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J Lethal "Mars Bars"

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(Verse 1)

I strong arm rap, I got this game in a choke-hold I get deep and dig her pussy out like I'm looking for some lost gold

LD flow, I go Ricky Bobby stupid

Like a virgin first time, bitch I am about to lose it I live in the clouds like the Angels do, you know I stay chopped and screwed

I'm gone off that Promethazine, that purple drink that make me lean

Switching up my styles, still like I was a contortionist I'm killing these niggas, call me Dr. Jack Kevorkian Deep up in her pussy, diving like I was just snorkeling These niggas done so I'ma go ahead and stick a fork in them

Your girl give me head, just like a MRI

Better yet she give me brain like she study at DeVry All my niggas wild like they come from a safari, catch me when I'm twenty five riding in a red Ferrari Just check my repertoire, I am just so dangerous Plenty niggas may try but they can not begin to hang with us

They can not even bang with us, I'm smoking on that Angel dust

I run this shit like I play for the Olympics, bitch the flame would be with us

Can you see, it's plain to see, can you see, it's plain to see

I was made divine so I am something for the whole world to see

I do this shit, I kill this shit, I ace this shit, I bake this

I cake this shit, I walk up in the club and straight up take your bitch

I shed a tear, I mourn the track, I tell TJ to run it back And then I keep on running shit just like I was a running back

Touch it, push it, systematic, Team Obama, Democratic Flow electric, catching static, I'm on top just like the attic

Her clit look like a Mike 'N Ike, I'm more than straight,

my girl a dyke She eat her pussy, suck my dick, now that's what I call my type of night

(Verse 2)

I'm a stand up guy, not the type to fall down
I'm a shark in these waters but in that pussy I'm still
likely to drown
Eastside nigga, until the day they bury me
Two bitches in my room, right now and they are sharing
me
It's Jay F. Tae, and the F is for ferocious
Bitch I spit so hard I should be diagnosed with halitosis
Smoking double barrel blunts, I know you see the mist
approaching
I could rhyme for days because my brain is forever
overloading

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