

Enemies With Benefits (F. Tonedeff)

Cunninlynguists

- KNO]

She sits in bed with her halo crooked
She says she's never been in love before
She takes time to define what we'll never get
We're turning into enemies with benefits
She the girl of my dreams, also my nightmares
Cus she be killin it, jigglin' in her nightwear
Between mean glances that we might share
The space between us is like a lightyear
All in my phone like she AT&T
All in my Facebook pretendin she me
Cus her "Not Hot" single friends feedin her nonsense
The ghetto's trying to kill me and my chick's an accomplice
With black gloves (black gloves) black mask (black mask)
Full lips (full lips) fat ass (I like that!)
Text messaging ridiculous comments
I'd have to wash my mouth out to read you the contents
She might literally love me to death
We had a stairway to heaven til' I fell down the steps
Now I'm left with a pain in the neck
But she's my eye candy, the flavor I savor
And I'm part Vader, I think with my saber
I live in crazy town and I'm married to the mayor

- KNO]

They call me Lex, junior
Not Rex Lewis
my ex like a six shot shooter - sex ruger
She's a sex cougar
she texts we bang everytime I sit next to her
Man, she get me hard as steel, I call her X-Ray
Plus my ex bust her neck during sex play
I get the cleanest dome, I mean it holmes
She never be at home but she never be alone
Her boyfriend is a punk, he rock a onesie
He think he fly, pullin' stunts in his undies
But she my kryptonite
I know... cryptic right?
I'm sitting back with a pipe getting ripped at night
On my window pane, the coldest rain
My enemy, Miss Lois Lane

- KNO]

She's a devil in a baby blue dress

Who I'm mentally redressing as an angel through sex
Who be testing my mettle - and yes, in a way, I choose the stress
And I guess that I settle cause I'm a slave to huge breasts - But it
ain't worth it.
Ask me again if my mind has changed on the situation in five days
And I couldn't say for certain,
And so we stay in this deranged arrangement
Nailing 'tween the breaks of these unwavering debates of 'who's the
crazy person'?
She got them fuck-goggles on me
My judgement Impaired like I was drunk on kamakazi's
riding a busted Kawasaki
Callin the love doctor cause I need a fix of this chick and it's sickening
Wish I could quit, but my dick is mixing the signals and shit
Half of the time, I see past all these disastrous signs
And half of the time, I keep asking if I'm happy to lie
If blame can be assigned, then I guess I'll have to
try this food for thought:
You can always see the shape of the pan in the pie
Savage desire in me to taste her loving/
So my piece of the mind will never turn into a baker's dozen.
I'm crumbling
- KNO]

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