

G-Unit

"I Smell P***"**

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Do you smell that?
What's that?
I smell pussy
Is that you Irv?
I smell pussy
Is that you Ja?
I smell pussy
Is that you Black?
I smell pussy
Is that you Tah?

Y'all niggas is pussy
I'm falling out nigga now watch me
Ain't nothing you can do to stop me
Y'all niggas get so emotional
You remind me of my bitch

It's not of my nature to make a commitment so let me
breathe
What she doesn't understand catch attitudes when I
leave her
[Incomprehensible] just make it harder for me
To accept her as my own, she tries to tie up my phone

And I'm not at home she's thinking I'm not alone
Probably out tryin' to bone anything in the street
I let her know she can leave, I ain't tryin' to tie her up
But see it's hard to fuck wit somebody after she
touches me

Mami I'm not your regular nigga I know the game
But I don't play by the rules I'm focusing on my moves
That way I will never lose, see I can tell by your shoes
If you attracted to Bentleys with 22's

You say I confuse you play little tricks with your head
Catching feelings ever since the first time I slept in
your bed
I'm not here to tease you mislead you with so your
dreams
I can't say I love you, I don't know what that means, I'm
a pimp

Girl you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscle feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to Ecstasy without takin' Ecstasy

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When I first met her, I did anything to get her
Paid all her bills and filled her frigerator
Reminiscing on late nights when I tried to lay up
But couldn't get off 'cause your baby would stay up

She even crashed the whip tryin' to switch in the third
lane
That's when I realized this bitch was a bird brain
A pigeon writing her baby pops in the box in prison
Sing-Sing is where he been in

She in the Gucci tights and Fendi high heels
Baby wipes and cans of Enfamil
Motor bikes and grams of fish scale
So 9 to 5 niggas was no frills

Turning young niggas with principals to old men with
debts
And all the prank calls was death threats
That bitch got the best sex all across the globe
And the bitch head game was out of control

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I wonder when I'm gone if you miss me
Or do you miss that Don Perignon and that Christy
I'm fuckin' wit you, I'm feeling your shape, I'm feeling
your eyes
Later on I'm feeling your ass and feeling your thighs

Sweetheart you book smart and street-smart
I knew you was my type from the very, very start

I'm into tongue kissing, fore play all day
Mamma ain't home so the noise is okay

ODB you know he like it the raw way
Latex, safe sex, no hickeys on the neck, now you're
learning
The Lords blesses make me wiser as the worlds turning
My tongue touch the right spot, I'll have your toes
curling

Whether we just kicking it or we sexing
I'm a pro baby girl, I spit game to perfection
So when niggas make mistakes, I correct the man
When niggas get out of line I check the man

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