

J Lethal

"Lap Dance"

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(Verse 1)

Ass so fat I need a lap dance, I eat that pussy up like
Pac-Man
Ass so fat I need a lap dance, I eat that pussy up like
Pac-Man
Riding out, with my nigga Taevon
It's a bright day, so i got my shades on
All you niggas squares, just like a diagram
Niggas think they seeing me like I'm some type of
hologram

(Verse 2)

Jay F. Tae, and the F would be for Fortitude
Coldest rapper here, now watch me change the altitude
Fuck with me wrong, then I am at your latitude
Never have you seen a rapper of this fucking
magnitude
Nigga don't play, I'm more than you
Nigga don't play, I'm warning you
I aim that gun, then execute, I'm flier than a parachute
Bands a make her dance, she make that ass clap
I rip her panties off and then I start to eat her snatch
She bring that ass back, make it do a thunder clap
Detroit my habitat, I'm the King, I'm running that
Can't no nigga do what I do when I do what I do 'cause I
do it so great
Let's get this shit straight, this is not a debate
I operate to increase my wealth and intake
Kicking niggas asses, just like I was a Spartan
And in case you didn't know, bitch I still be the
Sergeant
He so versatile, I swear he kill anybody song
Sippin' on that double cup, no rest in peace to my
Styrofoam
Put that pussy in my face, it put me right where I belong
I put this track to sleep just like some fucking
chloroform

(Verse 3)

Flow stay wet like the Mississippi River
And I'll sign a contract, with the highest bidder
You know me, instrumental killer
I take your song, remix your song, and eat your song
for dinner
I'm killin' all these niggas, R.I.P to the competition
I'm a kamikaze rider, I blow up like a cataclysm
Flow is magnetic, all you niggas is pathetic
And I put this track to sleep like my flow carry
anesthetic
Fuck all these niggas, no I'm not apologetic
If I said it then I meant it, we can put it up and bet
Still running shit, hundred yard lane
The way I treat instrumentals should be labeled
inhumane
Let me see you twerk, I give her the work
Hit her G-spot and make her whole fucking body jerk
I test the pussy out, just to see if it will squirt
Excuse my French because I know my lyrics might be
overt, bitch
I live in the clouds like the Angels do
I'm chopped and screwed, I'm armed to shoot
You ain't seen a nigga as raw as this since Wayne with
Tha Carter 2
I'm sick with the flu, you a bugaboo
I take yo' bitch, let's rendezvous
I cook these niggas up like barbecue
For the record I don't spit, I spew
Niggas think they on my level, clearly that is not true
F-y-i, ain't nobody barking up my avenue
Ass so fat, girl I think I need a lap dance
Mind so wild, boy I think I need a cat-scan
Stuntin' is a choice, and ballin' is a hobby
Walk up to that nigga like what's poppin' kemosabe
That choppa have ya lookin' like ya went through a
tsunami
No need for you to tell me 'cause I know my flow is
Godly
J Lethal, I had to show out for Dearth 3
All these niggas gettin' chin checked like a goatee
Killing track after track, guess I'm on a murder spree
Bitch, I am the Human Torch and you get burned to the
third degree
TrukFit on my back, Supras on my feet
I could teach you how to stunt
But still you wouldn't be able to compete
She give me brain while I tweet
Don't be mistaken, I'm unique
My pockets steady flexin', hey bitch check out they
physique

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