

# Miss Kissin On You

## Lil Boosie

Boosie badass

When you miss somebody, you miss somebody

That's how it is (straight up)

I'm a send this out to the few women I was in love with (wassup) Why do I feel so lonely in a major way?

You know this shit was real and you know it baby

I didn't wanna baby, And it drive you crazy

Even though you gotta man you forever my lady

I miss sipping on your daiquiris

I miss your macaroni and cheese, yes indeed

With no care, I hit you bare, you know wassup

Knowing your body would nut, I taught you everything

Make you cry, make you smile, at the same time

Dumb shit, baby girl I miss your tongue kiss

Miss laying in the bed with you

Miss your people and the soul food they fed a nigga

Most of all I miss you, I'm having flashbacks

Of you coming across the track with your hair wrapped

Miss talking on the phone til' the early morning

Making love off Keith Sweat songs

No one can do me like (you) I miss kissing on you

You know I miss kissing on you

I miss kissing on (you)

Miss touching on you baby

I miss touching on you

I miss touching on you baby

I can't stop thinking about (you)

I can't stop thinking about you girl

I can't stop thinking about (you)

I can't stop thinking about you girl It's no mistake that I'm amazing

You kissin touch in lovin my body, the things you do to me

You keep it true to me, all this shit ain't new to me

I been messing with ballers kept me lace in top jewelry

A hood nigga like you yeah I like that

Your swagg on point and you keep it coming right back

When you text I right back, yeah right back

I know you like that, that's why I handle that

Bedroom lights off, we kissin slow to a track

It ain't even bout the sex, I crave the gangsta way you act

When you all up in that, you so smooth with it

That's why I never hesitate to say "daddy come and get it"  
I got my Vicky's on and my Diamond Princess perfume  
I can't help but think about the thing we do up in the room  
When it's just me and you  
A fantasy come true  
I can't describe Ooohhh  
(I miss kissin on)I miss kissing on you  
You know I miss kissing on you  
I miss kissing on (you)  
Miss touching on you baby  
I miss touching on you  
I miss touching on you baby  
I can't stop thinking about (you)  
I can't stop thinking about you girl  
I can't stop thinking about (you)  
I can't stop thinking about you girlI swear to god I miss it all  
The way that you would call  
Beating up your pussy, knocking pictures off the wall  
In the studio thinking to myself, "I got one song left, and I'm coming home to you"  
Love it when I hit you from the back and you look back at me  
Our sex attractive like metal to a magnet  
Turn that T.I. On, that's her shit right there  
Get drunk, now she hollering, "that's her dick right there"  
I send this off to the ladies who had my head grown  
A pretty black girl, a couple red bones  
I guess we learn from each other cause we're stepping-stones  
With kids now like "damn, that's how it is now"  
Riding to New Orleans, laughing the whole time  
Living life with out a care, walking down Canal  
I remember how you smell, the polish on your toes  
Remember the first time you went down low  
Nobody did it like (you)

Songwriters

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