

Sol Luna

Pro Era

[Hook: Dymond Lewis]

Maybe im in love with your soul, in love with your soul

Maybe im in love with your soul, in love with your soul

Cause i think about you day and night, night and day

I swear to god you take my breath away[Verse 1 : Joey Badass]

So I heard you like it hardcore

Rough sex from the back

Pullin' out your tracks when I attack

But I can't feel that hardcore appeal that you screamin'

Baby maybe I'm dreamin'

This ain't nothing like the rest im nothin' but the best

You put me to the test and i swear i come correct

You talkin' to the sex veteran late night let 'em in

Keep it there for the runnin' for your reverand

Flickerin' ashes like cigarette ashes

And about the young badasses

Sick of their asses (Ha Ha)

Then why they do be laughin'

Come here come out escape im runnin' out in a getaway fashion

One palm at the loud hit the palm strike the matches

We [stricter] than your norm that rose to young actress

Out from under my mattress [?] rappin'

Guess what she greets me askin'?[Hook][Verse 2]

Now she say she can't get enough

Im walkin' out the door and she tryna hold me up

Just so to t-t-t-touch i got you in a cobra clutch

Let me break it down as you roll my dutch

We use to have history together

So dunno how you feel but you're mystery forever

It could be whatever we could smoke 'dis up

No hickory rotisserie dinner

Plug they auxiliary up in to my phone

A little Robert Kelly to get into my zone

I still can't see nothin' wrong

With some bump and grind unless I hump your spine

Untill we multiplyin' [?] resort to crimes

That's partly why I assault the 'nani

She love me inside with my hands on her body

Baby can't get enough because probably[Hook][Bridge]

Because i got something that you gonn' like
And you might get a peek if you play your cards right
It's whatever im winnin' whenever she winnin'
Just listen to 'dis yeah no kiddin lets kick it[Verse 3: A La \$ole]
We puffin' on that endo
I hope it never end though
Had a couple bad bitches you was with lorenzo
I had the main chick but she wasn't even important enough
To be callin' me her boyfriend and stuff
I ain't lyin' im just tryna get a piece of food
Piece of you got your man sayin' piece of you
Spread your two lips and let me show you how a pro do 'dis
We two kids interluding [?]
I knew 'dis was gonna happen our timbs tappin'
Her heart racin' im limb grabbin'
She 'bout to blow like Bin Laden
She throw it back like Madden
I mean laterals spark a spliff tell her pass the dough
Im in the red zone about to touch down
She said she got a man but she dont give a fuck now
You givin' it to me five finger sale free
But then you'll get exchanged cause you can't return to me[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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