

# 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 liqour  
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!