

CunninLynguists f/ Phonte, Witchdoctor

"Yellow Lines"

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[Hook - Deacon]

It feels alright

So just lay back into the night

But don't lose sight

Make sure you watch those Yellow Lines

[V1 - Natti]

I'm DUI in her eyes, but fuck tapping the brakes

Lets shorten up the time fantasy take

Stroke her ego slow til' her vanity quake

Satin hair, silk skin, wet panties and lace, the

Fabric of love, the thrill of the chase

Blunted, lovin the highway, spinnin in place

My hands are Sex Pistols, strapped to her waist

Strange fruitin lip gloss, try and savor the taste

We can both play games, exchange fake names

Paint pictures of lust using both our frames

Remain unaware of the spell you under

Prisoner of love when given my cell number

High off love, lust in your joints

Kiss and tellin the tale of our sex exploits

Yo relationship sank out to sea

Now you floating on driftwood behind fucking with me

[Hook]

[V2 - Witchdoctor]

I put a spell on them hoes

I have 'em in the corner on Patron at the shows

I can tell when they ain't from around here

The spell start working when my finger say 'come here'

I'm not a pimp, I'm not a trick

But please believe me I can have any bitch

They call me short, dark and handsome

Kidnap your girl, send your man a little ransom

(Hey) Hey! I'm making major moves, won't you holla
back

Hoes twisting my hair with some o' that beeswax

At the club she say she don't dance

But she bouncing on that hot thang in my pants

Ya got money, take her out tonight to eat

She coming over after you finish with the Applebee's
Bobby said slow down, I say go slow
I'm the reason she don't fuck witchu no more
I'm the reason for her being on the pill
I'm the reason Sir Charles had to chill
To get her freaky don't need a bottle o gin
And we be fucking like the world 'bout to end
Ey, I put a spell on them hoes
Forgive me Lord, but I'm hell on them hoes
Yeah, I put a spell on them hoes
Forgive me Lord, but I'm hell on them hoes
Hey, I put a spell on them hoes
Forgive me Lord, but I'm hell on them hoes
I just, I put a spell on them hoes
Forgive me Lord, but I'm hell on them hoes, hell on
them hoes

[V3 - Phonte]

She used to call me late at night
Didn't take long to see that we were a-alikes
On the same page, just couldn't get it right
McIntosh of my eye, let me take a mega bite
I cordially invite you to come take a ride in my thoughts
Switch memory lanes while we dreamin, wanderin
And in return I'll strip my inhibitions
And go skinny dipping in your stream of consciousness
She said it sounds tempting
And I don't want to catch feelings
But this urge is calling me bad
I said well suga, if ya worried bout catching feelings
Chances are you already have
And there's no need to deny ourselves
I mean, lie to each other and deprive ourselves
Denial's not a game I'm prepared to play
So I express things most niggas scared to say
Put a spell on 'em, Forgive me Lord but I'm hell on 'em
Baby we grown folk, So let me longstroke
And send em back to they man with my smell on 'em
Let me be quiet before I tell on 'em

[Hook]

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