

Dom Pachino, Cheap Thrills

(Intro: P.R. Terrorist)

Mira, mira mami

Dame la chocha, Terrorist shit

Mucho grande, yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo

(Chorus 2X: P.R. Terrorist)

Cheap thrills, gettin' hot sex for dollar bills

Cheap thrills, druggin' 'em up wit pink pills

Cheap thrills, givin' me beek, ridin' my wheels

Cheap thrills, everybody know how it feels

(P.R. Terrorist)

She sucked the babies out my dick

Crayola colors, painted in lipstick

She nearly fainted when she sat on it and drink it

pussy, contaminated when wet, the glaminated

Rock an afro, or a mohawk, it seems today the bitches

Could never touch some free shit

They come in custom, as for me, ain't a damn thing free

I make 'em study 250 weekly, wit dedication to the G.O.D.

Showin' me, all that can be, within' the Army

Cook the hot mill, throw my fatigues up in the laundry

Burn you quick fast, seven days later, jump in the pharmacy

Dick drippin', pubic's itchin', she still bitchin'

Sayin', nigga, you ain't get it from me

Niggaz be wishin' they could hit this shit

Bitch, you must be stupid, pussy keep us stitched

So bad, you need to do shit plus ya pussy look nasty as fuck

Let's keep it real, for ya birthday I bought you a case of Badger Skill

And you still knows, say you need minus, that's me

Try to shit on my dick, now you coppin' a plea

Cuz that bum ass nigga, ain't fuckin' like me

Dick ain't as big as me, you see, bitch

I pull ya skin back til I see pink

Up on my belly, stick my finger in ya ass

Back shot in you in the telly, don't be mad at me

Just be glad that you have me, for a hot second, til I had reality check

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: P.R. Terrorist)

Cheap thrill... ya bitches know who you be

I'mma live clear without ya

Knowledge is infinite, Terrorist shit, the deficit

Til the death certificate, nigga