

## Punchline And Wordsworth

### "Mistress"

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{Words

I don't trust no women.

My mom- maybe

My sister- a little bit

My niece- I don't know

I ain't tryna hear no relationships, I had a couple, that's enough

I ain't tryna hear nothin yo

yo yo yo yo

Her name's Theresa, sold sneakers couldn't miss out

I'm kickin it, the same time, tryna get a discount

spoke for 2 minutes, a few hours up in it

Had me thinkin marriage, already had the tux rented

Stains on the comforter, pull out and I would come in her

Hit her on her period, put a towel under her

Sprung, eventually I would place my tongue in her

Cooked my favorites and even take shits in front of her

Head in the taxis, picked up her maxis

She gassed me, I thought the sex was clearin up my acne

Its nasty, play fight's shed catch a fit

She'd try to take it to far and try to grab my dick

I lost trak of the cash that I spent from her

Birthdate was her ATM pin number

Sometimes I wonder, how on earth me and her was put together

I miss her alot, but her sister pussy better

Chorus 2x:

I got a mistress, only hit it when I pay a visit

I got wifey, to raise my kids and who I gotta live with

I got a ho, but if she try to play my wife out

She gotta go, and dealin wit broads you never know.

{Words

Her name's Ingrid, couldn't speak good english

Tattoo of a penis between the cleavage

Strippin to help her save from minimum wage

But when she jumped, the tattoo would fuck her titties on stage

Her nickname gelatin, told niggas she was celibate

But thats because the pussy she would sell-a-bit

Married this rich blind man named Sullivan

Take a hundred out his wallet, tell him 10

During sex, she would moan and scream

He couldn't see, she was there readin magazines.

Sometimes freakin off, he was into violence

Loved pain, tied up, beat him with his blind stick

Wanted kids, but she was takin the pill

Plus he paid for all the bills for her to stay in Brazil

Thinkin its real, but ain't it kinda odd

The same day he put her name in the will, the day he  
was killed

Chorus 2x

{Punch

This girl Shirelle, Puerto Rican wit the long nails

Follow me all over town grabbin on my coat tail

I never hit it, cause her girlfriends she would go tell

Blowin up my phone, pager stayed on low cell

Sendin nasty e-mails, she was all on my dick

Scared to hit it cause those Spanish chicks fall in love  
quick

Got my name on her left tit, wierd individual

All about residuals, straight phoetic material

She want to do a threesome, lick 'em so they each cum

Hon, I don't put my tongue where you bleed from

Call you if I need some, chill and be calm

She wanted me to come by to meet her aunt and her  
mom

'Bout an hour and a half, I came through to the spot

We at the dinner table takin Henessy shots

Since her moms was lookin good I had to throw on the  
charm

The next mornin she woke up wit my dick in her palm.

Chorus 2x

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