

Andre Nickatina, Lips

* {verse}

We can be just like a sandwich, like ham on rye
We eye to eye, we thigh to thigh, girl when I'm inside
I'm trying to work it and jerk it girl with all my might
And you know you're my favorite cuz you keep it tight
Legs over my shoulder, hands in my hair
If you pull to tight cuz Dre Dog don't care
Sweat from my neck is dripping on your chest
And your sucking on my fingers as I try my best
To keep them lips up until they swell
As long as I be in you they should know me well
I'm about to get some honey so we can get sticky
Prince is in the tape deck the song is "Darling Nicky"
I watch you as you moan and groan
Taking every inch of the new Jim Jones
Your eyes start to water, you bite your lips on your pretty face
You say "Dre Dog Stop!" but I don't stop the pace
I try to make it last, go ahead and grab my ass
You tell me dig deep, I try to do it fast
I'm trying to beat it up, baby in a good way
You're trying to keep up, you say you know Dre
Then she get on top and I grip you by the hips
And I can hear you say, "I'm cumming"; these are your lips

{chorus}

Ooo you taste so sweet X4