

Tonya Mitchell

"Lollypops"

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Tell a nigga.. telephone, telegram; two-way that
motherfucker
Somebody let him know.. tell that nigga
His bitch is out of pocket

[Verse One]

It was me and yo' broad, ridin in my 'llac
She tried to climb on top of me and slide on my lap
I said hold on baby, we almost to the spot
We gon' do somethin nasty, with all this lust you got
I fucked her on the floor then we got up in the bed
Woke up in the mornin, can't remember what we did
Last night we was drunk, stinkin dirty motherfuckers
Stayed up all night, 'til 7:30 can't touch us
When we down on the beach, in the sand in Miami
I done found me a freak, done got my hand in her
panties
She was playin in the water, MAN she was wet
So I laid her on her back, I pulled her panties to the left
I told her.. naww baby, we ain't do it too soon
Straighten up your dress, let's go up to my room
Tell your man you was lost, ran into a boss
Then I opened that ass up like a can of sauce

[Chorus]

We don't like those lollypops
Sucker ass niggaz don't know how we rock
They can't even handle it
When you tell the truth, they can't stand a bitch
We don't like those lame marks
that run the other way when the game starts
Cause they don't know what to do
Don't lie tell me why would I fuck with you

[Verse Two]

Stop hatin since we datin the same lady
Don't hate the player, hate the game baby
I like her style, she's kinda wild
And when we do it we don't waste time goin out
We into it like the X-Rated flick with no plot, it's so hot
Don't hesitate and don't stop 'til we on top

She got a dude - but what I gotta prove?
Ain't no need to creep, you know she's a freak
Take it all, 'til the balls, disappear in her jaws
Then she take off them drawers, let me hit them sugar
walls
And when I'm done havin fun tryin to be a player
She kiss my thang goodbye and say I'll see you later
Now if you can't take it mayne you need a good girl
Take a ride around the town and try to look for her
Cause yo' wife's a hoe, you might like to know
If she see a big dick, she might go..

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I watched her eye, she witcha man, stop starin
Stop the lies, there's no comparin
You wanna ride well let's go; I got a magic carpet with
vogues
I'm nice to the ladies but I'm hard on the hoes
And when you jump in my car bumpin "Freaky Tales"
You told me pull it out, you wanna see it's real
I know your type girl, you ain't fin' to wait
That's how a pimp taste ridin on the interstate
It's in your mouth, make you wanna scream and shout
You can swallow or spit, when the cream comes out -
bitch!
Just don't tell your man
Cause whores start wars when they know they can
I understand, you really wanna do me
Dance to a slow jam, "Feelin' on Your Booty"
And after tonight, when you kick it with a real one
All them fake-ass niggaz you ain't even gon' feel 'em
(hell nah)

[Chorus]

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