

Specific Anticipation

Raheem DeVaughn

I'm just anticipating what you bringin'

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And I'm gon' throw it 'cause I know what you slingin'

These tingles keep landing in the same spot like a G

I'm tickled in all places pink

Go ahead, baby, I'm ready

My all extends beyond these walls, I'm calling you to the back

Come see about me

A concubine for that twisted wine, I'm coming first though

And last

We gon' put the black in black

This kind of wet separates rain from tsunami

The terrain from brick to climb me

From flower to garden, I want you to beg me

And my pardon

You've been pumping chills in my pores all day

And I don't know a better way to say

Damn

Without the tips

Like those fingers, those lips

And the—

Oh, a man like you

No, just you

I want you