

## Body Language

Saukrates

(hear this)  
(let me just say this)  
(you're a very pretty girl)  
(where's your attitude, which was ugly as a motherfucker  
You really need to tighten that shit up)  
(you got to fix yourself)  
('cause there's gonna be one nigga... that might just snap on your ass)

It's 10:15 up in the am, scratch the back, cough the phlegm  
I hear the phone ringing  
I wipe the sleep from the tear ducts  
Phone's ringing, sun's blazing through the curtains  
Ignore the phone calls, pager bawls  
Check the number, it's 4-1-6-k-c-t-2-2-6-4  
The 3 means for me to go an call back immediately  
I call back and I'd myself as the chizz-knocka

Yo, what up potna? I got a little story to tell  
About this heavy chickenheaded, brow eye cocktail  
Nipples like pickles, did her well to the dills  
Spinning in the background, all I could hear was wedding bells  
'cause the cock had me locked on pussy detention  
Forgot to mention ass cheeks was heavy, broke my suspension  
And even got to say what happened  
Her body language spoke a new form of rapping  
Pussy so tight she grabbed my dick with it and started clapping  
When we were done, she said 'thank you sugar' (sugar)  
I analyzed her barbed wire tattoo 'round her ankles  
Would have taken the time to study it before I hit it  
Was killing to get in it,  
So I choose to peep the g right after we done did it  
I'm telling you this because I'm the sweet pussy critic  
I reminisce on ass, pussy, tits and thick lips all over my long prick  
You the shit brown eyes, you the shit's what I said  
I see you doing movies, getting all up in my nigga's head  
Peep what I said, you the bomb and my mind is caught  
But listen, the dick is long but the time is short, it's you I'm dissing  
You pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold  
You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold  
As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing  
I read you body language, now please get out my basement

But that some shit nigga  
I bet if you wanted to,  
You'd make that pussy drip like your snotbox up in the winter  
Or watch your picture  
I knew this trick that was similar to yours  
With the tits that stood up, just like the lights upon an '89 accord  
As sharp as a sword, with these nipples like ? ? ? ? ?  
I was like farmer brown, 'cause I was picking to get in it  
Her body looked stolen from a stacey dash mold  
If you seen the hold on that ass, shit! (shit)  
The cactus had my brain blitzed like I'm smoking l's up in the stairs  
My pipe is getting full with the liquid joe(? )  
Yo, I wanted to unload and make it spread like pour-ed milk on the floor  
The center fold, had me rocked if I stood up  
Her shoulders being tapped, yo I'm fiending for the cat

I wonder if she'll feel me  
I'm breaking through my jeans, lips looking mad big  
Like she could suck the green off army fatigues  
Body smooth like a gs3, double ooh on the body I would do  
She can take the chizz right out the knock-aaah  
You guess you get rock more tricks than the sea  
For the chizz-y (chizz-y), real-ly (real-ly)  
You see you just pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold  
You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold  
As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing  
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Outro Let's go conquistadoris, chocola-tay, ooooooww  
Aight, bring it back so I could double this