

J-Zone

"Ms. Platonic"

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Hehe, yeah, yeah, yeah
Reminisclin' last year about Keisy, remember her?
Came to my crib lookin' for some platonic friendship
Gave me the blue balls, askin' me for beats and shit

Now she's sayin' I can't get the draws off
Unless I spend some cash at the mall?
Haha, biaaaatch, okay, let's go shoppin'
(Okay, no more Mr. Nice Guy)

Last year, Kizzy with the d-cup bra
Gave me blue balls, time for me to get raw
I hear around town she still wants to be friends
And if I pay I might hit it, I'm thinkin' revenge

'Cause she left me all swoll in the balls
Workin' my wrist to Lucy Liu flicks and punchin' holes in
the walls
But Kizzy don't know I got plans
She gotta pay for all the times she left me usin' my
hands

Figure I could take her to the motel
In the Poconos to bone after I spend a little ends
I gotta trick for sex to get this plan off
I gotta get a nut, and the kind that's hands off

Pick her up at 3 to go trick at the mall
Spent a little cash, kept receipts for it all
She thinkin' I'm rich, dumb bitch, my shit ain't even bar
coded
She's gold-diggin' too hard to notice

(Let me have \$50 for a brand new dress)
Haha baby, no doubt, 'cause I'm finna tear your back
out
Callin' me a trick, I ain't tryin' to go that route
Shit gets returned after she gets burned
I buy her the dress but soon she'll learn

(And I'm not givin' this to you because
(I like you or anything like that, it's just that)

Last year you gave me blue balls
Bein' a platonic friend
(Sing that song)
Now you think I'm crazy paid
So you wanna give me the skins
(Sing that song)

Spend my dough for nothin'
You must be smokin' crack
(At the top of your lungs)
Of course I'll buy the bracelet
But after I hit it, I'm takin' it back
(Biatch)

I remember when I spent no loot, she ignored me
But now the cash register sound keeps her horny
(I promise ya, you'll just stick with me)
(And you're gonna drippin' in mink and jewelry)

But I hate gold-diggers, I'ma slay her then play her
I'll have this chick screamin' and I'll lay her
(Fuck you, you bastard)
But there's a slight chance she might not bone?
Dog, she's a 100 miles away, how the fuck is she gettin'
home?

Oh haha
(Are you ready to take your panties off?)
(That's right, take off all your clothes, good, he)
(Biatch)

Now I hit her [unverified]
(Who's pussy is this?)
Ironic seein' Ms. Platonic down on [unverified] knees
I had to pause, dog, you shoulda peeped my grill
Laughin' and passin' out the sleepin' pills

Gased 'cause she thinkin' that I'm about to pay her
Frontin'-ass bitch is knocked out an hour later
Gather up the gear I just bought with the receipts and
the tags
Even took the new shoes off her feet and her bag

Think I would pay to get the ass like a idiot?
I went back to Macy's and returned every bit of it
Lettin' me jerk it off last year with some friendship
And only wanna bone when I spend shit

100 miles away, I'm at the crib screenin' my calls
She blowin' up the voice mail

(Stunt, call a taxi)
Laugh when I think of last year when the fish wasn't
bitin'
Now the bitch is hitch-hikin'
(I wish someone would tell me what I've done to
deserve this)

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