

Again

Jarren Benton

Again and again and again and again
Do it again, do it again
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Yeah, might drop a bag on a bad bitch
She mad, shit, that head will put you in a casket
Diamonds are her BFF
Don't need a man, she told that nigga to take three steps left
In love with designer clothes, not your typical kind of hoe
She swear her shit don't stank like her ass and vagina glows
I'm like, "Sorry baby, that ass fake," get the gas face
My cash straight, flickin' dope inside of the ash tray
Ugh, she hit the pole like an acrobat
Back to back, throw a stack, and she make that ass clap
Ugh, she pop that p*ssy for some red bottoms
Chanel bag, she got hella problems
But who am I to judge 'cause I'm in this bitch like twenty-four
Seven blowin' bread ain't no thang I got plenty more
Sucka for them thick hoes that look like center folds
Twerkin' on my lap without any clothes
Please do it

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I love my home, the sweetest peaches are fully grown
Fifty long, she keep it strong, my glow is on
Thick as ever, her caramel is the softest tone
She all alone having photo shoots with her camera phone
Capturin' the essence of that God given blessin'
On God, that lil baby sittin' right between her legs
And then she showed me, told me
That she wanted to pick my brain slowly
Whoa
Snail's pace, pulled up
Hoppin out the 'ville like I'm Issac Hayes
Eighteen hundrer cocunuts, swishas and a zip of Haze
Zipper stayed up until she walked back from the kitchen

And I really seen that ass in them sleepy-time britches
Aggressively, next to me, with the recipe
To have my body feelin' like I been doin' some ecstasy
Like a sunset in Sicily all this scenery
Clouded from all this greenery

Baby can we agree to meet

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Uh, these bitches savage
White girl sorcery, black girl magic
Ass so fat, she hit the block and stopped traffic
Said "watchu wanna be" she say "anything but average"
Lord have mercy I think these women gon' hurt me
She nasty in the sheets, in the streets these bitches so nerdy
I'm addicted to good p*ssy and cash
Fly sneakers, these bitches want flashy bags
Yeah, I'm snatchin' freaks on fashion week
She wake up, gimme top, hit the blunt and go back to sleep, no Master P
Ain't no limit how these women be gettin' it
Break a nigga for that cash, man that bitch is a menace
But who am I to judge 'cause I'm in this bitch like twenty-four
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