

Right B4

The Pharcyde

Just right before then, right after
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Please don't take this as a diss
I brush my teeth right before we kiss
Right before we inter-place or right before I enter this
Calm or complected, I'ma inspect it
Very educated, help me feel it, elate it
Will we dance at the sheets? We're syncopated like taco to the tape
And no Soprano, hold on, wait
I'm not tryna destroy the date
'Crease my off state, now, I'm all lustful
Feelin' all calmer like a tailor [?]
[?], go right when I'm done
I have me a meetin' with Mary, lightheaded with the thought of Betty
Like a mercenary with his honor debted to a mission
Survey the high spot to take my position
Wanna strike? Walls come crumblin', we both stand stumblin'
Only round one and we got some more tumblin'
But hold up, a snitch
I'ma light this, you run to the fitch
And we can meet up at the couch
When it comes to this, no slackin', no slouch
No need to keep score
I got a little wincher that I can't ignore

Just, just right before then, right after
Just right before then, right after
Just right before then, right after
After, after, after, after

Right before, she said "Turn off the lights and make sure ya lock the door"
You know what we here for, I know what we here for
Dosier truly adore pussy galore
If you want more, you can get more
Dosier do it until I touch your core
Give me some more, I want it now on the dancefloor
She said "No, wait until later
And you can get more on the elevator"
She cums right before me, then I cum right after her
This is for the (Lover) lover in you
Freak me, baby
Right before, she asked what style I liked
I told her "I'm an MC and we do it in front of the people, under the lights,
the mics"
Uh, freak me, baby

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You bring out the freak in me
You know I'm not into your frequency
We make music like a symphony
I feel harmonic when we ensemble
[?] as we fondle
Each other, we teach lover
So much more to discover; on the quest for the climax
The great occasion
Only sees the action of stimulation of the coochie-coochie
Chatter over sushi and some porridge
She knows me for being real thorough
I don't skip or do tell
[?] like a spree while on Carrera
Tis a joy mix with ya mascara running down your face
Girl, you beautiful, it's not the case
We don't have too much time to waste
But there is something that I gotta test ya

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He just
He's lonely