

## Three Six Mafia

### "Slob On My Knob"

Visit "[Slob On My Knob](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Slob on my knob  
Like corn on the cob  
Check in with me, and do your job  
Lay on the bed, and give me head  
Don't have to ask, don't have to beg  
Juicy is my name  
Sex is my game  
Let's call the boys, let's run a train  
Squeeze on my nuts  
Lick on my butt  
The natural curly hair, please don't touch  
First find a mate  
Second find a place  
Third find a bag, to hide the ho face  
Real name rover  
I said bend over  
I started to knock, then came the odor  
Smelled like mush  
Shouldn't had a woosh  
Told her to stop, and take a dush  
While she did that  
I didn't want the cat  
So I found out and never came back

Suck a nigga dick or some (4x)

My nigga D-Magic  
Said they had to have it  
I said just forget it, it's too craby  
Know a little freak, in Hollywood  
Sucks on dick, does it real good  
She'll give you money, feel up your tummy  
House full of kids, parents all schummy  
Once had a down, backyard ground  
Hit it from the back  
Enjoy the sound  
Lay on the cover  
Always use the rubber  
Till I got caught, fucking with her mother  
She blamed it on me  
We fought in the street

She pulled out a knife, so I had to flee  
Called up the boys  
Went to her house  
Charged the whole place  
Threw the bitch out  
Police busted in  
Where the niggas at  
We left just in time, and never came back  
Roll through the hood, waving at the freaks  
Who's sniffing all the rocks, and smoking all the geeks  
Made another stop  
Police station  
Saw a few cops  
Drove by and sprayed them  
Licensee tag number  
A nigga said he saw  
Bogus all the time  
Never get caught  
Slob on my cat  
Cause you know it's fat  
Check in with me  
And do that  
Wait a second freak  
I know you from the streets  
My nigga Hurry T  
Has seen you through his mean  
They call you little red  
The one who slob on head  
And drinks a niggas nut  
Until you well and fed  
To see what she's about  
I creaped to her house  
To catch her in her blouse  
And see how big her mouth  
She pulled me to her room  
To get the fuckin soon  
I didn't have a rubber  
I fucked with two balloons  
Lay on the bed  
That's all she said  
Her pussy has one problem  
Twisted tight in streads  
The fucken sounds were tunes  
I fucked her with a broom  
She rode it like a horse  
The blood came rushing soon  
When I seen that  
I didn't want the cat  
So I found out  
And never came back

[Chorus]  
Bloods on dick  
Does it real good  
Bloods bloods on dick  
Does it real good  
Bloods on dick  
Does it real good  
Bloods bloods on dick  
Does it real good

My nigga D Magic  
Had said he finally got it  
The true and false blow  
He said he had to have it  
Know a little freak  
In big ham  
Licks up nuts  
Like lickin stamps  
She'll grant your wishes  
Blow you freaky kisses  
House full of G's  
Freak horse bitches  
Had the little freak  
In my niggas jeep  
Try to spit some game  
To get her suck some meat  
Lay on the cover  
My natural hair she loved it  
Stop bitch stop bitch  
Please don't touch it  
Took her trough some hoods  
And let her hoe around  
7 street 9 street  
And street of walks and brown  
Now she's in click  
A pro on suckin dick  
Until the rugged out  
The bitch was smokin bricks  
Straight trough the blow pipes  
That's all she thought  
Runnin from the rehab  
Never got caught  
(chorus)

Visit [Three Six Mafia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.