

## Novel

### "Peach Remix"

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ft. Lloyd Banks

Novel

Verse 1:

Watermelons, coconut,  
fresh squeezed juice drippin'  
nigga what what.  
Got to do for her nigga  
like need to touch her,  
Body baggin for head to toe she ain't blush much.  
She got me so sparked  
got her toes done.  
Cherry red, cinnamon legs like no one  
I ever met before, didn't sweat me no.  
whispered in her ear I don't if this ever said before.

Chorus: (repeat)

I could eat a peach for an hour,  
Especially when its sweet not sour.  
I love it when its juicy,  
doin somethin to me.  
I can eat a peach for an hour

Verse 2:

Peach fuzz, no stem,  
rubbin on the hair of my  
chinny chin ch chin.  
Its such a taste make fine wine,  
I could crush grapes,  
turn it into fine wine.  
Your the greatest know what I mean,  
I got no game its just searchin to understand my soul.  
If ya willin' and able  
girl lets freak on the table.  
And I can go past ya neck,  
down to ya.

Chorus

I'm goin' down down down down down down down  
down down down down  
I'm goin' down down down down down down down  
down down down down

Lloyd Banks  
verse 3:

I don't know about ya past,  
or any special attention that god gave you.  
But I ain't kissin' no lips  
that open up side ways.  
I ain't tryin' to knock ya strategy,  
you will not be mad at me,  
Duracell couldn't tap my battery.  
You know we keep that dutch masses  
stuffed up fast.  
But if you deep sea diving,  
You can't puff puff pass.  
See I know that some songs  
got women fooled.

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