

Like That

1TakeJay

(You aren't even a cool breeze for my man Taz)
Fine face, fat ass
Fine face, fat ass (Damn, she like that)

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that
Oh, you like that, you really like that
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that
Fine face, fat ass, ayy
Fine face, fat ass

Your face card more than ten, you like that
Your best friend Mercedes-Benz, you like that
Your credit score say too much, you like that
I like the way she get it clappin', ooh, you like that
You so fine, I don't wanna get off FaceTime
Book you a massage after this, I break spine
You a crackhead, askin' people for her line
I don't need nobody to plug me, I'm that guy
Stop askin' me where I'm at, bitch, I'm high
Nowhere near shy, I pull panties to the side
We at Six Flags, she on D like it's a ride
If she don't pick up at 4 a.m., that ain't your vibe
Shake it, she don't wanna cuddle
Suck it more than once, now we a couple
Introduce me to the fam', meet your uncles
She sent the addy, she was way in the jungles

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Oh, you like that
I was mindin' my business, then overheard that you ain't fight back
I done jointed up and told the label, "I need more than that"
Can't believe we fell out, but I'll never take that blower back
All these niggas lil' pups, bitch, I'm really up, up
She had a fine face and fat ass so we did up
All that shit he rappin' 'bout we cashed, why he still stuck?
I don't give a fuck about them comments, six figures up
We don't give who in that Dodge 'cause we blowered up
We don't give a fuck who just the mob, we'll tie you up
Run up on a nigga at his job, had him spooked up
Told the bitch to arch that shit up so I can do my stuff

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If I hit her from the back, you'll like that
Slim, pretty bitch with lil' ass that don't fight back
Beat the pussy up, left it swole, she need an ice pack
Kick her out, told the bitch, "Beat it", you'd think Mike back
"Ain't gon' lie, Ralfy, you was goin' crazy, fucked my back up"
You like it when I bust on your face and fuck your makeup
You really wanna be on team Ralfy, get your racks up
That lil' loaf can't get the Plug attention, better stack up
Ridin' 'round the city, presidential in them black trucks
Had his bitch in the backseat baggin' it up
On the 'Gram with that lil' bitty money, them ain't racks to us
Hittin' it so hard we make Magnums bust, the Plug

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