

Hitchcock Robyn, Wafflehead

The syrup drifts cross her hips
And obviously, then I flips
Love on ya, baby-she a wafflehead
The sea of crem is what I beam
Into her as her eyeballs gleam
Love on ya baby-she a wafflehead
Her sugar mound is what I found when
When I began to look around
Love on ya baby-she a wafflehead
I love her stuff, can't get enough
I'd rather die than treat her rough
Love on ya baby-she a wafflehead
The strawberries above her knees
Aare chiefly what I love to seize
her calabash is where I crash
When I escape the bitter lash
Love on ya baby-she a wafflehead
I slurp that cone down to the zone
Where everybody leave their bone
She's on my plate she's what I ate
I ate her up, I couldn't wait
Love on ya baby-she a wafflehead
I smirk and I drool 'cause I'm her fool
I love to drip into her pool
No thanks, honey-I don't want any more German wine
