

Spit or Swallow

Father

Forgive me Father
Oh okay. I feel like Micah Freeman
That sweat, that funk, that nasty
That sweat, that funk, that nasty

That sweat, that funk, that nasty
That bed, that bunk, that backseat
That wet, that tongue, that taffy
That hit, that blunt, that black freak
Wet mouths in Monte Carlo
Moët mixed with the saro
This '96 Impala
But do you spit or swallow?

Am I coming?
I don't know if I'm coming
Am I going?
All I know is I'm holding your heart in my hand
Here we are in the backseat of my scar
Going absolutely too far
Am I coming?
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Am I going?
All I know is I'm holding your heart in my hand
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Going absolutely too far

You look like you wanna participate
Rain dance once, precipitate
Cause my ice gleam, codeine and other things in my cup
Girl you cannot get enough

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