

# 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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