I Smell Pussy

50 Cent

Son, you smell that? What's that?
I smell pussy, is that you Irv?
I smell pussy, is that you Ja?
I smell pussy, is that you Black?
I smell pussy, is that you Tah?Y'all niggas is pussy
I'm ballin' now nigga now watch me
(Watch me)
Ain't nothin' you can do to stop me
(Stop me)
You niggas get so emotional
(Emotional)You remind me of my bitch
It's not in my nature to make a commitment so let me breathe
But she doesn't understand catch attitudes when I leave her
(Leave her)
Like being on probation makin' it harder for me to except herAs my own, she tries to tie up my phone and
(Phone and)
I'm not at home, she's thinkin' that I'm not alone
Probably out tryin' to bone anythin' in the street
I let her know she can leave, I ain't tryin' to tie her up but seeIt's hard to fuck with somebody after she touches me mami
I'm not your regular nigga, I know the game
(I know the game)
But I don't play by the rules
I'm focusin' on my moves that way I'll never lose
See I can tell by your shoes if you attracted to Benz's with 22'sSay, I confuse, you play little tricks with your head
Catchin' feelin's ever since the first time I slept in your bed
I'm not here to tease you, mislead you or mess up your dreams
(Nah)
I can't say I love you, I don't know what that means, I'ma pimpGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyWhen I first met her, I did anything to get her
(What?)
Paid all her bills and filled the 'fridgerator
Reminiscin' on late nights when I try to lay up

But couldn't get off, 'cause your baby would stay upShe even crashed the whip tryin' to switch in the third lane
That's when I realized this bitch was a bird brain
A pigeon writin' her baby pops in the box in the prison
Sing-sing is where he biddin'She in the Gucci tights and Findi high heals
Baby wipes and cans of Infamil
Motor bike and grams of fish scale
It's a nine to five niggas with no frillsTurnin' young niggas with princables to old men with debts
And all the prank calls was death threats
That bitch had the best sex all across the globe
And the bitch head game was out of controlGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
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And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
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Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyI'm wonderin' when I'm gone if you'll miss me
(Miss me)
Or do you miss the Don Perion and the Cristy
I'm fuckin' with you
I'm feelin' your shape, I'm feelin' your eyes
Later on I'm feelin' your ass and feelin' your thighs
(Come here, baby)Sweet heart you're book smart and street smart
I knew you was my type from the very, very start
(Yeah)
I'm into tongue kissin' and four play all day
Mama ain't home so the noise is okayO.D.B you know he like it the raw way
Latex safe sex no hickeys on the neck
Now you learnin'
The Lords blessin' makes me wiser as the world's turnin'
My tongue touch the right spot have your toes curlin'Whether we're just kickin' it or sexin', I'm a pro, baby girl
I spit game to perfection
(Yeah)
So when niggas make mistakes I correct them
And when niggas get out of line I check them manGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
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Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyGirl, you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to ecstasy without taking extasyYeah, don't think I forgot about your fat ass though Irv
Runnin' around, takin' pictures
Like you Puff Daddy and the family, mothafucka
And that bitch Charli BaltimoreBitch look like she died last week pale as fuck
Paint her hair red think she gone sell records
Tryin' to impersonate Pink and shit bitch

Punk ass mothafuckasAll you mothafuckas get wrote on nigga
Ain't no mothafuckas leave her alone
'Cause she a bitch fuck that nigga
Fuck all of it but not you Ashanti, baby
You know how I feel about you, baby
(Kiss)Come on, come here, girl
Come on, gimme some love, girl
Fuck Irv Gotti you know how me and you do baby
You know they say I'm sexy now
Hey, Irv, your mama got a thing for me

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