

Sol Luna

Pro Era

Maybe I'm in love with your soul, in love with your soul
Cause I think about you day and night, night and day
I swear to God, you take my breath away

So I heard you like it hardcore
Rough sex from the back, pulling out your tracks
When I attack, but I can't feel that hardcore appeal
That you screaming, baby maybe I'm dreaming
This ain't nothing like the rest, I'm nothing but the best
You put me to the test and I swear I come correct
You talking to the sex veteran late night let 'em in
Keep it there for the running for your reverand
Flickering ashes like cigarette ashes
And about the young badasses, sick of their asses
Ha-ha, then why they do be laughing? Come here
Come out escape, I'm running out in a getaway fashion
One palm at the loud hit the palm strike the matches
We stricter than your norm that rose to young actress
Out from under my mattress like the world like my rapping
Guess what she greets me asking? Maybe I'm in...

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Now she say she can't get enough
I'm walking out the door and she tryna hold me up
Just so tempted to touch, I got you in a cobra clutch
Let me break it down as you roll my dutch, no
We use to have history together
So don't know how you feel but you're mystery forever
It could be whatever we could smoke this up
No hickory rotisserie dinner
Plug they auxiliary up in to my phone
A little Robert Kelly to get into my zone
I still can't see nothing wrong with some bump and grind
'Less I hump your spine until we multiplying
Resort to knives can resort to crimes
That's partly why I assault the 'nani
She love me inside with my hands on her body
Baby can't get enough cause probably

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Cause I got something that you gon' like
And you might get a peek if you play your cards right
It's whatever I'm winning, whenever she winning
Just listen to this, yeah, no kidding, let's kick it

We puffing on that Indo, I hope it never end though
Had a couple bad bitches you was with lorenzo
I had the main chick but she wasn't even important enough
To be calling me her boyfriend and stuff
I ain't lying, I'm just tryna get a piece of food
Piece of you, got your man saying peace of you

Spread your two lips and let me show you how a Pro do this
We two kids interluding knowledge, you can do this
I knew this was gonna happen, our timbs tapping, her heart racing
I'm limb grabbing, she 'bout to blow like Bin Laden
She throw it back like Madden
I mean laterals, spark a spliff, tell her pass the dough
I'm in the red zone 'bout to touch down
She said she got a man but she don't give a fuck now
You giving it to me five finger sale free
But then you'll get exchanged cause you can't return to me

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