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I lost my heart on a Monday and I'm still ripped off and passed out  
Too much alcohol and weed shot my ass out  
One of these girlies made my day for real  
And I've got to tell you a little sum about the way that I feel I don't know how old she was but it doesn't matter  
I know that they do it better, no older woman can do it the way they do  
Fuck, more experience, when they choose you I just cannot explain why these girlies always hit me like an a-train  
With their butter soft skin and their curly hair  
They try to look innocent but they are always up to sin  
Lyn They knock you out at the drop of the dime  
First eye contact, yo that's the moment when you wanna die  
But when you take a look down south  
You'll see a hell of a body on the way to blast your eyes out Drinking brew after school, kissing ex-friends  
girlfriends  
Hands always where this skirt ends  
They wanna make you hot, no doubt  
And you wanna take a shot, no doubt Wicked games that's the way how they wanna play  
Naughty thoughts and a surprise under their shorts  
At any given time she wants to do you, screw you  
Use and abuse you like she's always used to  
Yo, you can run but you cannot hide  
You're a two-second-brother when your hips collide You know who we're talking about, no doubt  
The little young nasties, no doubt  
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