

Imma Mess

Don Trip

Hi gorgeous can I leave my eyes with'cha
How bout we blow this bit
And we can split like swishas
Say you don't do what
Baby I beg to differ, bet you can polish a pole
Even if you not a stripper
Behind the velvet rope, snapping a lot of pictures
Surrounded by some girls oh yeah and lots of liquor
I'm on point baby, ready to stick you
She wax hers off
Pussy cat with no whiskers
Bout to kill the pussy
One more victim
I only got one rule, no kissing
This is delight no surprise, tonight's not any different
Ay I ball 76ers
But I'm not out looking for me no misses
In fact I'm looking for somebody elses
Beat it up and leave faster than the rocket engine
Listen close just in case she don't know my intentions

Baby I'm a mess, mess
Oh I'm nothing like your home girl expect, expect
Give me a moment bet the time will be the best, best
But I can't keep you baby girl I'm a confess
But I can only love you when you undressed
See I can only love you when you undressed
I can only love you when you're undressed
See I can't keep you baby girl I'm a confess
That I can only love you when you undressed

I fell asleep texting
Woke up flexing
I keep my money neat
But these hoes so messy
She woke up naked and then cooked both of us breakfast
Went thru my phone saw a text, and then she wrote her a message
Say She told her I wouldn't shit
And that I spent the night with her
Preaching to the choir though
She should have invited her
I said I don't give a fuck
I think it excited her
'Cause after that she tried to fuck me
She wanted to fight at first
Now we making up like a bullshit lie
Like you don't be fucking rappers right?
Really probably waitin' on VH1 to do a lil show called rappers wives
That is why
I just feed em, fuck em, till I'm satisfied
Then leave em, duck 'em
She say I'm her baby, I'm her pacifier
Lito have her bussin' back to back to back, rapid fire
Don't act surprised, my ex prolly listening
Why you call me back? Don't lie
Sweating out your hair and your bedsets
Damn is your mattress dry

Handle it, Probably stand up in it
Ask your homegirl how I ran up in it

Hold up I got no love, for no roller, and no poser
Bring the role up, when I role up, when I'm OT, I might pour up
Poe up till I'm nauseous and getting flawless massages
And meetin' Mr. Folarin could get you cardiac problems
You ain't breathing, geeking off two Martinis
You gambling up at Caesars, you gambling with me cheating
But I'm worth it though work this shit so perfect though
It's perfect when they lay for you, but they stay true and vertical
Stand up misses I love your ambition
And I am a good man, I'm just a bad nigga
When you know you in love you be passive aggressive
And when you know you a catch it's hard to pass up these bitches
So I'm warning, don't you love me for too long
Don't try change me I'm too far, I'm too gone
My heart too dark, I'm so gone, delete my phone
Don't hit my Twitter, leave me alone
Email too, Facebook AIM, everything gone
You keep my songs Bitch!