

# All the Time (feat. Lil Wayne & Natasha Mosley)

## Jeremih

Early in the morning's when I think about you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you sayin'?"  
In the morning's when I wanna fuck you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you"(Sayin'?) I could fuck you all the time  
I could fuck you all the timeM-O-E-T

That's what we sippin'  
That's what we drippin'  
My trap house still tippin'  
FaceTime when I'm gone

She gave me dome from the distance  
She love to climb on top  
She love to walk off limping  
Pimps up, hoes down  
Legs up or toes down

Why she jock me? Cause she knocked me  
And we got trees, so merry-go-round  
Gotta know I ate her

She so sweet now and later

I want that all the time, all the time

I make you all mines when it's...

Early in the morning's when I think about you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you sayin'?"  
In the morning's when I wanna fuck you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you"(Sayin'?) I could fuck you all the time  
I could fuck you all the timeUh, pu-pu-pussy for breakfast, that's how I start my day

My dick is a pen, it's written all over her face

I put my tongue in her mouth, I make them pussy lips drool

She got that junk in the trunk, you know I like junk food

I tell her like this: "Life is good, your pussy better"

But I put on that magnum like a gold medal

And if it's sweet then I'mma eat it till I get sugar diabetes

I'm her blood and she anemic

(We perfect, Tunechi) Early in the morning's when I think about you

Yeah, I hit you like: "what you sayin'?"

In the morning's when I wanna fuck you (oh yeah, I make her say)

Yeah, I hit you like: "what you sayin'?" (Young Mula baby!)

I could fuck you all the time  
I could fuck you all the time(We perfect, Tunechi) Early in the morning's when I think about  
you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you sayin'?"  
In the morning's when I wanna fuck you  
(Oh yeah, I make her say) Yeah!  
I hit you like: "what you"(Young Mula baby!) (Sayin'?) I could fuck you all the time  
I could fuck you all the timeDamn, damn lil' mama you're sticky icky icky

Got a nigga out here feeling picky icky icky  
Every time you put it on me, man it ain't even a real trip  
Every time we on it, we keep fit, fit, uh  
Don't let the time picky icky icky  
While I'm snapping off your bra and biting down your Vick's  
Head shots, feeling real tipsy  
Getting real freaky and it's getting real frisky  
She melts it down, damn she so cold  
Up and down that pole, she go, gooo  
Fuck me like you hate me, kiss me like you miss me  
Anything I want to, it's what she always left meEarly in the morning's when I think about you  
Yeah!

I hit you like: "what you sayin'?"  
In the morning's when I wanna fuck you  
Yeah!  
I hit you like: "what you"(Sayin'?) I could fuck you all the time  
I could fuck you all the time  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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