

Diced Pineapples

Bow Wow

You fuckin' with that nigga
Girl you made the right chose
My hands are in your pants
I know to get that thing moist
Grown tuck shorty, shit that girl a woman
She said I'm the only one
I ain't no motherfuckin' dummy
Keeps it pimpin', pimpin' to the core
Top a nigga' off with some Christian Dior
Wheeled in hummers drop hands for the summer
Rovers in the winters, escalades is just for beginners
Look, she's smoke too, just like me, we get along great
Discussions over wine, tell me 'bout your long day
She say work got her stressed
Well, let me help you out that dress
And I don't mean to preach
But your pussy shall be blessed
Kissing down your back, molly got her relaxed
Chills down that body, I'd get that ass a smack
Sex on the beach, I ain't talkin' 'bout the drink
Knocking dishes over got her on my kitchen sink
She say