

# Wallace

## Drive-By Truckers

Hot lava, hot lava  
Hot high Lady Lucid, the city  
What, what up? Rottweiler?  
I might take ya to it, get ready

Friar flyer, Iâ€™m the Nostra-dyme  
And I say, say I says how do ya?  
I cloud all day and night, outta sight  
Iâ€™m miss â€œso-highâ€• so I wore some eye wears and tie-dye  
Alright, young blood, nice to know ya  
Should give my name, if I think ya knew it already  
What a brave design, what a time  
Ay, Monsieur Iâ€™m so live and so world-wide

If that's what you know, Wallace, I say yo  
Come and talk to me, beam me up  
When I reach that one, do you wild out?  
I suppose I been hot in Europe, yep  
Tel Aviv, Istanbul, Seoul, London, Tokyo  
Dawn is Dusk to me, believe me yup  
When I beat that drum boy, go  
Wallace, I say yo  
Come and talk to me, beam me up

He said it's just me MISS BANKS  
A.K.A. NestlÃ©  
A.K.A. Best He, ever had sex  
He ever got licked, but he never got swallowed  
Bitch you know that nigga in the Sugar-Pop lotto  
He was on her Twitter, but he never got followed  
Iâ€™m a chin-up with that win I get the yen & pop bottles  
And umm.. official with the hitter-hop, y'all know  
Ocie-beachie bathing with that, that top model  
And umm.. he already know what it does  
I got hair for ya nigga, keep it deep in the fuzz  
I chat-cheek-cheeky chickle, sip a giggly-grape  
Yes I jiggle when I wiggle-shake it, shook up the bait  
Best to get her mister, for ya best one do  
The jet-setter with the pleasure and the wet pum-poom

The Black-Cherry on her tickle when her breast undo  
Ya lick the left on ya gotta lick the right one too, nigga!

Yeah, I'm stylin, a starlet, a scene...  
Carve a diamond tiara, pour tea...  
One time for SeÑ±ora Cherry, Cherry!  
Yeah, I'm lilac and laurel a tease  
You'™re a giant, I saw all your teeth  
Rottweiler, let'™s barter let'™s see

Bow-Wow yippee-yo yippee-yay  
Poochie, you big dog? Then bite for a taste!  
Kitty in many cities, you licking for a lay?  
Claiming the big ticket then pay what you say!  
Benji'™s and Euro-izzy, The Yin for the Yang  
Touring the world Crazy Make Rottweiler gray  
Bottles of Gold frizzy, she'™s frosty and chaste  
Dead doggy-dog belongs in the Grave

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