Some Cut

Trillville

What it is hoe, ah what's up
Can a nigga get in them guts
Cut you up like you ain't been cut
Show your ass how to really catch a nut
Well, give me your number and I'll call
And I'll follow that ass in the mall
Take you home, let you juggle my balls
While I'm beatin' and tearin' down your walls
This your boy Mr. Funkadelic, what's the business baby
I've been eying you all day in the mall miss lady
You looking good, I think I seen your ass in the hood
With your friends dressed up, trying to front if you could
But anyway, gone and drop a number or something
So I can call you later on, on your phone or something
Take you home, and maybe we could bone or something
It's no limits to what we do, 'cause tonight we cutting, gut busting
I'm digging in your walls something vicious
With your legs to the ceiling, catch a nut something serious
You delirious, or might I say you taste so delicious
With your pretty brown skin, like Almond Joys and Kisses
And you ah certified head doctor
Number one staller that takes dick in the ass and won't holler
Bend you over and I'll follow you straight to the room
Where it goes down lovely in the Legion of Doom
What it is hoe, ah what's up
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Well, give me your number and I'll call
And I'll follow that ass in the mall
Take you home, let you juggle my balls
While I'm beatin' and tearin' down your walls
Shit, you know the deal before a nigga even stepped
Damn that ass hot, seems like it's gone melt
You know I give it to you 'til you run out of breathe
Then bust a nut all over yourself
The first time I called, you were juggling on my balls
In and out of your jaws, I was beating down your walls
Had your ass breaking laws for a player was the cause

And every time you seen a G you was slipping off your drawers, I recall
I met your ass at the mall, in the fall
You the one with the dress on, let me take you home
Show your ass how to buss a nut, up in the guts
Cut you up like you ain't been cut
From the back then to the side to the front
Turn around, you down to ride
I smack them thighs, anyway that you want me
So gone see about a pimp and that monkey and that's fo' sho'
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Well, give me your number and I'll call
And I'll follow that ass in the mall
Take you home, let you juggle my balls
While I'm beatin' and tearin' down your walls
What's the business baby, can I get in them drawers
I like the way your hands rub against my balls
'Cause you the one, a nigga met at South Dekalb Mall
With your pretty brown skin, thick thighs and all
135 petite, and your smell is unique
Maybe we can exchange numbers and hook up in the week
Oh, you a freak, I knew it from the first time I saw you
The way you played with your tongue, I knew right then I would call you
So what it is, they call me Super Don from the ville
And I'ma tell you like this, 'cause a nigga so real, and stay trill
'Cause all I wanna do is just drill
With that ass in the air, and the pussy I kill
And I feel, you love to fuck up on a hill
Suck dick from behind, and take nut in your grill
So bitch chill, and shut your mouth just for a second
While I lay this dick down on you just like I'm Teddy
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