

Eskimo Joe

"Camoflauge Love"

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[Mac]

Check this out
When you makin' love to the Camoflauge Assassin'
(Camoflauge)
You call it Camoflauge Love (Ugh)
light
Take all night (Just right)

[Mac (Peaches)]

(Uhhhhh)

I enter your body just like I shot it
I feel yah hard
Bumpin' and pumpin' that Lodi Dodi
From the (Uhhhh)
I can see that's what cha want it
Cherishing every moment like the last hope
And I don't cum fast until yah clutch me
Whisperin' (Mac fuck me) in my ears
My up and downs got you sheddin' tears
Am I what you expected?
Ain't nothin' I corrected at times
I'm just amazed by the site of you naked
You gotta respect it and forgive me if I'm rough
And I enter tah spend a while
I've been on a role tryin' tah make a million with my rap
style
I kiss yah lips and feel the fireworks as yah ride me
Listenin' to many rippleton come inside me (Come
inside me)
Ain't no secret, Im'a add it for your touch
Tellin' me yah love me so much, but I ain't goin' for
Just menchin' in now that we fuckin' like some newly
weds
Don't let this go to your head, I'm camoflauge

[Chorus--Mac (Peaches)]

Camoflauge love all night (Give it to me)

Make me come on and ah (Don't stop)
You bring the weed, Im'a bring the Pereon (Uhhh)

Camoflauge love all night (Give it to me)
Make me come on and ah (Don't stop)
Lock the doors and unplug the phones (Uhhh)

Camoflauge love all night (Give it to me)
Make me come on and ah (Don't stop)
You bring the rubbers, I'll put up the 100 bones (Uhhh)

Camoflauge love all night (Give it to me)
Make me come on and ah (Don't Stop)
Maybe it's your tone, got me visualizing a song

[Storm]

Camofluage lover, oh this fine muthafucka
A pussy add up to this sensual spot toucher
My pain crusher, never the cum rusher
The only one to get up in me with no rubber
Slip in me like butter, keepin' in form
All day, all night it's 'bout that bad bitch Storm
Anticipating his touch, my shit stay sealed tight
He can feel my insides all night, every night, fuckin'
right
Show your skills nigga, put that thang on me
Please me or relieve me, and let your body hang on me
Far from phony, this niggas a TRU representer
I'm claimin' what's mine, that's my dick and my nigga
My soulja got me dressed up in them see-thru fatigues
And we goin' to war, yes indeed
This what I need tah feel the way he makes me feel
Damn, only if this nigga was real
I wish he was real

[Chorus]

[Mac (Storm) talking after chorus]

(Ahhhh, haha)

In a song
That's just right there

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