

I'll Say Anything

Devin the Dude

Aye aye aye
¿Que paso?
Aye, you know, doin' my thing

Uno, dos, tres, cuatro...
¿Tu quiero el grande verga from the choco-latte vato?
A lot of my partnas, they say I look like Ralo
I beat the pussy up, as if I was Héctor Camacho
Snatch a bitch cheese from her taco
Tell her I'm head honcho. Me need me dinero, pronto
On my huevos, she like cilantro
She's kinda weird, so I dropped her ass off on Montrose
And there I saw some plump hoes, and I saw some skinny bitches
Both sellin' they pussy, I be penny pinchin'
Got no time for dick itchin', bitch get in the kitchen
And whip somethin' up, but a dick she'd rather suck...
For a buck or two, who the fuck are you tellin' her to stop it?
I don't buy cock bitch, you got weed? I'll cop it
Go 'head and twerk it in my bitch
Later on I'll get it wet and sloppy, heh, 'cause I be...

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I'll say anything to get a bitch to lick my nuts
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And you know me, I got the weed
Come on, let's get high, brah

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The homie eighty-sixed me sayin' shits and giggles
I be sayin' shit to get my bits and kibbles
Or Kibbles 'n Bits, nipples and tits
Back in the days, yeah my waves had the ripple effect
I'll rip off your neck, if you come fuckin' with me
'Cause ya gal lickin' my balls and suckin' my D
It's rough the streets, so I just leave 'em alone
If I do some dirt, it might be in the woods back home
Where it's peaceful at. And the Sweets are fat
Back in the black Cadillac, with the beat in the back
With a freak rubbin' my sack, just to get my night started
Got my pipe hardened, she say she might record it...
At the party where we goin' later on
She play with my bone to her favorite song
She asked if I would try new things
Took some Cialis and I gave the bitch some Biotène. Heh

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I roll cigars like I'm Cuban. Serve you a Rick Rubin
Richard on rye, dick sandwich, get to chewin'
Dude just wanted some head from the stone-cold freak
She said without bread, she don't want no meat
But I can't give you no bread, not even a end-piece
Buyin' pussy kinda trendy, but bitch, it offends me
Oh yo, that's your dame brah? Sure you wanna claim her?
Nigga, smell my finger, just got through stirrin' that thang up
O.G. rap singer, with the gift o' gab
Old school type lyrics, like that shit right there
And your bitch might stare, when I walk in the place
Imagine me pullin' up, shootin' balls in her face
I should call it a day, 'cause I'm old an' I'm tired
But long as bitches exist and these hoes on Live
I'm a ride, hit 'em with the old musket
Get the duck sick, and hopefully get both nuts licked (nuts licked)
Ha ha

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