

American Slore

Max B

American slores
American whores
Al Pac Max
Wavie Crockett mixtape
Let's go!

First Chris let me get her necklace
I'm 'bout to take this bitch to breakfast
'Cause we had a long night and I can't leave till I get my song right
All right
Got to get this one, shorty she a freak got to get me some
It's three chicks got to hit me one
I'm not a nigga to leave that ten 'til I score

Take me out to breakfast
Let me floss your chain
Give me your direction
Make me scream your name
You'll be making it rain
I'll be making it pour
You'll be my American Slore

Bitches at the club was feasting
Talking about which thugs they eating
Once we was at the Hilton
So I think I just chill for the weekend
Nigga Biggavelle be cheating
Mama ask me what's popping
So I gave her my t-shirt
And told her to rock it
With lots of confidence
Bend the bitch over doggie
I like it when she call me doggie
So I gave the bitch two hundred
And told the hoe not to never to call me
Give me your direction
Be my whore (fuck it American whore 2009)

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Shes at the jump off Ready to jump off

And when I squirt in her face she lick the cum off
Mama real freaky plus she like it rough
When I give her back shots she can't get enough
I'm goin all night and she fucking good
These hoes love a nigga even though I'm no good
They all wanna taste, they all wanna lick
Your mom beastin hoes fighting for this dick
Got these hoes open, note the thug passion
Take it to the spot let's get it cracking
Got to beat it up I leave the pussy soft
Man fuck a bitch I never love a whore
I get 'em for the bread, break up papi always
Fuck the small talk Ma nigga want his phone
We can get it on
Make 'em scream my name
Ask around 'bout the kid Ma I do my thing

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