt
Witcha thang in a sling from the work of a skirt
Balls turned black to blue from a tease or two
Well one tease is a few save your balls from the blues

You're givin me the blues (the blues the blues)
Girl I got the blues (it's all because of you)
It's all because of you (I've got em I've got em)
And those freaky things you do (let me tell you a story)

As we leave the club, you know what's up
Thinkin I'm gettin some, damn was I so dumb
Take her to the crib.. thinkin I'm gon' live
But you got, all these excuses,
How you've heard about me.. and you're not ready sexually
After you done teasin me, you want to leave
Say it isn't true, I'm so excited by you
Don't know what to do, you've given me the blues
I've got em

One of the best hoes, and SO's, at my crib spot
Got the vessels in my testicles stopped on gridlock
Now why you want to touch under drawers and tease Treach
If I bust you better duck or get your whole weave wet
Want to shoot loose the juices, the best of hooches
Blue balls is the sewage, from shit excuses
Now from the first face, on the first date, WHAT?
Five dates, then we do it, still'll be the first fuck
You want to come and touch, run and duck, you're tricky
Take a hickie come for Moby Dick, and slip a mickie
You came foul and phony, you left me lonely
So when I'm stiff and boney, I go and think about Naomi
With my hand as my homey, uhh!

You! You've given me the blues
Girl I've got the blues (look what you did!)
It's all because of you
And those freaky things you do (ohhh yeahh)

Hahaha, yeah

You wore panties all fancy with that sheet shit over it
Nuts tend to lock after an hour and you NOTICE
Female cause charlie horse in my shorts
Nuts beggin me to leave you in the worst part of Newark
Then I thought of a plan and you called me a pervert
Shit, hurtin and you beefin cause I want you to jerk it?
I wish I knew your booty call was a coochie brawl
I woulda had a better ball at the booty bar
Balls swole like a bowl with my dick in the dirt
Shoulda wait til you got up and went and jumped in your purse
See you felt below the belt, while I kiss it you hug it
Ain't come to suck or fuck it, shit you ain't have to TOUCH IT
My thang was cool, takin a nap on my lap
Then you rub it til my balls catch a cramp from the back
Smoke the tight sack, sport the nightcap, you spoke it right back
Balls black and blue, nuts stingin like a spiked bat
You ain't right rat! DAMN! DAMN!

You're givin me the blues

Girl I've got the blues (said I've got the blues)

Wit yo' TEASIN ass

It's all because of you

You know what? You ain't leavin

And those freaky things you do

Get your hat, get your coat

Your purse, and get out!
You're givin me the blues
Girl I've got the blues (is it the blues)
It's all because of you (no no no no no no no)
And those freaky things you do (I have the blues)
Ohh, ohh, oh-ohh, ohh, uh, oh-ohh oahhhh
Uh, oh-ohh oahhh, uh uh uh uh
Ohh, ohh, oh-ohh, ohh, uh, oh-ohh oahhhh..

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by GIST, KEIR/BROWN, VINCENT VINNIE/CRISS, ANTHONY/HUGGAR, ROBERT L.
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/