

**Freddie Foxxx****"Sing For Me"**

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Need you to sing for me  
Need you to sing for me  
Need you to sing for me

[Verse 1]

Yeah, pour up a four, twist up a sack  
Detail the leather interior, wipe the vogues on the lac  
These hoes, they come and go, but my bitch, come off  
them racks  
So I push the pussy bottom to top, front to the back  
Used to dance and work undercover  
Your pockets right, get a room for the night and she  
might be your lover  
Nigga pay your fee, you straight with me, how I  
conduct my business  
Cuz I?m in this pimpin to win it  
So efficient, but I think I just caught myself catching  
feelings

[Hook]

Cuz I  
You know I love it when you sing for me  
Uh, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Yeah, pushing powder, kush & codeine for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

I? I?m bout to make that pussy sing for me  
Yeah, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Uh, fried chicken and collard greens for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

[Verse 2]

Yeah, another day we right back at it  
Drinkin, smokin, poppin, sniffin, guess we got some  
nasty habits  
But it don?t affect my cash flow  
Stack and watch my stash grow  
And she trained in doe  
Get on the floor and pop that ass ho

Nineteen without a dream, I intervene  
Knock ya dick off in the dirt, the most bout it bitch on  
my team  
In this triangle with love and drugs, it got me ?noyed  
But I tried to brush it off when I heard she flirt with that  
boy

[Hook]

Cuz I  
I? you know I love it when you sing for me  
Uh, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Yeah, pushing powder, kush & codeine for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

And I? I?m bout to make that pussy sing for me  
Yeah, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Uh, fried chicken and collard greens for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

[Verse 3]

I?m mixing pleasure with business, business with  
pleasure  
And these police on my dick, she ain?t trippin, she with  
whatever  
Man we clockin mail up out that motel, let?s get this  
cheddar  
And despite the way she live, I can see us being  
together  
So ashamed, afraid to tell my homies  
Some nights I cry and I confide in her when I get lonely  
Though we ain?t livin holy jesus showed affection to  
mary, that?s what the bible say  
Can?t picture life without you, I?d rather they take my  
life away

[Hook]

Cuz I  
You know I love it when you sing for me  
Uh, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Yeah, pushing powder, kush & codeine for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

And I? I?m bout to make that pussy sing for me  
Yeah, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Uh, fried chicken and collard greens for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I think I love her

[Verse 4]

Yeah, straight to the brain with it  
Might take a bump or two, but now she in her veins with  
it  
And I knew she fucked around, but I ain't know she had  
that itch  
Til I walked in and I caught her sharing needles with a  
trick  
Man, I used to cry and pray with this bitch  
No doubt I turned her out, but I seem to lost my way  
with this bitch  
My soul ain't worth the measly couple racks a day out  
this bitch  
But I'm addicted to her love potion  
Super potent, might end up overdosin?

[Hook]

Cuz I  
I? you know I love it when you sing for me  
Uh, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
Yeah, pushing powder, kush & codeine for me  
Seen it in my dreams, you fiend for me  
I used to love her

I? you know I love it when you sing for me  
Yeah, lord praise the paper you bring to me  
I? hope you didn't pass your disease to me  
Just a broken dream, a fiend to me  
I used to love her

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