

## Espen Lind

### "I peeped you"

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Artist: Espen Lind  
Title: I peeped you

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Storm)  
Now who's this peepin' through my window? Owwww  
He wants my meow, but can't see how  
To approach me  
I just scoped him closely and it's slidin'  
By, his Armani  
Wantin', my punany  
Finally, he approaches me with a lil' aggression  
Lettin' his mid-section, control his direction  
Sexin', is the only thing he's stressin' and I know it  
But he lame to the game and it's a shame but I got'ta  
show 'em  
I offer my number upon his request  
I'm starin' at his chest, but only thinkin' bout them  
checks  
I flex a lil' cleavage, to see if he lookin'  
Crack a smile while he wonderin' how it'd be if he took  
His tongue and put it down to my private parts  
Now he don't know that I'm diggin' what he thinkin', so  
he hide his heart  
But don't fight it, I can't wait to be united  
Peep, the repotoire, get the jingles 'fore you hide it  
Shit, silly boy, I really enjoy  
If you can lick and trick and I can stay unemployed?  
Shiit, and all I have to do is freak you?  
I'll teach you this pimp shit right, nigga I peeped you

Chorus (Tim Smooth & Storm):

S. - I've been watchin' you watchin' me  
Looks I received made it hard to just flee  
Had to see exactly what you was talkin' bout  
But you tryin' to run "G", and I peeped you

T.S. - I was watchin' you watchin' me  
Looks I received made it hard to just flee  
Had to see exactly what you was talkin' bout

But you tryin' to run "G" and I peeped you

(Tim Smooth)

What? Whoa nah

Think I'm swoll, ha?

Think ya bout to run up on a pot of gold, bitch, and  
you're sure not

Whole lot of these tinted on rain

Bitches wouldn't get a QUARTER to start a video game

Hear that ol' same tactics and cheap tricks

Freaks keep tryin' to stack chips by eatin' dick

And fall on the floor when you call her a hoe

All that I know, a bitch can't ball with a pro

I'm a full-time franchise playa in my last year

Only bout to give you a dollar if you a cashier

My, name is, Timmy

My, dogs call me Benji

My, hoes know I'm stingy

But I, wasn't really flirtin', hoe I'm friendly

GIMME!

You know but anyway, I'ma holla at'cha

Come and snatch'cha one night, show ya that your old  
man is not a factor

I could smack ya on your ass and just freak you

Get outta pocket bitch? Don't think I won't beat you

Eat who? Look I know how to treat you

Like the Dog that you is! I peeped you!

Chorus

(Tim Smooth)

I know your kind, yeah

Gotta let my dough shine

If I don't, ya won't, give a nigga no time

'Scuse me? Booty, you're out your league

Run with them High School niggas cuz they bout your  
speed

Doubt your knees will stay bent? Long as I'll have ya  
kneelin'

Only bout pussy and paper, I have no feelings

I have your nose wide open like a piece of chicken

By the time you learn me, I'll have your nieces trickin'

Least I'm spittin' the real

Instead of stabbin' ya, havin' ya beepin' some nigga  
named Phil

Cuz I will

I deal a hand that come from pimps

And I put it down thick as peanut butter on french

Since you all in my business, I got her now

Shot her down with my game, blowin' change like we  
out of town

Follow me now, I'm a hot boy, hot girl  
Know I'm not scurve as my World, peep me

Chorus (3x)

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