

# Kitty

Rich Brian

Let me tell a story 'bout a boy named Brian  
This is not a fairy tale, no, that's not what I'm implyin'  
This is really not the type rhyme, writing 'bout flexin'  
Got some bitches on the phone but I'm really not replyin' type shit  
With the clique, and we going out to get ourselves a drink  
To the fast lane, might make the pedal fuckin' sink  
Bumpin' Lil Wayne, feelin' like we ain't got time to think  
Cigarettes, feelin' like we be the kings, got to the party 'bout 11:28  
Went up to the bartender askin' for some Bombay  
No mixer, straight up, so you know I'm gettin' wasted  
Then I realized I ain't even bring my paper  
Might notice [?] see him, losin' like I'm Charlie Sheen  
We can let them wait, panickin' 'cause now my glass is clean  
Talkin' to the bartender, "Sorry sir, I'm just a teen"  
That's when I finally met the girl of my fuckin' dreams

Ain't no game that I play when it comes to  
Gettin' that kitty out the cage for my night, go  
Drive to store just to buy a fuckin' mattress  
If that can mean she gon' end up on my nitrous

Back to the story and now I'm talkin' to this girl  
I'ma call her Tracy and she lookin' like dessert  
She noticin' that I'm trussin', then she asked me, "What for?"  
And I told her everything, and she gave me three fours  
She said, "Where you wanna go?" and I told her, "I don't know"  
"Do you got a girlfriend? That don't really matter, though"  
I'm like, "Oh shit," thinkin' 'bout where this gonna go  
So I proceed, man's never did this shit before, aye  
Back to her place now, tryna get my thing up  
2 AM, whiskey dick, 80% discount  
So I had to go down, cruisin' down to poon town  
Making sure I put that bitch's frown on upside-down  
Gettin' pretty wet, sweat runnin' down her neck  
And the kitty so cute, I wanna keep it as a pet  
She so clean, man, that pussy smell like honeydew zest  
Finally gettin' hard, so you know what's finna happen next

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Strugglin' to put the Jimmy on, turnin' red, I feel like a million  
Then she gettin' on top and your boy just start to feel hysteria  
"Bump and Grind" playin' in the stereo when I told her, "It's my first time"  
And she told me, "Baby, it's fine, I don't mind"  
Then she held my hand and it was intertwined  
My god, it was nothin' like what I had in my mind  
Now it's time to put it in, baby, now it's primetime  
This is where the fun begun  
Heard her moan and I'm feeling like I'm 'bout to fuckin' cum  
Heard a knock, now your boy's got to go and fuckin' run  
Then I made a jump, heard the loudest scream ever  
It was from her fuckin' mom, aye  
Called Mike on the team, said I need to leave the scene  
He done picked me up, told him 'bout the girl that did the deed

Even said her name, then he asked if he could take a peek  
Jumped out his fuckin' seat, turns out I fucked his sis