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## La The Darkman "A Letter"

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[La the Darkman] A letter to my baby girl, why I'm out on the road It's January 18th, and the world is cold Dead winter, dick hard, wishing I was in ya Smoking this spliff, licking my lips While my mind paints a silhoutte of your hips Look beautiful, the love we make, beds we break Trips we take, risks we take, it's all maturity Try to fit your heart, in this purity All women looking for a little congenutity Smell me? Feel like I just met you At the carnival, you fed me a pretzel And you like it from the back, make ill noises Ass is incredible, pussy is the moistest Damn, it's all good, I bought you a ring But marriage, nah, love, respect my thing I wouldn't do that you, nor to myself You signing papers to me, that's something else But we can get the house, the whips and the seeds Seven day, eight night, cruises to Belize It's all in the budget, you like it, I love it But rumors about me and the street, stay above it I travel a lot, bitches babble alot See the way I treat you, you lick the spot You with the God, wisdom, strength and beauty Civilizing savages, my everyday duty Live free, make money, young black male Most niggas like me is dead or in jail I'm from the gutter, treat my wiz like I treat my mother Respect for me, come check for me You isn't scared of the fact, I kept a tech with me Plus you hold it, you even asked me to teach you how to load it Just 'case one day, I need you to explode it That's raw, I never seen it in a wiz before And you lady like, stay wet all night Screaming like a baby, when I'm giving you the pipe I'm good, that's gully, no more running the street I got a dime piece at home, smart, laying sweet Satin sheets, living life of the peak Intelligent at work, and a bed pure freak I speak for engineers, hustlers, athletes Businessmen that travel, be gone for weeks Getting money, come home, shit is intact Just being around me, you get percentage of that Just when my flight leave, know it's coming back Round trip, baby...

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