

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan**"52 Pick Up"**

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(Kissing noises)

(Come here, come here, come here, right now, come here)

[Verse 1]

Come here little rabbit, I'm going to give you a treat,
take a seat

I'd like to tell you a little story, about a boy; he couldn't
make ends meet

Not only that but he couldn't make sense out of the
daily walk

Or the way we talk

Or how much though can be put into the price of
advertising

I was watching him when he stepped forward to speak
Under the impression that he was just another local
freak

Never would have guessed that he was capable of
taking out a cluster of droids!

Just to make noise

What some will do for attention

Sometimes it's too honorable to mention

And what we're dealing with here is a systems
malfunction

Catching visions after the treasure was sunken

Not to be mistaken for a role-model husband

Because I'm only interested in fucking!

[Verse 2]

Just my luck I'm a narcoleptic nympho

Petal to the metal with my dick hanging out the window

Anyway the wind blow

It come ten fold

Must be the season of the info!

[Verse 3]

And sometimes I talk to the trees (what)

I'm a dope fucking rapper, and I'm not trying to be
abstract!

I'm saying that

Hip-Hop is larger than the politics, the karma

and accessories you carry in your back pack
Oh, and by the way, big thanks for all of the support
I'm amazed you all want to hear what comes out of my
mouth
And I still keep my finger nails short
So I don't tear your girlfriends from the insides out

[Verse 4]

Now do you get it yet?
Well you will
Just hold still
And god bless the road kill
With an empty can of oatmeal
In case you're unaware, it's been a long time coming
A lot of mind numbing
Trying to climb something

[Verse 5]

I used to walk into this room unnoticed (yup)
And as buzzed as I was, you all was lost in my focus
And if I could keep from my knee to hurl
I would leap into your world!
And feed my seed to your girl!
Just to prove you've no clue as to what your boo likes
But you got a good start, if you spell my fucking name
right!
So show the tag on your shit that says bitch made
(come on)
While I push the mental switch blade
Deep into your rip cage

[Verse 6]

Kill the stage
Sweat death
Have a drink
And piss ink
Fill the page and spit life, just to make these kids think
See I came tonight to play the role of Pipe Piper
But first I want to know who stole my lighter?!
And while were at it, someone asked, "Who stole the
soul?"
I can smell food, but who's holding the bowl?
Let's take a little stroll through your tape collection
And check the UPCs to see who raped the essence

[Verse 7]

Yes it hurts
Because it's a business first
And it gets worst
When you jerks
Let it get into your verse

And I still can't seem to adapt
But I'm a dope fucking rapper

[Chorus]

And I'm not even trying to be abstract
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
And take you into the sky, and she you Slug!
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
And take you into the air, and she you Slug!
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
And take you into the sky, and she you Slug!
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
And take you into the air, and she you Slug!
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
(And never seen)
And take you into the sky, and she you Slug!
(Never, ever)
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
(Never seen)
And take you into the air, and she you Slug!
(Never, ever)
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
(Never seen)
And take you into the sky, and she you Slug!
(Never, ever)
And If I could fly, I'd lift you up!
(Never seen)
And take you into the air, and she you Slug!
(Never, ever)
Like you've never seen... never ever... never... never
(Pick it up, pit up)

[Outro]

Yo! I want to say peace to Christina Ricci!
Sorry MURS I'm going to get that first!

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