Primer

Christopher Lawrence

Hey Daily, Get the fuck away from my sister you punk motherfucker(intro) I do... I do... I do...
Hey whassup, can I kiss the bitch yet?... I do...First of all bitch, I never promised I'd be rich
so fuck you and your wishes, ya need to do the dishes
and change the damn cat litter
I thought I told you to get rid of that crazy cat last week
Yo, don't you get sassy with me missy
Because I'll go upside you quickly
But yo, she's kinda sneeky when I sleep she'll probably stick me
But it be a threat, and threats make her respond
She probably grew up watching pops beat her mom
and to the break-a-dawn
I could pop shit, talk shit, hostage to herself
Because there aint no where to walk; this is the middle of hell
You've got no job, no diploma
Might as well kick it with me and live in Hinckley, Minnesota
She's my trailer park chick
with the pop tarts and venison hard liquor to cop a buzz
off the over the counter medicine
The rent is in the mail
bitch pump the keg
Fix the antenna, act your age and spread your legs
It's my CAS-STLE, whiiiiiiite stank ho
and if I want to I'll put it in your asshole
You wanna battle baby? I'll put a shadow over ya sky
Now shut the fuck up and fix me turkey pot pieI own the camaro and the mobile home, so where the fuck you gonna go?
(4X)go, go,
go ahead and call your mom if ya need someone to cry to boo
I guarantee ya that that bitch is gonna lie to you
Fuck ya crank head, soap opera, pastries, and diet soda
everything she'll ever need to know she learned from Oprah
You what the hell she's gonna do for you?
That bitch is stuck too
Get off my phone, tell her I said what up, and muthafuck you
And tell daddy if he wants some
to bring his drunk ass on
I beat that fat bastard with a cast on
Ay yo honey I'm trippin
But why you always flippin

dress slutty everytime that we go drinkin with my buddies
won't be long before you carrying my puppies
Speaking of which you bleeding yet bitch?
Cause you gettin kind of chubby
Yo, where the hell'd you put my stash?
Better tell me quick fast or catch a foot in the ass
Oh no, you did not smoke all of my pot
If my remmington was out the pawn shop, you'd get shot
Stop, and put that knife back in the sink
Baby, Baby, Baby, why you fucking trying to take me to the brink?
What you think?
Quit thinking and pretending that you're smart
Happily ever after 'til death do us partI own the camaro and the mobile home, so where the fuck you gonna go?
(4X)I love you.

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