

Killer Mike "A.D.I.D.A.S."

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Pussy nigga what you doin'

(All day I dream about)

(All day I dream about sex)

The way you move your sexy groove

I've got my mind all over you

(All day I dream about)

(All day I dream about sex)

You say you were so sick of it

I'm tired of jackin' off 'cause you ain't there

65 Chevrolet Ipmala peachy cream

Cruisin' down the street like two fingers

'Cause the ivory is clean

Talkin' 'bout meetin' at the MC room

On the inside of the ship

Not a honey dip to hunt on

'Cause she mobile than a grip

Or the blue man group

Caught out on the Vegas strip

Tell em' a good game, Juju pimpin'

Give em' to my nigga dime legit

Boss lips, legs, arms, necks

Hip dips, hair net, mo' stretch

It's a camel toe and thats fo' sho

My brain is on one track

Like Mary, Mary toss for crackle like a rock star does

for smack

None of that but the female genatalia's where it's at

I'm a man and I demand a wo-man for that act

Personal preference 'cause I use the law of nature as a reference

No I don't ever recall seein' a man turn up pregnant

But that's just me from them female fantasies frolic freely

In my cock pit, every 30 some seconds I can't stop it

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Killer kill from Adamsville and in a Bonneville I chill
Heffers call me Black-n-Decker, I don't screw them
hoes I drill
I've been cuttin' cute lil' coochies since before the
record deal
Catch me daydreamin' 'bout them, thick, medium, or
slim
Doctors call the thing vagina, in the hood we call it trim
White boys call it snatch, Puerto Ricans call it chocha
Nathaniel likes his white, I like mine dark as cola
It's the first thing on my mind in the morn' when I roll
over
All men young or old in the end it's what we after
Even my grandpappy's happy, he got prescribed viagra

{Grandaddy, grandaddy
What's up? What's up? It's me
Hey let me get about three of them blue diamonds
I promise I got you some tomorrow}

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When I drill, I don't spill, even if she's on the pill
Keep my weapon covered, concealed, and in a shield
'Cause I don't need that AIDS
A D and an a missin' out my Adidas
Plus, we don't need no DNA mixin' between us
We just need to keep this thing friendly and hush hush
On the down low, like R. Kelly and youngsters
But over eighteen only 'cause baby I'm no perv
From the tour bus to the lobby, elevator to the room
We can jump each others bones but there's no jumpin'
brooms

{Buffoon you are too consumed in the womb
It is too early for you to jump the broom, boom}

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