

Tech N9ne

"Creepin'"

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"Creepin'"

[INTRO: (spoken)]

Areola, that shirt came off, that bra came off and...so
crazy

What a day. What a motha fuckin' day. I tell ya.

Baby, I'm home! Hey, baby!

What's that smell? Smell like..like my baby's pussy.

What the fuck?! (Oh, shit! Sorry! Shit!)

[CHORUS]

What do you do when you're workin, come home, and
I'm creepin' out the back door

Pants on the floor and you're lookin' at her sayin'

"Whatcha doin' that for?"

[VERSE 1]

This is how it goes when you're hard at work (hard at
work)

I'm with ya lady and I'm all up in her skirt (all up in her
skirt)

She chose a rapper 'cause this rapper know how to tap
her

Strap her down and attack her while you sneak in,
watch pornos and jerk (watch pornos and jerk)

And ya can't be mad at me 'cause your thick bitch
wanna ravage me

Got my big dick in her cavities then it's spit spit I'm in
anatomy

And ya can't come badgin' me 'cause she sick wanna
insert half of me

Straight addicted to the master he whips the sticks up
without batteries

Poetry in motion

I make her water 'cause I'm a scholar I father her twat
and bother her I got her

She'll eat anything I want her to eat, she'll swallow
anything I want her to swaller

she'll go down & chew on my dog, doin' anything that'll
make me holler.

And you the victim don't even know whats ya comin'
home to, I'm bangin it out & she's screamin like we

doin kungfu.

Im feelin' right cuz you the one she do the wrong to.
Now that you know your lady is creepin' - whatcha goin'
do??

[CHORUS]

What do you do when you're workin, come home, and
I'm creepin' out the back door
Pants on the floor and you're lookin' at her sayin'
"Whatcha doin' that for?"

[VERSE 2]

But it aint no need though, cuz I'm a G tho.. I find em,
then fuck em, feed em & I let him repo.
I understand you're punchin that clock, but while you're
punchin man, Im punchin that twat - gonna get that
overtime
BG Bullet does step over the line, gotta key to the crib,
this pussy's suppose to be da line,
this bitch too old to be lying, she done told her
husband things suppose to be fine,
you da bigger man, and I'm her clover leaf now, what
about the clothes that he found:
did you tell him you love him, did you tell him you wit it,
did you tell him you this love his dick every time that
you get it - I don't think so,
so Ima keep things low, keep pullin these strings close
that pop that El Nino - (yes!)
Cuz Im the best at it, your lady's sex addict - all in the
spot when ur not, getting my head patted.
But Ima keep this thing respectable homie, I'm using
condoms in your festival homie, no need to killa nigga!

[CHORUS]

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I'm creepin' out the back door
Pants on the floor and you're lookin' at her sayin'
"Whatcha doin' that for?"

[VERSE 3]

What would you do if your boo crept on you-with me,
new tattoo with the letter "P" - all over her humps like
the letter "B".
Trip if you want to, scared nigger - never me: your girl
has been land-marked,
that means that I marked her - that means that I
skidded sperm all over her twat fur:
that means that I got her, where you never had her- sex
game critical, now she is a master.
You never got ur dick licked, mine is getting tongue-
kissed, she could suck a orange thru a straw - call her

Sunkist:

Man, she a cold chick, yeah I know you miss that: bank
account access- ya- you know I did that.

Put it where her ribs at, then I let her slip on it -if ya like
it then ya shoulda put a ring on it.

Cuz Paul Mussen had that pussy with a sling on it. And I
aint even poppin' E homie, but the question is:

[CHORUS]

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I'm creepin' out the back door

Pants on the floor and you're lookin' at her sayin'

"Whatcha doin' that for?"

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