

Every time I feel like leaving you
Thinking this love is only seasonal
Your lower region keep me feigning so I keep coming back
Knowing that your boys and you called the boys on me
Something I could never forgive
I gave you two kids, now you wanna get me locked, fuck it
I'm still fucking, ass like an onion in a spandex
Better get ready for African ram sex
Every time I hear this record it reminds me of you
Late night rendezvous
Press the pedal of the Beemer with the Gandhi shoes
Look at view, bitch we almost in Hollywood

Every time the record plays you will
Nobody could recreate what we feel
We could put it all on tape, right here
Why don't we just procreate what we hear?
Let's make some music
So let's make some music
So let's make some music
So let's make some music
Let's make some music
Then let's make some music

Put the plug in the socket
You know I'm gon' rock it
Let's level out this EQ
You know that I'm focused
I'll lay you like some vocals
I want to rehearse with you
So meet me in the studio
Treat tonight like a movie role
We'll make the score with the lights off
And it feels like...

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