

# Confession

Nasty C

I wonder if you know about it  
No, no, no, no, no  
I wonder if you know about it  
No, no, no

A couple bitches were shaking  
A couple pictures were taken  
We yellin' out "We're so faded"  
It was not my intention  
The VIP was too crowded  
So we had to get out it  
She slipped a pill in my drink  
I know that excuse is just lousy  
But oh..  
I needed someone to vent to (I had to talk about it)  
I guess it wasn't verbal though  
I just needed someone to talk to (I had to talk about it)  
She needed some to reverse it on

This is my confession, it wasn't my intention  
But this ain't my first time, I guess I'll never learn my lesson  
But I guess I deserve it  
I'm way too far from perfect  
I'm way deep in my zone  
And I don't ever think I'll surface

I bet you gon call me, c-c-c-call me  
C-c-c call me an asshole  
I'm letting my gas, g-gas  
G-g-g gas go  
I'm boosting my cash, c-cash  
C-c-c cash flow  
And I'm sick forever, they couldn't heal me like fat hoes

Now you see me, now you don't  
One hoe, two hoes, three hoes, thirty hoes  
Bad hoes, dirty hoes  
Now you see me, now you don't  
One hoe, two hoes, three hoes, thirty hoes  
Bad hoes, bad hoes

Slave to the pussy  
Slave to the  
Slave to the pussy  
Wasn't made for this books shit  
Slave to the pussy  
Slave to the  
Slave to the pussy  
Wasn't made for this...

I bet you anal when a nigga go harder nigga  
Too many broads wanna call a nigga  
Too many nigga wanna act like they on some bitch  
Goddamnit fuck all them niggas  
I got tens  
They wanna give a nigga brain like surgery  
I got tens

With their legs on my shoulder  
Damn! That's a burger bitch

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