

Read Her Lips

Father

First I go on tour, then I fuck my bitch
She trying to read between the lines I'm just trying to read her lips
Fuck her 'fore I dip, Vegas hit the strip
Young nigga stacking chips, bring it back, bring it back

Yeah, first I take a trip, hit the shit, now I cop a zip
Hit my nigga Slim for the shit, now I'm off the shit
Now I'm at the crib with a cat and she take a nap
Fat and Easy, we Birdman and Weezy [?] pulling up in foreign
Racers, hold up, and foreign places in the club
I'm with my [?] why I bring her? She so blinging, fuck her
On the marble in the kitchen, say she lost her vision, out here
Pulling wrist while I'm wristing man, these niggas chicken, all they
Want is wrist, but they tripping, niggas hot as space collisions
Light em up like a cigarette, we expensive so cut the check
Awful Records boy we killing shit, taking off like rocket ship
Girl, I'm going on tour but when I get back, I hope that you ready to work that back, oh

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I'm digging out her [?], reefer smoke go in each her lungs
Adina need to freak or sum' xanax bar beneath the tongue
YKK, bitch take it off, [?]
Dancing down her legs, her drawers, party in her reservoir
In that bitch finessing raw, cause I want to feel it all
Hell yeah, she threw it back, all I caught was feelings ya'll
Man, [?], lay her down I pick her up
Problem start not problem solved while few niggas don't give a fuck

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