

Slob on My Knob

Three 6 Mafia

slob on my knob like corn on the cob
check in with me and do your job
lay on the bed and give me head
dont have to ask dont have to beg
juicy is my name sex is my game
lets call the boys lets run a train
squeeze on my nuts lick on my butt
the naturally curly hair please dont touch
first find a mate second find a place
third find a bag to hide the whole face
real name grover i said bend over
i started to knock then came the odor
smelt like mush shouldnt had a woosh
told her to stop and take a doosh
when she did that i didnt want the cat
so i backed out and never came back
suck a nigga dicka somthen
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my nigga D -magic said he had to have it
i said just forget it its too crappy
know a little freak in hollywood
sucks on dick does it real good
shell give you money feel up your tummy
house full of kids parents all funny
once had a doubt backyard ground
hit it from the back enjoyed the sound
lay on the cover always use the rubber
till i got cought fucken with her motha
she blamed it on me we fought in the streets
she pulled out a knife so i had to flee
call up the boys went to her house
trashed the whole place threw the bitch out
police busted in were da niggas at
we left just in time and neva came back
rode through the hood waiven at the freaks
we sniffen all the rocks we smoken all the geeks
made another stop police station

saw a few cops drove by and spayed them
license tag number a nigga said he saw
focus all the time and neva get cought

Lyrics submitted by Amanda.

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