

Field Mob "Eat 'em Up, Beat 'em Up"

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I... I....

[Chorus]

You say you got a man at home
But he dont dig deep in ya guts
And he aint freaky enough, But me
I eat um up, beat um up then switch sides
I eat um up, beat um up then switch sides
I pour a little drank
We smokin on a sac
You like it from the front
But you love it from the back
I eat um up, beat um up, then switch sides
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[Verse 1 - Shawn J]

I wanna put ya lips below ya navel
Up against the lips above my chin
To kiss ya low as if ya genital's below a mistletoe
And let ya saddle up on me and sit you on top
And lick you low like a midgets blow pop
You got mo ass than a cattle of donkeys
Im grippin yo hips as I flip ya diggin into ya twat
You so bad Ill raw ya, yep wit no rubber
Dimepiece, I'll drink yo bath water
Im the best, I wont hurt ya
I'll eat it up and have ya moanin
Like you in a Herbal Essence commerical
Babygirl Im the better man
Didnt you say he dont eat ya, he must be a vegetarian
Cause as long as I got this face and lips
You always got a place to sit
So let me treat you like a postage stamp
And lick ya before I stick ya

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[Verse 2 - Chevy P]

She say she like it when I kiss on her neck and bite her
nipples
Hit it from the back I have her walkin like she cripple
Im the king of the quickie, I be workin it
Nine inches plus its thick with a curve in it
Like a rainbow, for us the game go, keep it quiet
Unless you wanna suffer from a good dick diet
I dont know what you been told
Yeah I kiss the clit but dont suck no toes
Take ya clothes off but leave ya shoes on
Dance for daddy let me see ya new thong
You wrong if you expectin me to be trickin I cant
Imma be gone just as soon as I wash my dick in the
sink
You got a husband and two kids
And I aint tryin to be beefin wit him
Cause he mad Im up in his boo ribs
Fussin because he discovered
Same mouth he kiss been stuffed wit some new dick

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[Bridge]

If yo husband aint lovin you right
Call me.. Imma give you the wood
If he dont beat it, Imma beat it, Beat it like he should
We been smokin and drinkin
Whats on yo mind, Whatcha thinkin
Imma beat it up, but before I beat it up Imma eat it up

[Verse 3 - Chevy P]

Imma beat it so good you'll wake up wit a sore rear in

the mornin
Callin me talkin bout Smoke you knocked my period on
And how it hurts to sit down and work
And how yo roommate be complainin about her hearing
us moanin
Im bringin down your tears when we bonin
The way you cryin out my name its like you cheerin me
on
I.. Eat um up, beat um up, then switch sides
You earthquakin and shiver like its cold
I.. getcha like a stove, hot and heated sweat for me
Rub ya clit get it wet for me
And when it (poot, poot, poot) from the rida-coochie
Make me make you cum like jury duty
You pregnant glad it aint mine
Its a fact I was strapped, I aint lyin
Doctor say its a lil girl good
Now I get pussy and head at the same time

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