

Tonedeff

"Disappointed"

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V1 (24)

Lust, once ya feel it in your bones, yo, you know you
can't stop it/
Understand? Let me expand while we're on the topic/
I date plane Janes, hot chicks/
But I usually only fuck with female pilots cause they got
the illest cockpits
Ha, and if the crotch fits, where it/
I'm the type of Martha Fokker to ditch a bitch the day
before I meet the parents/
She's embarrassed she's dating a rapper - with baggy
pants/
Pick her up from mass, system on blast, grabbing her
ass/
Glad we could smash, but I gotta move on to the next
chick/
I'm an outgoing male, I send one off, and I get one
back like Netflix/
Now get this, when you're sexually reckless, you can
have a girl that makes you breakfast/
But you'll still seek the rejection of a leggy temptress/
She's like your petty deathwish/
You be dressed in your best shit, tryna silence the
skeptics/
Upset kids called her a |hoe, and I hoped to god it was
true/
Cause see, a hoe fuck everybody, A bitch fuck
everybody but you/
I'd forget about it, but soon, I behold it's a sign
Envisioned a coked-out Whitney signing "Moment In
Time," when I told her I rhymed/
And fames the best aphrodisiac know to man, cause
now we holding hands/
Saying 'lets blow this stand', and, yo, I hate to spoil
plans/
So now that we rolling, I'm the Trojan man, she's
stroking it fast/
I'm jonesing for ass, but I almost choked on the gas
when I opened her pants/
So potent a blast a fish that It was scary, man/
I snatched the pine tree from the rearview mirror and

sandwiched it in her hairy clam.

V2 (24)

I got pussy, pussy, pussy on my mind and it's killing me/
me/

2 to 3 at a time, menagetwois or a trilogy/

I really feel the need to sing this song/

Cause I dated a bi-chick for 3 years and I never got my threesome on/

There's only so many tricks that one woman can teach a schlong/

And even Cheech & Chong agree, more than one freak sure beats the bong/

But, I've reached the wall, and yo, I've only failed,

Knowing that getting the most available hoers with tail to bone & bail's the holy grail/

Now for the solo male there isn't the fattest chance in hell/

You can ask two bad frat chicks to nail without landing your ass in jail/

And that's the real haphazard deal, when one set of tits ain't enough/

Ya' want wetter clits, save the hunt, Son, you better just pay to fuck/

The way my luck is, on whether I'll get or get got/

Is slim, but if the chance comes, I can't front, I'll give it a shot/

And I'm shitting you not, the day came when I was put to the test/

Because of my stage name I met these three hookers looking for sex/

They claimed Janessa, Brooke & Beth were their governments/

And wanted to triple the pleasure and triple the fun like they were doublemint/

I'm stuttering, I'm looking down at my dick 2 chicks is rubbing it/

Beth tells me to look at her tongue and then imagine my cum on it/

Then, suddenly one of 'em starts crying, some shit bout her ex-man/

And when one chicks in need, the two others WILL ditch the sex plans/

With staff in hand, I'm asking, "Is it the time for this shit?"/

From the back of the pack I hear 'Can't you keep your mind off your dick?

Chorus:

This is just another sad song/

For times like this, when everything's mad wrong/

You missed your chance, you gotta keep your pants on/
When things don't go your way.
Go your way.

It's another assless night/
When the shorty your with isn't acting right/
You're forced to fuck chicks who aren't half as tight/
When things don't go your way.
Go your way.

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