

Pick My Brain

Devin the Dude

[Chorus:]

Aww mayne, muthafuckas think I've changed

I'm just tryna chill, that ain't why I came

Now I got these niggas tryna pick my brain

And a couple a bitches wanna lick my thang

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Aww mayne[Verse 1: Devin with (an upcoming rapper)]

Up in the scene with some green in my jeans

Me and my team made of most of weed things

Just leaving the lab, bout to have

Bust a drink, find some ink and hope it don't stink

I go out hardly but when I chill at a party

I just be glad to see everybody

Having a good time as we chill and reminisce

Get on the flo' and bust a move, remember this?

As I see the ladies ringin while the DJ is spinning

Bout to toss up on some pussy, ain't finna pay a penny

Excuse me Miss, baby you looking good, I wish we could

Get to know each other and uh...

(Hey, check it out man!...

I'm tryin to get out there man, what's the best way to do it, man?

I'm tryin to get out there)

You tryin to get out there, man I don't know, man

I know the door is up there to the right

(Aww man, you trippin)[Chorus][Verse 2:]

That nigga bustin me and talkin bout the publishing

When that ain't the conversation we discussing

When we got a group of bitches over there in the mix

Lookin oh so fine with their hair fixed

I don't know right now how much will I charge for a verse

But I do know that my dick is so hard that it hurts

Lookin at that bitch over there, excuse me mayne

Let me spit my game, hopefully she'll lick my thang

(Oh that nigga trippin, that nigga think he that

That nigga think he this, hey nigga ain't bout shit

Man he ain't gon help a brother out in need

All that nigga wanna do is fuck hoes and smoke weed
Man you know I'm tryna come up and tryna do mines
And that nigga there he ain't got time!)
We got sweets, got freaks, got joints and shits
I won't talk about no mothafuckin points and splits[Chorus][Verse 3:]
We talkin and we jokin bout to spark it finna smoke it
(Say man my CD's about ready, man what I do)
Market and promote it!
Man my dick I'm tryin to poke it in the broad when I leave
It's kinda difficult to do it with you slobbin on my sleeve
Nigga please hit the weed and chill fo' a sec
What are the chances of you getting the deal fo' I jet?
With all due respect I understand your hustle
But I'm tryna get one-a-deez hoez to hug my love muscle
(Man, what's a love muscle?
What's a love muscle? Hey man!)

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