

Well Fare

Blu

W.E.L.O.V.E. 108 FM

This is what happen when the planet gets to rapping
And your woman gets to asking for them needs, needs, needs

A little, sugar and cinnamon
Your panties what I'm swimming in, wetness around my peninsula
Her and her woman friend captain, navigate like Morgan til the morning
And the, Henny was empty, Spiced rum made me sin again
It's fun and games until feelings get involved
And with them unanswered texts watch how craziness evolves
Until she falls out of position with all the bitches
Knowing I'm a skinny family guy, on my Peter Griffin
Ass fat and dumb as well, who wouldn't want to stick in it?
She craving wood to fall between her thighs like Timber, land
Step in terrains, I hash swayed in the rain
f*cked up my steez, a sidepiece trying to be my main dang
Went cold turkey on her, threatened my name
Saying she hope I die, that Al-Qaeda blow up my plane
I'm glad I came, but not in ya, I have the wants of a sinner
But for your needs, I'm an Indian giver

Either she love me or she hate, either way she crazy
Rumor had it, the chick had to pay me just to date me
She kept me on repeat, but she could never play me
Thinking just because I beat I'ma give your ass a baby?
Baby listen, takes one in a million to be my lady
Let alone what I put in a song could never make me put the smash on your mas
h potatoes
It's all gravy, tell a nigga like a bitch with Clippers, you can't fade me
Hit the barber for the taper, 'fore I call Tracy
Now my ex wanna trace my steps like Dick Tracy
Chill on the pills love, you think I'm dicking Tracy?
She sounded out that M and M, Slim Shady
Bitch you been broke, I get paid for days that I been poor
Ask bails and cats outta jail, what you been for?
Even though I'm pimping you won't find me with no bimbo
Plus you know I can't hear your ass once I close that Benz door, So
Um. yeah

She stuck in that material complex, reaching all in my pockets
Shawty making my arms stretch
Like I be hearing you rapping bout that already on shit
And I don't know where you headed or where your mind be going
Word
Bands'll make her dance, but make her submit a plan
Mama was drinking white, I was off that tan
She like "I know you 19, on your grown man"
Pay for rent for my momma, let her hold bands
Niggas is just fans, girl you should f*ck with me
Long as you comfort me, we can live comfortably
I shop at Louis V, quite occasionally
Custom Damier wallet and it say CV
I'm on that fly shit, my car ride quick
I spit that shit that boost a young nigga confidence
Just ride with me, die with me, don't be talking shit
Yeah. and it's all legit