

WAP

Alec Chambers

From the top, make it drop, that's some wap
Now get a bucket and a mop, that's some wap
I'm talkin' wap, wap, wap, that's some wap
Macaroni in a pot, that's some wap

I said certified freak, seven days a week
Wet 'n' gushy, make that pullout game weak

Yeah, you dealin' with a wet 'n' gushy
Bring a bucket and a mop for this wet 'n' gushy
Give me everything you got for this wet 'n' gushy

Beat it up, catch a charge
Extra large and extra hard
Put this cookie right in your face
Swipe your nose like a credit card
Hop on top, I wanna ride
I do a kegel, I'm gonna what
Look at my mouth, look at my thighs
The water is wet, come take a dive

Tie me up like I'm surprised
Let's roleplay, I'll wear a disguise
I want you to park that big Mack truck right in this little garage
Made me dream, make a scream
Out in public, make a scene
I don't cook, I don't clean
But let me tell you how I got this ring

Gobble me, swallow me, drip down the side of me
Quick, jump out 'fore you let it get inside of me
Tell him where to put it, never tell him where I'm 'bout to be
I'll run down on him 'fore you have a player runnin' me
Talk your shit, bite your lip
Ask for a car while I ride his dick
You ain't never gotta fuck him for a thang
He already made his mind up 'fore he came
Now get your boots and your coat for this wet 'n' gushy
Bought a phone just for pictures of this wet 'n' gushy
Paid my tuition just to kiss me on this wet 'n' gushy
Now make it rain if you wanna see some wet 'n' gushy

Look, I need a hard hitter, need a deep stroke
Need a Henny drink, need a weed smoke
Not a garter snake, need a king cobra
With a hook in it, hope it lean over
He got some money, that's where I'm headed
Cookie A1 just like his credit
He got a beard, well, I'm tryna wet it
I let him taste it, now he diabetic
Don't wanna, I wanna
I wanna, I wanna
I want you to touch that lil' dangly thing, swinging in the back of my throat
My talk game is fire, punani Dasani
It's goin' in dry and it's comin' out soggy
I ride on that thing like the cops is behind me

I spit on his mic and now he tryna sign me

Your honor, I'm a freak bitch, handcuffs, leashes
Switch my wig, make him feel like he cheatin'
Put him on his knees, give him somethin' to believe in
Never lost a fight, but I'm lookin' for a beatin'
In the food chain, I'm the one that eat ya
If he ate my ass, if he's a bottom-feeder
Big D stand for big demeanor
I could make ya bust before I ever meet ya
If it don't hang, then he can't bang
If he hurt my feelings, but I like the pain
If he fuck me and you ask "Whose is it?"
And when I ride the dick, I'ma spell my name

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