

W.A.L.E.**"The One Eye Kitten Song"**Visit "[The One Eye Kitten Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 Wale/Travis Porter]

Look, I was ridin' through wherever like my situation
better

Bet they make demands when they see you makin'
money

Romanelli custom, make it (buy it)

Haters (priceless)

100 for the butters

I don't be with squares

[TP]Unless I'm sittin' on my luggage

[W]See that's a little different, Damier was a cover

[TP]Now won't you tell me somethin' 'bout the joint
that you was thumpin'

Yeah Ralph you know the girl that always askin' 'bout
some money

[W]Yeah, yeah, man cut that talk I ain't ever
spendin' nothin'

But some gas and some mothafuckin' rubbers

Check it on the dash, 120 out speedin'

You play phone tag a minute, was tryna see it

Told her we can be low, pinot and rollin' weed up

[TP]Did you get her on cam?

[W]No brag, but Tarantino

Now you know, so we know, told me I can keep it

[TP]Well nigga, did you smash?

[W]I smashed

[TP]But did you eat it?

My answer:

[Hook - Wale]

Took her to the room make her bust it wide open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Man, took her to the room make her bust it wide open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open

Hol' up, wait, chill let it marinate

White girl with a booty call it carrot cake

Black girl with a booty call it double fudge
Brought my nigga along, we havin' double fun
Killed that pussy, died with his eyes open
Hopped out the pussy fly with my fly open
You hopped out the pussy fly with your fly open?
With her legs in the sky like the suicides open
Suicide doors, suicide whores
We all up at the crib, it's a quarter past four
Chillin', smokin', drinkin'
Like Jay-Z off-key I'm singin'
OK I met this girl named Sara
Did she pull up in the Panamera?
Nah, that's another broad, this another broad (her?)
Little yellow tail, but I ain't hit it raw

[Hook]

Waddup bro? Nothin' much Joe
Tell me about the Brenda you caught up at your last
show
She was playin' hittin' hard to get it (I dig it)
You sweat it? A little, blame it all on the liquor
Shit I was so faded couldn't keep my eyes open
Playin' eye to eye 'til she poke it out for me
Forty-five later she was jumpin' all on me
It was on (It was on, then put on for the homie)
Ok next time I got ya I just caught in the moment
When I bring friends in her friends will get focused
Dogs will be dogs, shones will be shonin
Kitten call me then it die with eyes open

[Hook]

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