

# 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