

Saukrates "Body Language"

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Intro [saukrates] {choclair}
[pour fador]
{hear this}
[hey, I got my reasons man. conkescador. respect 'em]
{let me just say this}
[you know what I'm saying]
{you're a very pretty girl}
[you know it's a lie
Aaaaah]
{where's your attitude, which was ugly as a
motherfucker
You really need to tighten that shit up}
[that was real, that's real
How you make me feel sugar, God damn!]
{you got to fix yourself}
[you know everything is everything]
{'cause there's gonna be one nigga... that might just
snap on your ass}

[choclair]
It's 10:15 up in the am, scratch the back, cough the
phlegm
I hear the phone ringing
I wipe the sleep from the tear ducts
Phone's ringing, sun's blazing through the curtains
Ignore the phone calls, pager bawls
Check the number, it's 4-1-6-k-c-t-2-2-6-4
The 3 means for me to go an call back immediately
I call back and I'd myself as the chizz-knocka

[saukrates]
Yo, what up potna? I got a little story to tell
About this heavy chickenheaded, brow eye cocktail
Nipples like pickles, did her well to the dills
Spinning in the background, all I could hear was
wedding bells
'cause the cock had me locked on pussy detention
Forgot to mention ass cheeks was heavy, broke my
suspension
And even got to say what happened
Her body language spoke a new form of rapping
Pussy so tight she grabbed my dick with it and started

clapping

When we were done, she said 'thank you sugar' (sugar)

I analyzed her barbed wire tattoo 'round her ankles

Would have taken the time to study it before I hit it

Was killing to get in it,

So I choose to peep the g right after we done did it

I'm telling you this because I'm the sweet pussy critic

I reminisce on ass, pussy, tits and thick lips all over my

long prick

You the shit brown eyes, you the shit's what I said

I see you doing movies, getting all up in my nigga's

head

Peep what I said, you the bomb and my mind is caught

But listen, the dick is long but the time is short, it's you

I'm dissing

You pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold

You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold

As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing

I read you body language, now please get out my

basement

[choclair]

But that some shit nigga

I bet if you wanted to,

You'd make that pussy drip like your snotbox up in the

winter

Or watch your picture

I knew this trick that was similar to yours

With the tits that stood up, just like the lights upon an

'89 accord

As sharp as a sword, with these nipples like ? ? ? ? ?

I was like farmer brown, 'cause I was picking to get in it

Her body looked stolen from a stacey dash mold

If you seen the hold on that ass, shit! (shit)

The cactus had my brain blitzed like I'm smoking I's up

in the stairs

My pipe is getting full with the liquid joe(?)

Yo, I wanted to unload and make it spread like pour-ed

milk on the floor

The center fold, had me rocked if I stood up

Her shoulders being tapped, yo I'm fiending for the cat

I wonder if she'll feel me

I'm breaking through my jeans, lips looking mad big

Like she could suck the green off army fatigues

Body smooth like a gs3, double ooh on the body I

would do

She can take the chizz right out the knock-aaah

You guess you get rock more tricks than the sea

For the chizz-y (chizz-y), real-ly (real-ly)

You see you just pissing in the wind sugar, I'm ice cold

You ain't never gonna win sugar, I'm twice as bold

As the average pussy chasing, look who you facing
I read you body language, now please get out my
basement

Outro [saukrates]

Let's go conquistadoris, chocola-tay, ooooooww

Aight, bring it back so I could double this

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