

Girlfriend

Mickey Avalon

Three little birds sitting on my doorstep
Chirp chirp chirpin' when I pull up in my corvette
Before sex I like a little foreplay
Love and sex and a bag of ya-yo
don't say nothin' when you leave here
Ill let you pet my ferret if he can meet your beaver
I can see me and you together
Raw dog on the couch tearin' up the pleather
Rub her face, rippin' up the lace
Panties to the side as I slide into place
Smile on her face, tears in her eyes
"my daddy didn't love me right" she cried

Girlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend
So baby, go, go, go
Girlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend

But when Monday comes, you better pack your bags and hit the road
I don't want no trouble that I cant afford
I got a daughter at home, her name on my neck
I don't need another baby in my life just yet
I got 99 problems, and your girlfriend's one
I'm crazy in love with my sawed-off shotgun
Hand on the pump, bust a window at the pawn shop
Reach right in and got blood on my Rolex
Take me home and lick my wounds, let me crawl back in the womb
Click, clack, boom, comin' out of the tomb
Dead man walkin', singin' out of tune
Bad attitude, shrewd and rude
Cooler than a pack of coors
Smooth, like baby nuts, all the ladies in the club listen up

Girlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend

So baby, go, go, go
Girlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend

But when Monday comes, you better be in the kitchen cookin' ham and eggs
lookin' hot as the door slammed the back of your head
She said "ill be back," I said "yea, whatev"
The Av don't like it when you play with me head
Now let me tell you somthin' about the birds and the bees
The birds is flying and the bees just bug me
Ugly, honeys want to fuck me, and if I get drunk you might get lucky
Guess what, I'm runnin' out of money
You can be my piggy bank, sugar mommy

Girlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend
So baby, go, go, go
Irlfriend, I don't want to be your boyfriend
I just thought that we could be friends
With benefits on the weekend

But when Monday comes

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by ADLER, CISCO / PEARL, YESHE
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>