

# Field Mob, Eat 'Em Up, Beat 'Em Up

I... I....

(Chorus)

You say you got a man at home  
But he dont dig deep in ya guts  
And he aint freaky enough, But me  
I eat um up, beat um up then switch sides  
I eat um up, beat um up then switch sides  
I pour a little drank  
We smokin on a sac  
You like it from the front  
But you love it from the back  
I eat um up, beat um up, then switch sides  
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(Verse 1 - Shawn J)

I wanna put ya lips below ya navel  
Up against the lips above my chin  
To kiss ya low as if ya genital's below a mistletoe  
And let ya saddle up on me and sit you on top  
And lick you low like a midgets blow pop  
You got mo ass than a cattle of donkeys  
Im grippin yo hips as I flip ya diggin into ya twat  
You so bad ill raw ya, yep wit no rubber  
Dimepiece, I'll drink yo bath water  
Im the best, I wont hurt ya  
I'll eat it up and have ya moanin  
Like you in a Herbal Essence commerical  
Babygirl Im the better man  
Didnt you say he dont eat ya, he must be a vegetarian  
Cause as long as I got this face and lips  
You always got a place to sit  
So let me treat you like a postage stamp  
And lick ya before I stick ya

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(Verse 2 - Chevy P)

She say she like it when I kiss on her neck and bite her nipples  
Hit it from the back I have her walkin like she cripple  
Im the king of the quickie, I be workin it  
Nine inches plus its thick with a curve in it  
Like a rainbow, for us the game go, keep it quiet  
Unless you wanna suffer from a good dick diet  
I dont know what you been told  
Yeah I kiss the clit but dont suck no toes  
Take ya clothes off but leave ya shoes on  
Dance for daddy let me see ya new thong  
You wrong if you expectin me to be trickin I cant  
Imma be gone just as soon as I wash my dick in the sink  
You got a husband and two kids  
And I aint tryin to be beefin wit him  
Cause he mad Im up in his boo ribs

Fussin because he discovered  
Same mouth he kiss been stuffed wit some new dick

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(Bridge)

If yo husband aint lovin you right  
Call me.. Imma give you the wood  
If he dont beat it, Imma beat it, Beat it like he should  
We been smokin and drinkin  
Whats on yo mind, Whatcha thinkin  
Imma beat it up, but before I beat it up Imma eat it up

(Verse 3 - Chevy P)

Imma beat it so good you'll wake up wit a sore rear in the mornin  
Callin me talkin bout Smoke you knocked my period on  
And how it hurts to sit down and work  
And how yo roommate be complainin about her hearing us moanin  
Im bringin down your tears when we bonin  
The way you cryin out my name its like you cheerin me on  
I.. Eat um up, beat um up, then switch sides  
You earthquakin and shiver like its cold  
I.. getcha like a stove, hot and heated sweat for me  
Rub ya clit get it wet for me  
And when it (poot, poot, poot) from the rida-coochie  
Make me make you cum like jury duty  
You pregnant glad it aint mine  
Its a fact I was strapped, I aint lyin  
Doctor say its a lil girl good  
Now I get pussy and head at the same time

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