

4th Floor Freaks

Souls of Mischief

Your shape be...
I got my eyes on you
Visor's cool
Ass be vast it's private school
Imagination pornographic
Memory is photographic why don't you
Turn around
Bend over so I can snag ya
Polariods
It's your camera
You's a freak
That don't matter
You can be yourself as ya
Spread 'em hold 'em squeeze 'em lick 'em
Heart rate quicken
Salami stiffen
Never caught me slippin'
I get all up in 'em bras
I'm rippin' all these girls are gettin' tossed
Gettin' lost
In a frenzy it's all flimsy (-ex on Remy?)
Genuinely melo-drab
Killer crabs
Recipe for mischief
When I hit it
Standin' up in the doorway
Skip the foreplay
Fuck what the landlord say
I'm straight shake rattle rollin' you controllin' your shake.

If it was up to Plus
Every girl would be voluptuous
With some D double cups
Yeah them double cups they wonderful
Say baby won't you take me to your bungalow on the under though
We don't want no one to know how the slumber go
I got a blunt to blow
If you don't smoke then I'll take it facial
Angels done up and blessed you
Baby you somethin' special
Let me undress you
Baby go in your thong
Make me gain some extra weight 'cause somethin' growin' is long for y
a
& if your nasty I might even write a song for ya
& all the while I'm thinkin' in my head it's on nigga
Girl you so pretty & you got them tig old bitties I know
You fin a hit me when we rippin' in your city ain't ya
Repeated: Your shape be...