

# Andre Nickatina, Lips

\* {verse}

We can be just like a sandwich, like ham on rye  
We eye to eye, we thigh to thigh, girl when I'm inside  
I'm trying to work it and jerk it girl with all my might  
And you know you're my favorite cuz you keep it tight  
Legs over my shoulder, hands in my hair  
If you pull to tight cuz Dre Dog don't care  
Sweat from my neck is dripping on your chest  
And your sucking on my fingers as I try my best  
To keep them lips up until they swell  
As long as I be in you they should know me well  
I'm about to get some honey so we can get sticky  
Prince is in the tape deck the song is "Darling Nicky"  
I watch you as you moan and groan  
Taking every inch of the new Jim Jones  
Your eyes start to water, you bite your lips on your pretty face  
You say "Dre Dog Stop!" but I don't stop the pace  
I try to make it last, go ahead and grab my ass  
You tell me dig deep, I try to do it fast  
I'm trying to beat it up, baby in a good way  
You're trying to keep up, you say you know Dre  
Then she get on top and I grip you by the hips  
And I can hear you say, "I'm cumming" these are your lips

{chorus}

Ooo you taste so sweet X4