

Literally

Joyner Lucas

She say I think with my dick and she probably right
And it's Friday night
And he gon' do whatever when he feeling good
But girl I promise you that me and him are not alike
I swear he 'bout to be the death of me I can't fight it
And he gon' do whatever when he feel like it
I tried to teach him 'bout relationships and he don't like it
And he gon' go inside whoever when he feel invited
I had a conversation with him from the get go
He said: "Nigga calm down let me finish, yo
Don't understand why you acting like a bitch, though
Ain't nothing wrong with a little bit of sex, hoe
You ain't gotta stress yo"
My nigga, listen, you a part of me
You get me in trouble then you fall asleep
And all it takes is some liquor and some R&B
But you gon' fuck around and turn me into Charlie Sheen
"Look nigga, I've been getting teased while the guys get played
Sweating in your jeans all goddamn day
Tryna feel a little breeze you can get a little wet
Go swimming till she screams, make her feel it in her chest
Love a bitch that'll suck me and swallow your kids up
Kiss me on my eyes while she tyin' her hair up
Then give a massage as I lay it down
Shit I could do this all night, I don't play around"
My nigga you don't ever take your time so it never lasts
You sabotage every chick I ever had
When you see another chick you say goddamn
The blood rushin' to your head and then you dive in
And you willin' to say whatever just to get some
You better hope that I don't ever fuckin' catch none
Cause you a dirty motherfucker you should listen to me
Or I'mma have to cut you off

Literally

I've been thinkin' with my dick, baby I ain't got control
I try to fight it but he got a mind of his own
I've been thinkin with my dick, but I'm tired of these hoes
And this is my confession, I can't lie anymore
I've been thinkin' with my dick, baby I ain't got control
I try to fight it but he got a mind of his own
I've been thinkin' with my dick, but I'm tired of these hoes
And this is my confession, I can't lie anymore
She say I think with my dick and she probably

right

Yeah it's Friday night

And he gon' do whatever when he feeling good
But girl I promise you that me and him are not alike
He sayin' hi, hello and got a thing for Adele
He got a mind of his own, he really think for himself
It's hard to keep him happy, he a heavy hitter
When bitches call him daddy then his head get bigger
I had a conversation with him, had to set him straight
He said "Nigga calm down, homie listen, Jay
Ain't nothin' wrong with some pussy and a little brains
Besides I don't really know if this is just a phase
And I don't mean to be rude or to hate though
But I get bored when I'm in and out the same ho
The same pussy every night I'mma lay low
And I could care less if she keep her fuckin legs closed
I love a bitch that'll suck me and swallow your kids up
Kiss me on my eyes while she tyin' her hair up
Then give a massage as I lay it down
And as soon as I'm done with her I'mma make my rounds"
You don't ever take your time so it never lasts
Plus you sabotaged every bitch I ever had
And you don't even fade, you fuck it you lazy
And as soon as you fuck up, then I'm stuck with a baby
And I hope that you know you givin' me a bad reputation
All because you don't know how to relax and be patient
Now these bitches trippin' they gettin' mad at me blatant
They call me a bunch of names, that's some bad defamation
And today I'm gettin' checked at the fuckin' clinic
And if I got somethin' then I know who fuckin' did it
Cause ever since the other day I kinda feel a little burn when I'm pissin'
And if I got somethin' I hope my girl don't get it, hold up
Uh, yeah

This message is for Mr. Lucas

Dr Kipling's office calling, uh, your lab results came in today
And, uh, quite a few positives on there
So please give the office a call back as soon as you can
Thank you Oh my God, you gotta be fucking kidding me
C'mere you dirty little motherfucker should of listened to me
What'd I do?

Now I'mma cut your ass off "Wait what'd I do?!"

Literally

Stop! Joyner stop it!!" The fuck over here!
C'mere! "I'm sorry!! No noooo!! I've been thinkin' with my dick, baby I ain't got control
I try to fight it but he got a mind of his own
I've been thinkin with my dick, but I'm tired of these hoes
And this is my confession, I can't lie anymore
I've been thinkin' with my dick, baby I ain't got control
I try to fight it but he got a mind of his own

I've been thinkin' with my dick, but I'm tired of these hoes
And this is my confession, I can't lie anymore
You have reached the National Suicide
Prevention Hotline

Also serving as the Veterans' Crisis Line
If you are in emotional distress or suicidal crisis
Or are concerned about someone who might be
We're here to help

Please hold on while we route your call to the nearest crisis center in our network

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