

Fantasy

Twiztid

Baby, you don't know me, but I'm crazy
'Cause I like comic books, toys and freaky ladies
And you can never fade me at all
Even if you're coming out of your panties and bra
I been taught and I been played, it's all the same
And that's why they call it a game and me a loser
I like subtle bitches who like to fuck rough
Not thug bitches who just like to just make love
You're just too confused
And maybe you been abused
But who am I to critique
The dudes you let up in you
I know who I am
Do you know who you are
And would you really have the hots for me
If I wasn't a rap star
I'm an underground provider of the carnival speech
To get you so hot you flash your titties and peach
You say you rub your soft spot when you thinking of me
Well add two more fingers and go deeper into your fantasy

You rub, you touch, thinking of me
You want it bad, just let it be
How bad you want it, let me see
How far you'll take this fantasy

I see girls like you all the time
They act like they want to be mine
They act like once they get what they want
They'll be happy, fantasy

I'm not sure if you know what you're getting into
'Cause fucking with me is like fucking with a gin-su
I'm not the candy and flowers type that you're use to
To damn near die to try to impress or amuse you
And all you see is the paint and the contacts
And hear a couple of bomb raps
And then you're like, where Paul at
And I don't even see how you could get a picture of me on the internet
I guess with the fame
It'll make it look like we ever met
It'll take another guess maybe 'cause you're crazy
And lady I ain't even trying to be playing with
And plus I'm probably everything you'd expect
And you'll probably just want to go and get married instead
And you'll probably just be the craziest bitch I ever met
And I'll probably end up in jail for abusing your neck once again
If I was working at your local record store
Would you still want to be my little whore

You rub, you touch, thinking of me
You want it bad, just let it be
How bad you want it, let me see
How far you'll take this fantasy

I see girls like you all the time
They act like they want to be mine

They act like once they get what they want
They'll be happy, fantasy

I got bitches telling me they hear I got a pretty dick
Aside from that and the fat kid tits, that's my assets
A few more reasons to make you lick your lips
Imagining you're deep throating my pretty chubby thickness
Would you be feeling me
If I was serving you burgers and fries
Chocolate shakes and promotional apple pies
Or just drying your ride at the local car wash
Some how I imagine my digits
Would have been lost in the sauce

Maybe it's because I got some cute ass nuts
That make the chickens want to get me
And just gobble them up
It could even be my super long run of bad luck
That will turn a good girl into a freaky deaky slut
Or maybe it's because you're crazy sitting in the dark
With headphones like we're never apart
And on that note I'm going to see you when you're dreaming
Thinking of me and just feining

You rub, you touch, thinking of me
You want it bad, just let it be
How bad you want it, let me see
How far you'll take this fantasy

I see girls like you all the time
They act like they want to be mine
They act like once they get what they want
They'll be happy, fantasy