

Too Much On The Beat "Bed Squeak"

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{This a Young Platinum beat, nigga}

[Intro:]

Much

Much

[Chorus:]

Make the bed squeak, make the bed squeak

Make the bed squeak, make the bed squeak

Make her feel good from her head to her feet

Make the bed squeak, make the bed squeak

Give it to you good, have you grippin' on the sheets

The way she throw it back, I can tell she a freak

Make the bed squeak, make the bed squeak

Make the bed squeak, make the bed squeak

[Too Much On The Beat:]

Booty call hour, she's done choosing

And I'm the last man left like Will Smith in that one
movie

Straight cuttin' when I get to your house

I'ma swing my stick til candy come out

Straight wham ya pinata, I'ma bedroom boxer

Hip-hopper, and I'm good with my fingers like a rocker

Hormones and vodka, plus she callin' me papa

Make you sing til you lose your voice like Frank Sinatra

Mayne, I should be in lockup how I murder that cat

Like a verse and a hook, if I beat it's a rap

Throw it back, throw it back, aint shy she throw it back

Got a hand full of tracks, girl gone throw it back

Like that, like that, girl don't be scared

I'm tryna break this bed

Beat it up then finish with some head

With the white around ya lips like Mike Epps said

[Chorus:]

[Casper:]

Ay, ay

I could make yo bed squeak, I could make yo bed rock

Said you like it rough, I put that pussy in a headlock

I wanna make a sandwich so I reach into her bread box

I murdered that pussy with a magnum, fuck a red dot
Ask her like damn, why yo bed so squeaky
And yo head so right, and yo pussy so leaky
Then her mom came in like, I heard somebody creepin'
Then I ducked and she said, naw mom that's the
fuckin' tv
Fuck naw that aint the tv man she know that that's the
bed spring
We can make a song baby, let me hear the bed sing
Now hit that note, man I even make the bed scream
You do that little leg thing, you know I do the damn
thing
Dammit, it's a earthquake, can't you feel the bed shake
It must be my birthday, I swear you got the best cake
Is it that good, baby look at how yo leg shake
Imagine what her girls think, imagine what her friends
say

[Chorus:]

[Too Much On The Beat:]

Tell me what you want, tell me what you like
Tell me what you need, I'll make a list tonight, aight,
alright
She's yours, but if I lay the pipe
Just pick up the phone and call it a night
Now she blowin' up my hip
Said my sex game crack, came back for a fix
Said she need that caine like a man with a limp
So I knocked it out the park and sent her back to the
bench
I'ma trip, yeah a trip girl, gone pack ya bags
I like to flip, I like to flip, and she's into acrobats
Make it drip, make it drip, let me see that water splash
Then I dip, then I dip, Ricky Bobby go fast
Kickin' back gettin' head from a rat
Young Platinum in the back with the camera attached
And he gone use the bed springs to make a slappin'
track
And if he did that, then this would be the track

[Chorus:]

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