

F Slo

Lil Dicky

Brain

LD

Hey man, the way these bitches when they fuck on us
This shit, the friction in this shit hurt bro
You gotta talk to them bro

Ok

I tell her, I tell her, I tell her
Chill, girl. We should chill, girl
You been humpin' on me too fast, keep it real girl

The brain on the same page

Fucking another one, "Damn, LD how do you slow a hoe down?"

I'm 'bout to show a hoe how

Baby girl, let's slow it down (yeah)
Drill her when I'm in it, I admit it
But I hate it when these bitches ridin' dick super quick
Aggressive ass movements hurt my dick (ow)
I don't know why, just the way my dick was built (oh)
Getting the impression when they get up on erection that they think it'd be
impressive just to go full tilt (fast)
0 to 100 bitches going full Wilt
Seriously afraid that my dick might wilt (hurts)

Out and 'bout with my Spanish bitch
Throw that hoe a middle management at the Radisson
Why she hoppin' on the brain like a savage bitch?
She fuck me ravenous
I'm assessing damages, shit
Coronating all the money bags
Coronating all the fucking ass
Orating, I don't like it fast
Pores chafing when she fuck me fast
(And the Brain don't even got no dick)

(Woah) But I got a dick, and I'm tryin'a do it like this

Let me fuck slow on you girl
Let me fuck slow on you girl
Where them hoes lookin' bomber than a landmine?
Will my bros that be fuckin' on 'em stay alive?
Let me fuck slow on you girl (chill, girl)
Let me fuck slow on you girl (said chill, girl)

And the Brain got them bitches on stand-by
And the Brain getting hungry Raisin Bran time

Chill girl, we should chill, girl (we should chill, girl)
I've been looking at them ol' breasts since they real, girl
Thinking through the words like I read it
Esketit like a Brain, if you see a tight end then he toss like Bennett

1 in 7 down, going down like credit
Don't get shook like lettuce (lettuce)

Brain tryin'a get fucked
Brain tryin'a get sucked
Brain been lit for a month
Fucked a bitch on that kiss cam
Yeah I been doing my thing
LD now they been checking for Brain

Hey, we should go flirt with this dame, kay?

She should come flirt with the Brain

But this bitch has it all like a Genuardi's
Now my mouth is watering just like my spot for Hardee's
I'ma go chill with the girl be back [?] all day
Young L, I got a knack for hauling that
I might even get up in the bathroom stall with that

Please, you ain't been fucking like Brain

I got this shit like a car alarm when that car is parked around thieves (ooh)
Got this shit like gardener that's in charge of all of your trees (ooh)
Young LD got a poppin ass shirt check
Backstory, kinda poppin, where's my work check?
I might even go up to the bar and cover her check

And then you'll say what?

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And the Brain getting hungry, Raisin Bran time

I fuck, I fuck with Raisin Bran so heavy
That shit hard
Brain