

Slob On My Knob

Juicy J

Slob on my knob
Like corn on the cob
Check in with me
And do your job
Lay on the bed
And gimme head
Don't have to ask
Don't have to beg
Juicy is my name
Sex is my game
Let's call the boys
Let's run a train
Squeeze on my nuts
Lick on my butt
The natural curly hair
Please don't 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
Shouldn't had a woosh
Told her to stop
And take a doosh
Once she did that
I didn't want the cat
So, I bailed out
And never came back
Sucka nigga dicka suck
Sucka nigga dicka suck
Sucka nigga dicka suck
Sucka nigga dicka suck
My nigga, D-magic
Said he had to have it
I said just forget it

It's too crappy
Know a little freak
In Hollywood
Sucks on dick
Does it real good
She'll 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
Name under cover
Always used a rubber
Until I got caught
Fuckin' with her mother
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
"Where the niggas at?"
We left just in time
And never came back
Rode through the hood
Wavin' at the freaks
Sniffin' all the rocks.
Smokin' 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 never get caught