

All Dogs Go To Heaven

Dej Loaf

Lay back and spread your legs, spread your thoughts
Pray for you, open your mind
Get 'em high (get 'em high)

Get ready for the pressure, head so fire
Can't knock me down, no
I ain't Keri Hilson, my walls don't lie
Hood bitch think she cares that her hips don't lie
All dogs go to heaven, what's your, what's mine?
Handful of ice, yeah, takin' my time
Slow down before your get tied
Too much smoke in your air, I know your lungs gon' get tired

My heart got a icebox inside
My juice box got a juice box inside
Thug Passion, like Tupac inside
One nut make you feel like it's two hundred times
One nut make you feel like it's two hundred times

Gave me a ticket, said, "It's your turn to ride"
"Are you big enough?" I said, "Let me see the size"
I don't believe in dick print, show me how it really hit
Just because she ain't think don't mean she cannot take dick

Get 'em high
Get 'em high
Bust it open on sight

Bend it over, hit it from the side
We been goin' all night
Challenge me baby, put me to the test
Killin' me softly, put your weapons in my flesh
Killin' me softly, put your weapons in my flesh
I can feel it
From my stomach to my chest
I can feel it, yeah
My stomach to my chest

Oh yeah, take control of me
Go deep, bring it close to me
Legs round your neck like a rosary
I think he hate me, he keep chockin' me
Told him shoot up the club, he got his pole in me
Got a different... every day of the week
Nobody ever told me 'bout the birds and the bees, nah

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