

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

feat. Travis Porter

I was riding through wherever like my situation better
Bet they make demands when they see you making
money
Romanelli custom, make it, buy it

Haters priceless, a hundred for the buttocks
I don't be with squares less they sitting on my luggage
See that's a little different, Damier was a cover
Now won't you tell me something about the joint that
you was stunting
Yeah, Ralph you know the girl that always asking about
some money
Man cut that talk, I ain't ever spending nothing
But some gas and some motherfucking rubbers
Check it on the dash, 120 out speeding
You play phone tag a minute, was tryina see it
Told her we can be low, Pinot and roll a weed up
Did you get her on cam? No brag, but Tarantino
Now you know, so we know, told me I can keep it
Nigga, did you smash? I smashed
But did you eat it?
My answer

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

Hold 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 having 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
Chilling, smoking, drinking
Like Jay-Z off-key I'm singing
Ok, I met this girl named Sara
Did she pull up in a Panamera?
No, that's another broad, this another broad
Little yellow tail, but I ain't hit it raw

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What's up, bro? Nothing much, Joe
Tell me about the brunette you caught up at your last
show
She was playing hitting 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
Playing eye to eye till she poke it out for me
Forty five later she was jumping all on me
It was on, it was on, then put on for the homie
Ok, next time I got you, 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

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