

Da Grym Reefer "I Want Some Pussy"

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(Chorus)

I want some motherfucking pussy
I want some motherfucking pussy
I want some motherfucking pussy
Hey, bitch, I want some motherfucking pussy

(repeat x1)

Dr. Gigglez:

When it comes to fucking
Ya boy
He don't hesitate
Met this little freak
Straight going
Down at Jackson State
Told her that my name was Nate
Took her ass on a date
Straight to the Knights Inn
Cuz a nigga couldn't wait
Mane, I want some pussy
And I know she want some dick too
A pink-toed that's down to do the whole crew
Now that's it's over with
Bitch, I'mma holla ho
Next time I want to fuck
I'mma hit ya on the phone
(On the phone)

Big Smoke:

I stopped at the corner store
That's where I had met this ho
A big booty red-boned ho.

Her name was Michelle
She loved to give a nigga head
She sucking and fucking doing her thang
She never scared.

I done spit my game

See the bitch was feeling me
Wanting me to fulfill all of her freaky fantasies

Got her to the house
The bitch here
Was goin out the frame
She sucked my dick from the back

And I forgot the hoes name
And that's a shame

(Chorus x2)

81:

Shawty that ass is fat
Double stacked in them Capris
I wanna gut that cat
You should've been a top model
For Baby Phat

So is you really ready?
Hold on!

Cuz I'm never showing no slack
Straight gut action from the back

So let me be your fucking friend
And not your man

Hold your fanny in my hand
And drill it in

That's how I do it
Beat it
Mistreat it
And never eat it

Cuz sluts
Get to sucking on my nuts

While you acting sidity
Like You don't wanna fuck

Dizzy duck
Do your job
Slurp and slob

Hustle squad
Free of charge

(Yeah, That's how we do
So come jump on my team)

Lil Peoples:

I'm looking for a bad, bad bitch
Like Trina
Don't want no divas
Just want a thick red-bone
With a fine ass demeanor

I specialize in Lane hoes
Cuz they are
Some freaky ass lil' sluts
Though

They like to bend over
Make they knees touch they elbows
And let the dick
Touch the back
Of they fucking throat

When I saw that ho
At the Bull Market #5
I knew right then
I had to have them thick as thighs

I ain't gon lie
I slid right by
and got them digits

I spit that real pimpin
And got on down
Cuz a nigga all about them riches

(Chorus x2)

Da Grym Reefer:

We you know
What I came for
I didn't come to chit-chat
Or else I'd just stayed on the phone

Bitch, I came to hit that
Split that
Kit-Kat
Holla if you dig that
Turn your ringer off
Tell your nigga you've been kidnapped.

I ain't got no time to play
I just got some pipe to lay
I ain't got no time to save
So don't be asking me to pay

I'll break ya face and hurt ya feelings
No trick or treat
I'm bout my pimpin
Bustin nuts on bitches lips
And get some grips and split
Before you flip the script

And that's how I do it

Follow your own discretion
If you follow my influence

I know hoes who went to
Moorehead
Known for giving more head
Slow head
Whoa head
Everything but no head

Around these bitches
Watch your bread

Cum sucking sluts
Are amuck
Trying to get in you head
When a nigga...

(Chorus to fade)

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