

What She Like

Baby Smoove

Turn the headphones down a lil bit
Growin' every step (Her ass)
Okay Jones
Nigga, once (She act like ain't-)
Her last nigga-

Her last nigga was a after link, she roll like she mad at me
Brand new car with a brand new key, massage come with the seats
I ain't gotta figure out what she like, one rich bitches they be my type
Hand full of rings, I ain't got no wife
Got a house on my neck everything look nice

I'm 'bout to eat, I want the finest cook, chef gon' bring my plate
I had dinner, spent like 500 just to go and feed my face
I had some more pints on the way
She's so pretty I'ma fuck her face
I'm so rich, I'ma store me a bank
I hate that nigga, I hope he feel this drac'
I got me some of the baddest bitches, they want all my attention
I love all my O.T hoes, they get a honorable mention
She ain't wore no clothes, she in my kitchen
She ain't wore no clothes, she doin' them dishes
To get one of these, you prayin' and wishin'
I can get what I want, but I'm keepin' my distance
I like her, it's just the way that she walk, it's just the way she talk
She stay down, so you know that she with me, everything gon' keep up
I'm so high, shit I feel like a husk
She know where I'm goin' we never get lost
I'm so young but she know I'm a boss
I go get what I want, I don't care what it costs
Like too much money, can't feel my shoe
You know we get dirty, don't play by the rules
Got a big ol' stick, ain't playin' no pool
Got a Glock a switch, rip you out yo' booth
Boy better back, don't let me lose my cool
If I have a gun I bet nobody move
I get me some pints, I laugh at her deuce
I order a mill to come feed one or two

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