

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-oooh, 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