

Neaky

B-Lovee

Mmm (Grrah), yeah, yeah (Ah)
Gyal me wann fi hold yuh
Put me arms right around ya
Gyal you give me the tightest hold me eva get inna my life
Gyal me wann-

I don't care what you did, you ain't do it to us (Ah)
He can't hop in the V, he ain't boomin' with' us (Like what?)
Two tact', few shots, he ain't boomin' on us
We gon' hop out and 'oot like we play for the Bucks
She get neaky, she get freaky for bucks
She look decent, but her ass is fiendin' to rump
Evil twin in the cut and he fiendin' to dump
If you play with the gang, on the scene, you get slumped

I heard he was playin', but listen, we not (No)
He got hit with this flame, since he thinkin' he hot
Free JaySqueeze, I swear he was makin' it hot
We was takin' them trips, they was not
Had to chill lately, 'cause I swear I was aimin' for tops
Every time that I upped it and flocked
Fuck that, we gon' perch for the opps
He think he bold, now he all in a box
She gettin' low, watch her blow on a cock
We had nowhere to go, so we post on they block
Too different (Ah), niggas jackin' my ba', I ain't slippin'
Always tote on that Glock (Grrah-grrah)
He think he hot, okay (Uh-huh)
He said he sendin' them shots, no way
We gon' bend through that block, hop out both ways
Like who woulda thought, shit get popped broad daylight (Grrah, grrah
, boom)

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