

Dom Pachino, Cheap Thrills

(Intro: P.R. Terrorist)

Mira, mira mami
Dame la chocha, Terrorist shit
Mucho grande, yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo

(Chorus 2X: P.R. Terrorist)

Cheap thrills, gettin' hot sex for dollar bills
Cheap thrills, druggin' 'em up wit pink pills
Cheap thrills, givin' me beek, ridin' my wheels
Cheap thrills, everybody know how it feels

(P.R. Terrorist)

She sucked the babies out my dick
Crayola colors, painted in lipstick
She nearly fainted when she sat on it and drink it
pussy, contaminated when wet, the glaminated
Rock an afro, or a mohawk, it seems today the bitches
Could never touch some free shit
They come in custom, as for me, ain't a damn thing free
I make 'em study 250 weekly, wit dedication to the G.O.D.
Showin' me, all that can be, within' the Army
Cook the hot mill, throw my fatigues up in the laundry
Burn you quick fast, seven days later, jump in the pharmacy
Dick drippin', pubic's itchin', she still bitchin'
Sayin', nigga, you ain't get it from me
Niggaz be wishin' they could hit this shit
Bitch, you must be stupid, pussy keep us stitched
So bad, you need to do shit plus ya pussy look nasty as fuck
Let's keep it real, for ya birthday I bought you a case of Badger Skill
And you still knows, say you need minus, that's me
Try to shit on my dick, now you coppin' a plea
Cuz that bum ass nigga, ain't fuckin' like me
Dick ain't as big as me, you see, bitch
I pull ya skin back til I see pink
Up on my belly, stick my finger in ya ass
Back shot in you in the telly, don't be mad at me
Just be glad that you have me, for a hot second, til I had reality check

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: P.R. Terrorist)

Cheap thrill... ya bitches know who you be
I'mma live clear without ya
Knowledge is infinite, Terrorist shit, the deficit
Til the death certificate, nigga