

Shotgun Kisses

Dizzy Wright

I said I,
I've been waitin' all damn day for you to come on over (Oooh)
Girl come roll this weed up with me, I'm gon' smoke you (Wow)
Come and gimme shotgun kisses, shotgun kisses, shotgun kisses to me, babe,
Give some shotgun kisses, shotgun kisses, shotgun kisses to me, baby

It's funny cuz she selebent to irrelevant, uhh,
But act sexual to my excellence, right,
She pick me up and we live it up, fast liar hittin' other niggas with the extra shit, uhh,
She rolled it up and I lit it up, I'm smilin' cuz I know I'm tryna get a nut
,
Feelings for me and they kinda mutual but I'm lost,
Cuz the more we seem to talk the qualities become her faults,
Truth be told, never tell the truth in the dark,
Scandalous the secret tellers always mix the truth with the false,
Pointin' the fingers when doin' the wrong caught up in the mix
We better when we not together cuz we was friends before this shit,
But I just sit back and listen, spark it and get connected with a spirit,
Noddin' my head and let her know that I hear her,
I feel like, a friend indeed is a friend with weed, shotgun kisses as we sample tree,
S.O.C. Baby!

Yeah, yeah, come elevate with me, medicate with me,
Get the ho hook like Bobby then Whitney, or Whitney then Bobby,
Sobbady got me walkin' on the moon don't drop me (Aah!)
Meet me in the bathroom stall or the lobby, Molly in the body got it feeling so euphoric,
Damn, you the baddest mo' fucker in the party (Yeah)
Nice to know ya, pleased to meet'cha, hi, I'm Jarren, wanna cheese some reef er?
Come to my planet, we can dance with creatures, talk to marshins and moondoo speakers,
Word to the mo' fuckin son of a preacher, naw, ain't ballin' but we done brought bleachers,
Maybe late night we can spin some leisure? Tie 'em together, fuck you to a seizure (Aah!)
Shotgun kisses, blow my brains out, on the phone 'til the break of dawn,
Then hang out, what set you claimin', in the bead we bank out, girl,
You 'bout to make a nigga pull that ring out,
Prince, I kind, watch the streets of Sing Lou, fuck them other hoes, girl I'm senile,
She good off the top, like a nigga to freestyle, we can blow that California wax in the meanwhile,
Then hit redial ring me back like a time machine, sticky green like a lima bean,
And your listin' all kinda things, get her outta them designer jeans,
You ain't gon' miss it, can't go one day without you misses,
Put the Mossburg to my head, pull the mo' fuckin' trigger, 'bout to give a nigga shotgun kisses

My, ebony queen with eyes reminiscin' of Sandra oaks
Starin' into my soul and she gazin' me through the ganja smoke,
Chocolate lips, prevent burnt fingertips and roach clips,
I wanna hit and she just gimme a kiss, sharin' the way she feel inside,
She put her mouth close to mine, she exhalin' to free my mind,

She the only thing that's on mind sometimes, it's like I'm stuck just thinki
n' of all the ways,
I could pleasure you, whenever you and I get finished blazed
I told her, "Don't carry weight on your shoulders, your struggles
Define your grind, your livin' life forexposure, your dosure medical closure
,
You open hopin' Jahova, don't judge you, you know we love you, our bodies cl
oser and closer,
We finna settle down, makin' us smile,
We ain't hellas loud, steppin' on no toes if we ain't never round,
Turnin' kickings into visits shotgun kisses and missions, reavealin'
How I'm hidin' behind my feelings I'm motherfuckin' victim!"

[Hook]