

My Starving Lion

"Liquorice"

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[Verse 1]

Look, niggas really wanna beat they chests, for B-A-N-K-S

These niggas be gorillas for the pin-k flesh
These niggas be vanilla, the chips be legitimate
They just want the pumpnickel sis in the linens with em

So since you vanilla men spend, can my hot fudge
bitches get with your vanilla friends?
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch, you know I'm looking for
these niggas if these niggas is rich
I make hits, motherfucker, do you jiggle ya dick when
ya bitch pop singing on the liquorice hit, ya know?

[HOOK]

CAN I CATCH YOUR EYE, SIR?
CAN I BE WHAT YOU LIKE, YEAH
I COULD BE THE RIGHT GIRL
TELL ME IF YOU LIKE YOUR LADY IN MY-MY COLOR
CAN I BE YOUR TYPE? YEAH. (2X)

I COULD SET YOU RIGHT, WHOA
HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT, SIR?
I'm LIVING MY LIFE, OOOH
HOPE YA FEEL ALRIGHT, YEAH

[Verse 2]

Hey, I'm the Liquorice bitch, you know I'm looking for
these niggas if these niggas is rich
Ya got creme for ya colors and a blue eye too
"Hi, I wanna get the number to ya 212 line, maybe we
could slumber, we could woo woo woo!"
Why I don't do yay, but if you want to, fine
Your fantasy could get that pitch black
Cause it's gon' erupt when ya slip in betwixt that black
snatch
Ya like blizzack-ker cat, ema-nem-manating where ya
mizzat-mustache at?
Huh, I bet ya been extra gassed, bet ya really wanna
touch up on the molasses ass
Bet ya really wanna tongue up on her kizzat today

Cause her kizzat sh-shaved, you wanna cuddle with ya
bitch after, eh?
But I gotta dip I gotta get at the cake
Lotta scrilla to make, and the dick don't fuck up any
scrillac for Banks
No issues picking money over ha-ha, ya beige in her
She just wanna see the best in Greece with some
gentlemen and check these beats in the sun
He just wanna see the wet-wet weave when I'm
swimmin' in the West Indies
Then I sit up and catch these breeze, sip a little bit of
Rum & Ting, nigga

(Vocal interlude)

[Verse 3]

These bitches know that I be on that black girl shit
That black girl pin-up with that black girl dip
Put that black girl spin up on ya whack girl tip
Ain't official till it been up in that black girl kit
Pick out ya mans and attack real quick, I'ma hit him
with that venom and that rap girl hip
I slip out the denims, know that black girl fit, get that
Remy in a did and hit that black girl switch
Bitches better tan for the summer, and for the haters,
quit that chit chat, and get ya paper
Quote the cinnamon, the cherry-melange bitch
verbatim when I speak about ya face in the clam with
the flavors
Ya get that? And stimulate her
Take a lick up on my genital, then sit to savor
Do ya man's and his liquorice interest a favor

[Hook]

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