

Souls of Mischief "4th Floor Freaks"

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Repeated: your shape be...

(opio)

I got my eyes on you

Visor's cool

Ass be vast it's private school

Imagination pornographic

Memory is photographic why don't you

Turn around

Bend over so I can snag ya

Polariods

It's your camera

You's a freak

That don't matter

You can be yourself as ya

Spread 'em hold 'em squeeze 'em lick 'em

Heart rate quicken

Salami stiffen

Never caught me slippin'

I get all up in 'em bras

I'm rippin' all these girls are gettin' tossed

Gettin' lost

In a frenzy it's all flimsy (-ex on remy?)

Genuinely melo-drab

Killer crabs

Recipe for mischief

When I hit it

Standin' up in the doorway

Skip the foreplay

Fuck what the landlord say

I'm straight shake rattle rollin' you controllin' your
shake.

(a-plus)

If it was up to plus

Every girl would be voluptuous

With some d double cups

Yeah them double cups they wonderful

Say baby won't you take me to your bungalow on the
under though

We don't want no one to know how the slumber go

I got a blunt to blow

If you don't smoke then I'll take it facial
Angels done up and blessed you
Baby you somethin' special
Let me undress you
Baby go in your thong
Make me gain some extra weight 'cause somethin'
growin' is long for ya
& if your nasty I might even write a song for ya
& all the while I'm thinkin' in my head it's on nigga
Girl you so pretty & you got them tig old bitties I know
You fin a hit me when we rippin' in your city ain't ya

Repeated: your shape be...

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