

# Rubbin'

Choclair

Uhh, yeah  
Now look in the mirror  
Tell me what you see  
Bomb diggy dogg baby  
We be rubbin' tonight (yo)  
We be lovin' tonight (right)  
Uhh, yeah  
Ha ha

I remember seeing you in spaghetti straps  
Nappack held up by you ass back  
When I seen it, I was like DAMN!  
Girl do you have man  
Body look like it was wrapped in seran  
Hear me  
Told me alone, I was kind of surprise  
Really  
Out late night, spending mad cash chillin'  
See the walk you were walking, open my eyes  
And the talk I was talking, parted your thighs  
But they ain't nothing wrong  
'Cause we both grown  
Hitting in the morning until we strong grown  
And we strong moan and waking up the block  
And getting all confused, not showing from your boyfriend  
Don't dwell on these minor details  
Let's cruise with the wind blowing, speed the sails  
We could rock on, and cruise home  
Plus your tight skirt be flashing your thong  
Shit's on, oh girl

You fronting like I ain't 'bout to knock it  
I got a rocket in my pocket  
Two tickets to your ecstasy  
And one for this chick standing next to me  
If she with it, I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)  
Baby you is wit it (is you wit it, wit it)  
I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)  
I'mma hit it

See I was peeping your style  
You was sitting at the bar with your hand on a Marnier Grand (ha ha)  
Now baby to all these people, notice who you are  
So they ready try to score  
Pulling out their bill folds, buy a red rose to give you  
I chill on the humble in my jeans and steel toes  
I see your eyes moving in stealth mode  
But then you realize, oh shit it's Choc on the side  
See moving to my side, and when she walks she glides  
Body looking strong like Cadillac designs  
She moves close, her finger running up my elbow  
And then invites me to her humble abode  
Check it, uhh  
Now before I get in it, first she walks around naked  
Says she loves prospects and talks about her fetish  
How she loves dark skinned men, hairy chested  
She's hefty breasted, movements fuel injected

She says she's rough at first, but when I start to groan  
I be closing every night and taking it straight to the dome  
So we could rule the world or you could stay at home  
But tonight she be ready to bone, it's on  
Oh boy

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I'mma hit it

See this is for my ladies in open toed shoes  
And belly chains that make money and like their sex sweaty  
Who like their sex messy and ready to go  
And not afraid to say they ready to bone (it's on)  
And not afraid to peel of they thong  
And not afraid to take it straight to the dome  
And for my dogs that make laws and cruise off shore  
With five in the pocket, or drop shitty causes  
For when it comes to strokes, spring break miss capone  
Take no crumb cake to clear out the bars  
Watch yourself girl when you're playing it close  
'Cause you'll get the strokes and then get ghost  
It's on

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I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)  
I'mma hit it  
(2x)