Maniac

The Knux

Kiss you in the morning
You get what you came for
You get what you came for
Breakfast on the table
I fuck you like Katrina
Fucked New Orleans with that FEMA
& you said you was happy living single
But now it's an obsession
I'm the fire in your tummy
Like a model with no money
I'm Hendrix with that dumb cock
I'm everything you lust for
But I just can't be your lover
Kiss you in the morning
You get what you came for
You get what you came for
We was out in Vegas (yup)
Trying to fake it like some players (yup)
Fronting for some dumb chicks
Actin like we run shit
They say cut through all the non-sense
Take us back to Caesars
You better bet we rushed em
Couldn't believe us
If it feels just like Christmas
Could I fulfill one wish list
If I could go the distance
So throw it like a discus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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