

Having Sex (feat. Trina & 2 Chainz)

Juicy J

If you believe in having sex say Hell Yeah
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If you believe in having sex say Hell Yeah
If you believe in having sex say Hell Fuck Yeah Shawty throw me that ass
Hold up, let me see it
Pop it, let me touch it
Bring it back and let me squeeze it
Gon' show me that pussy cat
I'ma take it home and beat it
If it's as good as it looks might go in raw and squeeze it
Pop a couple of these bands
She poppin open that G-string
Pussy wet as a pool
And Juicy J is in the deep end
Bands a make her dance
I don't tip until I see your pussy
She aint got no waist line and that ass soft as a seat cushion
Damn right I make it rain
All night that's a hurricane
Strip club run outta ones
I'm throwin twenty's I don't need change
Every time she drop it, I'm going off in my pocket
50 thousand in the air, I aint worried bout nothin'
I believe in having sex
Bitch I'm Miss America
I do what I want to do and fuck him in my Panamera
Yeah bad bitch, don't see no broad savage
I don't even fuck around bout the cabbage
Those hoes just sweet average
Aint no domain go Juicy
He love my big ole' booty
He pretends bake my cookie,
Bugatti bitch no hoopty
My legs wrapped around my neck
Hood rich he got a donkey dick
I'm Aquafina make em tappin it
I wanna feel his third leg while he strokin' it
Put my face in pillow while he grindin it
Oh yeah, give me over take a pic
Stroke me good throw me deep dick
Let put this shit on Instagram
It's Juicy J and Trina Bitch!

I don't give a pin up (fuck)
Put it in her ginnats (guts)
Hit a strip club ran outta ones so now I got the re-up
I don't give a pin up
Put it in her ginnats (Guts)
I don't give a pin up
Put it in her ginnats (Guts)
Hit a strip club ran outta ones so now I got the re-up
Sex pistol, lady killer
Bust a nut on her
And that's baby-sittin'
Okay, next contestant
I smoke no blunt for breakfast
Skeeted on her chest, and that's a fuckin necklace
By the time you get back, I'll be so in leavin strokas
With a girl like Pocahontas with her hair down to her shoulders
Unconditional love we can do it in a Porsche
From the Porsche to the wall
Wall to the sofa, I'm supposed to bosta
Insta coasta nostra
Then I pull her closer
Hit her with that poker, Yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>