

Plumskinzz (Loose Hoe, God & Cupid)

KMD

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uhhhhh, uhhhhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhhSho' nuff as the 7-11 wins
I's in for Plumskinnz from begin like when?
A rooster a-booster, vickin all the hens with a grin
Thick chicks, but even sticks got friends least ten
Up high, the up high I'm covered
With the innocent fuzz from the peaches says the streets hit the toe
Down low on the down low
I know the right juice from the darkest fruits got roots, a superhoe
Mind wanderin, mind playin tricks
I want Nestle Quik picks my best of games to kicks
Tongue tied up, tongue tied up confidin
Thinkin' if I could I'll stoop to trickin'
Beware the grocer when ya crush em with your thumbs though oh?
See no grocer wants bruised plums yo so?
Once bruised one time, 'tis forgotten
And once the plums is rotten, the skinzz'll cut your gums
At the corner store a sign reads, "For Sale Plumskinzz Fruit Cocktail"
Only ones runnin to the corner is pale males
Open all night, the corner plumskinzz is stale
Back to the honeyplum that's swift with gift
And if the plum is pit I guess I'll just plead fifth
I'll say sweet young, from your?have some
You got some peach fuzz
"Yeah you know me!" well I'm down with O.P.Plumskinzz
Don't drool with all the juice you dribble
Scribble the beeper code, so the X can gets a nibble
Trust, just, in case you're asked why
Behind my buttonfly is a fruit fly
Huntin for those plumskinzzI said a hip, hop, shooby doo wop
When I'm checkin for the plums, ya don't stop
I said a hip, hop, shooby doo wop
When I'm lickin on the plums, ya don't stop
I said a hip, hop, shooby doo wop
When I'm eatin on the plum, ya don't stop
I said a hip, hop, shooby doo wop

Like suckin on a plum, ya don't stop
Since last we spoke I cried about Teddy Ruxpin
And me myself, in a dream, pimpin in a tux and uhh
Now that the toys in my bed hit the edges
Skinzz'll be smoked like, Benson and Hedges
Legs over ledges, I'm over heels
Over heels, five-nine is the result of how I build
But then hard times come, oh and how
It makes me feel as if I needs, a Lowenbrau
No I ain't gon' never seek refuse in booze
I find the Gods and crews, seekin plumskinzz to bruise
Up somethin lovely kickin game, no shame
Great shape got me Great date but untamed
You never knows, where goes my hand next
Suprise, I'm in your plumskin Spandex
Lust for lust-ful got me lustin
Honies ask for it, but then they start bustin
Want ya, need ya, but don't wanna seed ya
Baby listen close, and follow this procedure
You feel my peachfuzz while I rub your plumskin
But before you go you know we gotta get somethin
Start-ed, pump-kin, pie
I promise to lick ya til your well runs dry
By the fruit you bare I guess you got spoon
In my room I search some this Fruit of my Loom
I never touch young bright them plums til they reach age
Oooh-ahh plumsauce baby food is Subroc stage
Don't think I ain't good when I'm gooder
Don't think I won't when I woulda
I save plums in lump sums because I may want it soon
Damn I wouldn't want my plum to turn prune
Unless it be all that, be all that
It won't matter, just black sweet ones come fatter
I'm kinda, kinda picky with my fruit mix
But always fix fat drums in the batter
They say you must, must share a little plum
I say, "With that idea kid, you're dumb"
I play the role, play the role, kinda shy
And keep the concept to unbutton the fly
The question, my oh my, any left for thy shore?
I pick fresh fruit, plus vick 'em galore
Raw as can be, I can be much more adore
My sweet gift shot like Quickdraw McGraw
It's plenty much, plenty much to go round
I weigh 'em by the hand, take 'em by the pound
Maybe I slap big, bot-tom round

But if now, sit tight, I just might hound you down
Things that make you go "Mmmmm"
Taste a sugarplum, use your mouth, go "Mmmmm"
If you ain't already been, yo catch me with a finnickin' grin
And you should know, like Flynn I'm in
For those plumskinzz

Songwriters

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