Sleepin' With Me

Mystikal

The bitch been sleepin' with me
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I woke up this morning, dick rock hard
This time I had scratches on my back
Agh, lipstick on my draws
'Cause me and the bitch from down the street been creepin'
I beat that pussy like a heathin' and she keep my beeper beepin'
Don't repeat this
The whole while we was sneakin' I was cheatin'
Shhh, it's a secret
My lady wanna try to kill me to find out where I was sleepin'
I guess the fuck, she can't find out
Come on hoe hurry up and put on your mutherfuckin' clothes
Look bitch we got to dine out
She [incomprehensible] me locks, give me knots
Put on your draws and your socks
She make unannounced frequent stops
It wouldn't be nothin' pleasant if she catch us
Or find them dirty love letters
Or them pictures of you in sexy teddies
She knows it's heavy breathin' when we finish
Legs and shit gonna be numb
And you gonna be so [incomprehensible]
Find your mutherfuckin' earings and fix yo hair
Come on lets bounce up out this motherfucka before
(Michael, you in there)
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I didn't want to get into it, get involved
I know you know thats that same broad from them late night phone calls
But I swear darlin', I done begged that bitch to stop callin'

Come on don't look at me like that, it ain't that way at all
Besides shit, we ain't married, I ain't got nothin' to hide
If I'd fucked, I could've told ya, she said,? Ya ain't gotta lie?
Just for your information I walked down the street on the side
When you and that bitch was gettin' outta dodge

I already found out you's a rapper so I should'nt be surprised
I guess I had to see it with my own two eyes
I said, ?What the hell, F.B.I., she a spy?
Girl, pull that fuckin' skin back and call me circumsized
She said,? Yea, you make me laugh but you make me cry
And I done put up with shit, them trifflin' hoes and I'm tired?
I said, ?what you tryin' to say"
She said, "I would just let you slide but I got my pride
I love you Michael but this is goodbye, you all know why?
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And being that I'm happily unmarried with no attachments
A black bachelor with cabbage
Bitches be throwin' pussy at me
Baby, you nasty
But put your number in my bepper and I'll pick you up Saturday
She said, ?Saturdays, bad, I'm off Sunday?
I said, ?Sunday I gotta got to the studio, I'll hook up with you Monday?
She said, ?Damn, honey, Monday, I'm a have my son
And Tuesday I got an appointment at the salon to get my hair done?
I said, ?Shucks, it ain't no thing, baby, handle your biz
I ain't got no chil'ren but Mystikal love the kids?
She said, ?That's cool, I'm free Wednesday where you live
I'll get my girlfriend to drop me off over there? and that's what she did
But she pulled up with a fine ass friend
She said, ?My girlfriend gotta go to the bathroom bad?
I said, ?Go on in?
But I'm go in there with ya, show you where
Made that old girl stay down stairs, while we went upstairs
Y'all know damn well, the bitch friend been sleepin' with me
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