

# CINDERELLA, Pt. 1

CHIKA

Yeah

Clock strike ten, hunnid twenty minutes 'til the party 'posed to end  
Lil' mama thicker than the grip up on a pen  
Type of ass that make a nigga wanna run and tell a friend  
Pardon my French—ooh, oui  
Askin' around, who's she?  
I swear I gotta get her  
Accordin' to the homies ain't nobody ever met her  
But some niggas call her Cindy and the others call her Ella-D  
Do you think that she'd be looking for a lady or a fella?  
Judgin' by the twinkle in eye, got me thinkin' she be down for whatever  
I done been around but I never seen a beauty like hers  
Lordy, them curves make a nigga get to stutterin' and trippin' on words  
No one sleepin', niggas sheep and flockin' to her like herds  
But she muggin', I don't think she in the mood  
I'ma roll a spliff and go and wait to make a move, ooh

What she doing at a party like this  
(Like this)  
Walked in here and had an aura like bliss  
(Like bliss)  
She ain't worried bout the ice on my wrist  
She got real with  
She want real shit, real shit

And so I'm rolling this blunt over here  
And I overhear these two  
Hatin'—ass hoes in the corner  
Scowling and calling Ms. Cindy a "foreigner"  
Ripping apart the blue gown that adorn her  
In short, talking shit  
It went something like this:  
"Ugh, why she here?  
By the invitation  
Think they made it quite clear  
It's a celebration only for the graduation  
Deadass, I ain't even hating  
But she ain't in my year,"  
"Girl, you ain't even lying  
That bitch think she muhfuckin' fine  
She ain't all that,"  
Is they muhfuckin' blind?  
Nigga, they doin' the most  
If these bitches wanna roast  
I got the muhfuckin time  
(Shit)  
Back to the mission  
I done let her get up out my vision  
(Cough)  
And this blunt hittin'  
Party 'bout to end and  
I ain't even got to sippin  
Got D'Usse up in the cooler  
I'm a fool or I'm trippin'  
So I hop up out my chair  
I swear I had a good listen

They starting to blow me  
In a minute I'm dippin'  
'Bout to make a drink  
And 'round the corner, I'm whipping  
And I swear you won't believe  
Who was waiting in the kitchen, kitchen

What she doing at a party like this  
(Like this)  
Walked in here and had an aura like bliss  
(Like bliss)  
She ain't worried bout the ice on my wrist  
She got real with  
She want real shit, real shit