

# LYN

## 4Lyn

I lost my heart on a Monday and I'm still ripped off and passed out

Too much alcohol and weed shot my ass out

One of these girlies made my day for real

And I've got to tell you a little sum about the way that I feel I don't know how old she was but it doesn't matter

I know that they do it better, no older woman can do it the way they do

Fuck, more experience, when they choose you I just cannot explain why these girlies always hit me like an a-train

With their butter soft skin and their curly hair

They try to look innocent but they are always up to sin

LynThey knock you out at the drop of the dime

First eye contact, yo that's the moment when you wanna die

But when you take a look down south

You'll see a hell of a body on the way to blast your eyes outDrinking brew after school, kissing ex-friends  
girlfriends

Hands always where this skirt ends

They wanna make you hot, no doubt

And you wanna take a shot, no doubtWicked games that's the way how they wanna play

Naughty thoughts and a surprise under their shorts

At any given time she wants to do you, screw you

Use and abuse you like she's always used to

Yo, you can run but you cannot hide

You're a two-second-brother when your hips collideYou know who we're talking about, no doubt

The little young nasties, no doubt

Lyn

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