

# Lights Off

## Mason Proper

Kane is in the building nigga  
The daddy dollas, dollas  
    Get nasty, come on  
    Stig, stig, stig, stig, stig  
    Stig, stig, stig, stig, stig  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
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I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Listen baby, I don't mean to stare  
But I been hypnotized by your derriere  
    Ya sympathize if ya man's a square  
Baby, I'm a player that really don't care  
    And on a scale from one to ten  
You like eleven, twelve 'cause ya fine as hell  
    Ya bow legged, paratoned with it  
    Eatable titties and ya ass so pretty  
    No, no scars, no cuts do sit ups  
And fuck enough so you don't need a tummy tuck  
    And you don't need silicon  
Put a good bra on and show off ya own cunt whole  
    Who told you to put the lights on?  
    I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
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    Who told you to put the lights on?  
    I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
    Who told you to put the lights on?  
    I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
    And I love what she do  
    When she do, what she do  
    What she did, what she did to me  
    'Cause when her boy come through  
        She go shakin' that ass  
    Like she really wanna give it to me

And that ass so nice and 'round  
The whole club'll shut down if it touch the ground  
And she know it 'cause she throw them cheeks  
From the right to the left and right back to me

She a stone cold nympho  
She a ghetto in all forms and make it look simple  
And I know where ya get it from  
You a country lil' girl that was raised in the city heart

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I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
With the flick of my tongue  
I can make that pussy cum

Come on, put it right on the tip of my tongue  
Right there on the tip of my tongue  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
Who told you to put the lights on?  
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Who told you to put the lights on?  
I'm ready for ya, I'm ready for ya  
She move like she a freshman

Old quiet girl that her mama done kept in  
She make straight A's, her daddy's rich  
She good in school but she love that dick  
Voted most likely to succeed on Vala Victorian

And been explorin' for him  
She don't need no sorority  
She thinks sorority's borin' and rather have a orgy  
And she in love with her body  
So when she by herself, she like to touch herself  
And she the type that'll eat a dick up off top  
And won't stop till she sop up every drop  
Who told you to put the lights on?

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