

Kopspijkers

"Lip Locked"

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I put the pedal to the medal
When I, mash out
And push your face in the pillow
When I, lash out
If you cash out, baby what do you get?
You got the same ol' dick cuz you done got whipped

You keep your chips in the game, think you last long
And spend every extra minute with your glass bong
You gettin' tact with your wig pulled back
I'm good in the sack like aphrodisiac

You see baby, that's what they say
And high prices, is what they pay
For a little dime bag, or ziploc
And get with friends or girlfriends
They keep their lip locked

She wore high socks and short ass skirts
And gettin' good head, was one of the perks
It works, and even though you was all gravy
Had to cut you off cuz ya ain't my lady

Get ya ass up, I don't care what you feelin'
Gotta go, this rap game is like drug dealin'
Long nights and short stints of sleep
Gotta keep my cuddies close, and try to (?) me
They laughin' at me cuz I like heavy women
They cappin' on me, but wish I would roll wid 'em

E, I live dangerously
Just another playboy who's suddenly seen
You know what I mean
Every day is a (?) race
Get a breezy, get her sprung off the cock taste
See these hoes never amaze me
Talkin' shit cuz they crazy

Who, is you tryin' to be?
Ooh, I know it ain't Smoov-E
Who, is gon' get you tact?

Better move, here comes the big bomb sack

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