

Three 6 Mafia, Slob On My Knob (Pt. II)

(Gangsta Boo)

Slob on my cat
Cause you know it's fat
Check in with me
And do that

(Juicy J)

Wait a second freak
I know you from the streets
My nigga Hurry T
Has seen you through his mean
They call you little red
The one who slob on head
And drinks a niggas nut
Until you well and fed
To see what she's about
I creaped to her house
To catch her in her blouse
And see how big her mouth
She pulled me to her room
To get the f**kin soon
I didn't have a rubber
I f**ked with two balloons
Lay on the bed
That's all she said
Her pussy has one problem
Twisted tight in streads
The f**ken sounds were tunes
I f**ked her with a broom
She rode it like a horse
The blood came rushing soon
When I seen that
I didn't want the cat
So I found out
And never came back

(Chorus)

Bloods on dick
Does it real good
Bloods bloods on dick

Does it real good
Bloods on dick
Does it real good
Bloods bloods on dick
Does it real good

(Juicy J)

My nigga D Magic
Had said he finally got it
The true and false blow
He said he had to have it
Know a little freak
In big ham
Licks up nuts
Like lickin stamps
She'll grant your wishes
Blow you freaky kisses
House full of G's
Freak horse bitches
Had the little freak
In my niggas jeep
Try to spit some game

To get her suck some meat
Lay on the cover
My natural hair she loved it
Stop bitch stop bitch
Please don't touch it
Took her trough some hoods
And let her hoe around
7 street 9 street
And street of walks and brown
Now she's in click
A pro on suckin dick
Until the rugged out
The bitch was smokin bricks
Straight trough the blow pipes
That's all she thought
Runnin from the rehab
Never got caught