

## Big Pokey

### "All In"

Visit "[All In](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You know what a nigga really love to see goochie  
sheets you in the suit  
making love to me hugin me rubing me nugin me  
pulling out and releasing on  
the bellie that's the thug in me I love to freak you make  
a nigga deep for  
sex I'ma floss the six you can floss the lex on the inside  
neck I'm all in in  
the mist of me ballin I hear your body callin you bout it  
baby I'm bout it  
I'm the only one you got at the bar getting sloppy,  
holding you is a hobby, on  
mind, as we bump and grind, diggin in you from  
behind, irrating your spine, it  
ain't a f\*ck thang, or a viper and a truck thang, and  
when you're in the kitchen  
frying up a duck man, I love the things you do, I like to  
hang with you, I put  
it all on the line boo, I'm claiming you  
(chorus) I'll have you drapped in finer things, four  
diamond rings, fill this  
bracelet with karets and give you pocket change, I ain't  
no trick but I want to  
get with you, when I dream your that I picture, I'm all in  
Off the top, I'm a mess cause this thug is feness, these  
bagets on my chest, you  
got my highly dressed, rolling pine, the scents maybe  
keys and nickles, in the  
waters of Jamacia is where I normally take them, cause  
you know who's bigger,  
see I balls and balls, six hummin, you all, fish tank in  
the wall, throwin hard  
in the mall, who's show ain't stopping, V12 still choppin  
and the screens just  
droppin, it was love at first sight, I knew that when I met  
you, she was casing  
you for sipe, persian rugs on the kitchen, candles lit  
around the tub, while  
you're taking a bath, sho was pinned against the wall,  
we winned it up in the  
air, bath water like bubbles, hugged up like huddles,

and we carressed and  
cuddled when he world gave us trouble, sweat pouring  
in puddles, once I'm all in  
them hips, ain't no change in the whip cause the script  
don flip  
(chorus) repeat 2x's  
Baby, I'm back in your brain, watch the screen when it  
rain, peep the piece and  
the chain, diamonds white four runner, real leather and  
lumber, but it's choppin  
like purina hit it only in the summer, plus the full course  
meal put the berries  
on chill, lose the skirt you desert the way you work it be  
real, you ain't a  
freak boo, you make a niggas knees weak boo, brown  
skin, smelling sweet and  
petite too, that's why I'm making you mine knocking  
you down, and when you jump  
off I'm cocking my nine, miller, you chase a pilla, you  
don't have to grind to  
put it down, cause I don stack my scrilla, dope dealinng  
cap pillin that's some  
things of the past, CEO all in the show, mashing the  
gas, build a llegend in the  
game, plus I'm in it to win, just remenmber like I said  
before I'm all in  
(chorus) repeat 2x's

Visit [Big Pokey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.