

Lind Espen

"I Peeped You"

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(Storm)

Now who's this peepin' through my window? Owwww
He wants my meow, but can't see how
To approach me
I just scoped him closely and it's slidin'
By, his Armani
Wantin', my punany
Finally, he approaches me with a lil' aggression
Lettin' his mid-section, control his direction
Sexin', is the only thing he's stressin' and I know it
But he lame to the game and it's a shame but I got'ta
show 'em
I offer my number upon his request
I'm starin' at his chest, but only thinkin' bout them
checks
I flex a lil' cleavage, to see if he lookin'
Crack a smile while he wonderin' how it'd be if he took
His tongue and put it down to my private parts
Now he don't know that I'm diggin' what he thinkin', so
he hide his heart
But don't fight it, I can't wait to be united
Peep, the repertoire, get the jingles 'fore you hide it
Shit, silly boy, I really enjoy
If you can lick and trick and I can stay unemployed?
Shiiit, and all I have to do is freak you?
I'll teach you this pimp shit right, nigga I peeped you

Chorus (Tim Smooth & Storm):

S. - I've been watchin' you watchin' me
Looks I received made it hard to just flee
Had to see exactly what you was talkin' bout
But you tryin' to run "G", and I peeped you

T.S. - I was watchin' you watchin' me
Looks I received made it hard to just flee
Had to see exactly what you was talkin' bout
But you tryin' to run "G" and I peeped you

(Tim Smooth)

What? Whoa nah

Think I'm swoll, ha?
Think ya bout to run up on a pot of gold, bitch, and
you're sure not
Whole lot of these tinted on rain
Bitches wouldn't get a QUARTER to start a video game
Hear that ol' same tactics and cheap tricks
Freaks keep tryin' to stack chips by eatin' dick
And fall on the floor when you call her a hoe
All that I know, a bitch can't ball with a pro
I'm a full-time franchise playa in my last year
Only bout to give you a dollar if you a cashier
My, name is, Timmy
My, dogs call me Benji
My, hoes know I'm stingy
But I, wasn't really flirtin', hoe I'm friendly
GIMME!
You know but anyway, I'ma holla at'cha
Come and snatch'cha one night, show ya that your old
man is not a factor
I could smack ya on your ass and just freak you
Get outta pocket bitch? Don't think I won't beat you
Eat who? Look I know how to treat you
Like the Dog that you is! I peeped you!

Chorus

(Tim Smooth)
I know your kind, yeah
Gotta let my dough shine
If I don't, ya won't, give a nigga no time
'Scuse me? Booty, you're out your league
Run with them High School niggas cuz they bout your
speed
Doubt your knees will stay bent? Long as I'll have ya
kneelin'
Only bout pussy and paper, I have no feelings
I have your nose wide open like a piece of chicken
By the time you learn me, I'll have your nieces trickin'
Least I'm spittin' the real
Instead of stabbin' ya, havin' ya beepin' some nigga
named Phil
Cuz I will
I deal a hand that come from pimps
And I put it down thick as peanut butter on french
Since you all in my business, I got her now
Shot her down with my game, blowin' change like we
out of town
Follow me now, I'm a hot boy, hot girl
Know I'm not scurve as my World, peep me

Chorus (3x)

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