

# Eat 'em Up, Beat 'em Up

## Field Mob

You say you got a man at home  
But he don't dig deep in ya guts and he ain't freaky enough, but me  
I eat 'em up, beat 'em up then switch sides  
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I pour a little drank, we smokin' on a sac  
You like it from the front but you love it from the back  
I eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides  
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I wanna put ya lips below ya navel, up against the lips above my chin  
To kiss ya low as if ya genitals below a mistletoe  
And let ya saddle up on me and sit you on top  
And lick you low like a midgets blow pop  
You got mo ass than a cattle of donkeys  
I'm grippin' your hips as I flip ya diggin' into your twat  
You so bad I'll raw you, yep wit no rubber  
dime piece, I'll drink yo bath water  
I'm the best, I won't hurt you, I'll eat it up and have ya moanin'  
Like you in a Herbal Essence commercial  
Baby girl, I'm the better man  
Didn't you say he don't eat ya, he must be a vegetarian  
'Cause as long as I got this face and lips  
You always got a place to sit  
So let me treat you like a postage stamp  
And lick you before I stick you  
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She say she like it when I kiss on her neck and bite her nipples  
Hit it from the back I have her walkin' like she cripple  
I'm the king of the quickie, I be workin' it  
Nine inches plus its thick with a curve in it  
Like a rainbow, for us the game go, keep it quiet  
Unless you wanna suffer from a good dick diet  
I don't know what you been told

Yeah I kiss the clit but don't suck no toes  
Take ya clothes off but leave ya shoes on  
Dance for daddy let me see ya new thong  
You wrong if you expectin' me to be trickin' I cant  
I'mma be gone just as soon as I wash my dick in the sink  
You got a husband and two kids  
And I ain't tryin' to be beefin' wit him 'cause he mad I'm up in his boo ribs  
Fussin' because he discovered  
Same mouth he kiss been stuffed wit some new dick  
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I eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides  
If yo husband ain't lovin' you right, call me, I'mma give you the wood  
If he don't beat it, I'mma beat it, beat it like he should  
We been smokin' and drinkin', what's on yo mind, whatcha thinkin'  
I'mma beat it up, but before I beat it up I'mma eat it up  
I'mma beat it so good you'll wake up wit a sore rear in the mornin'  
Callin' me talkin' 'bout Smoke you knocked my period on  
And how it hurts to sit down and work  
And how your roommate be complainin' about her hearing us moanin'  
I'm bringin' down your tears when we bonin'  
The way you cryin' out my name it's like you cheerin' me on  
I, eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides  
You earthquakin' and shiver like it's cold  
I getcha like a stove, hot and heated sweat for me  
Rub ya clit get it wet for me  
And when it from the rida-coochie  
Make me make you come like jury duty  
You pregnant glad it ain't mine  
It's a fact I was strapped, I ain't lyin'  
Doctor say it's a lil' girl good  
Now I get pussy and head at the same time  
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