

STUTTER

Blaise Moore

Talking 'bout diamond rings
Talking that saccharine
Down boy, take a seat
Better yet, on your knees
I'm gon' fuck your wife
Oh man
I dare you fucking try me
I'll put suzy in the bin
Ay yeah push has come to shove
This the real me talking now
So baby listen up
I went through hell
For your love
But of course
Its not enough

Did I fucking stutter?
Give you reason to ignore her
And now you're on another lover
What's her name
What's her name
What's her name and sin number?
(Did I fucking stutter)
(Did I stutter)
(Did I, did I, did I fucking stutter)

Fuck
I'm over this shit now
You can't tell me she get down
Better than I do
When I threw it back
You went for the extra two points with the touchdown
Bitch can't touch my crown
Hope you have fun with the lowbrow
Keep out of my ends, my town
No won't allow it no way no how
Okaaaay
Yeah they boyfriends call me Daddy
They caught me swinging n now he my fucking caddy
Used to call mine papi
Now I take his bitch shopping
Didn't now how he had it
Until he lost it

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Give you reason to ignore her
And now you're on another lover
What's her name
What's her name
What's her name and sin number?
(Did I fucking stutter)
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(Did I, did I, did I fucking stutter)

You wanna take off to Boston
Talked all the shit n I lost it
Deal with these bitches too often

You wanna be in a coffin
Take off to Boston
Talked all the shit n I lost it
I deal with these bitches too often
You wanna be in a coffin
You wanna be in a coffin
You wanna take off to Boston
Talked all the shit n I lost it
I deal with these bitches too often
You wanna be in a coffin
You wanna be in a coffin
You wanna take off to Boston
Yeah, fuck