

Juicy J

"Slob On My Knob"

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Slob on my knob
Like corn on the cob
Check in with me
And do your job

Lay on the bed
And gimme head
Don't have to ask
Don't have to beg

Juicy is my name
Sex is my game
Let's call the boys
Let's run a train

Squeeze on my nuts
Lick on my butt
The natural curly hair
Please don't touch

First find a mate
Second find a place
Third find a bag
To hide the whole face

Real name grover
I said bend over
I started to knock
Then came the odor

Smelt like mush
Shouldn't had a woosh
Told her to stop
And take a doosh

Once she did that
I didn't want the cat
So, I bailed out
And never came back

Sucka nigga dicka suck
Sucka nigga dicka suck

Sucka nigga dicka suck
Sucka nigga dicka suck

My nigga, D-magic
Said he had to have it
I said just forget it
It's too crappy

Know a little freak
In Hollywood
Sucks on dick
Does it real good

She'll give you money
Feel up your tummy
House full of kids
Parents all funny

Once had a doubt
Backyard ground
Hit it from the back
Enjoyed the sound

Name under cover
Always used a rubber
Until I got caught
Fuckin' with her mother

She blamed it on me
We fought in the streets
She pulled out a knife
So I had to flee

Call up the boys
Went to her house
Trashed the whole place
Threw the bitch out

Police busted in
"Where the niggas at?"
We left just in time
And never came back

Rode through the hood
Wavin' at the freaks
Sniffin' all the rocks.
Smokin' all the geeks

Made another stop
Police station
Saw a few cops

Drove by and spayed them

License tag number

A nigga said he saw

Focus all the time

And never get caught

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