

Creep Inspire

JID

"You have to be the life coach!"

"I'm not trying to laugh"

"Haha! No real, like, real though, okay? What we suppose to be talkin' about . Well?"

Yo, yo, yo, yo...

I was on some other shit, now I'm back to this
I had my humble pie, now it's time to take a shit
She wanna suck my (hahaha), only if you insist
Only because I'm lonely and only cuz I ain't shit
Of course she say she won't, then go on with the lists
I wanna slit my wrists, I'm horny as a bitch
Her brother and her sister act too, father crisp
She givin me her maybe's, she tellin me her if's
Her then statements, her family, even the rips
I tell her take a sip, grab her neck and start kissin
She said I'm too explicit, I'm thinkin like a midget
Gettin fisted, I just wanna stick it, maybe fifty
And I'm back to the digit, she think about it
"Mmmmmmm", JID, don't be so sadistic"
I'm tryna get her to fuck, so this dick can get stuck
But she can't get, past the fact that I'm fuckin brilliant
Most niggas act, retarded off...
I don't really rap, I'm just followin the tick-ticks
The booms, and the claps, it just so happens
That the kid keeps it accurate, used to whip the Acura
Back in the days when I was young
I'm not a kid anymore
But now I'm grown and my women are gorg'
She prolly just want my heart, and to surrender the sword
But I'm a Ginsu warrior, slingin dick victoriously

You think you clever huh
You looking at me so passionate let me know that the nigga that you been tap
pin is actually unimpressive huh
Oh well
I see what I can do about you, see what I can do about you
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Baby you interesting, and I'm interested after havin long sex
Eight sets of ten that's a long set
Bend that ass over like a long snap
She ain't say nothing just supply me with the bone grip
Tell me it's a full ass moon that shit glowing
Little nigga put your coat on your Scorpio showing
I never told her my birthday, not even the first date
And then I made it worse then my October the 31st
No wonder you kinda thirst
And then she laugh it off
You freaky nigga I wonder if you be jackin off
Bad bitch with a sense of humor
Fuck a fan it don't get cooler
Fuck your ice and your bed it don't get cooler

Think I won gettin cooler like I'm Don Shula
Got a piece like a damn Budda
Smoking a gram I'm the Grand Puba
Got a gun fuck your shooter anyway
Little shawty got me amazed
The fact, the fact, the blood leaving from my dick to my brain
It's cool how we converse never say conversate
She said I know I always had a way word with ways
Way with words, wayward sons lit up with jay
They finna leave, I'm finna to sleaze to the back room
Tryin see if I can get me a little vacuum
Before the moon change clothes with the sun
And presume another day another doom
She say if I stay then I got to sleep in the other room
I said it's cool cuz around 3 I'll probably come and creep in your room

You, you ain't got to be so cold
You, you, you, you ain't got to be so cold (so cold)
You ain't gotta to be
You ain't gotta to be so cold (so cold)
You, you, you ain't got to be so cold
You, you, you ain't got to be so cold (so cold)
You, you, you ain't got to be so cold
You ain't gotta to be