

Bomb

Chris Brown

All my ladies put ya hands up
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If you got that bomb-bomb-ba-bomb-ba-bomb-bomb
Know you got that bomb-bomb-ba-bomb-ba-bomb-bomb
Ladies put ya hands up if you that bomb-bomb
Girl you got that bomb-bomb-ba-bomb-bomb-bomb

Oh me, oh my, body like a monster
Let me get inside if ya booty I'm a conquer
If ya question bout my size, I give you the answer
Girl you got that good good
I already know
Tell it by your size
I know you a dancer
Rein-derriere, I'm a call you Prancer
Booty paparazzi, pose for the camera

All my ladies if you got it let me know
Shawty thick in her hips, Cold than a mother
Licking her lips, a bad mothersucker
Apple looking so ripe, she make me want a piece
I give it to her all night, so she don't wanna leave

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Something like a pimp, nothin' like them other fellas
Heard that you the shit, girl we should blow up together
Ooh I know you got that bomb shit, call it 9/11
I'm just tryna beat it up, he could do it acapella
We should go back to my crib, that's what I'm a tell her
Bring one or two of them, cause your friends looking kinda jealous
Rolling papers like propellers blowing mozzarella
Lotta niggas in the club, who cares I'm the realest
Tell the waiters we gonna need more cases
And when you think the money's gone we spending more faces
She with homeboy, but she want this
6 cars, 8 chains, 3 cribs, 1 Wiz

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Hold up kimosabe, my crib look like a lobby
I'm in that black Bugatti
And I off that Carlo Rossi
I with that Taylor Posse
These ladies wanna party
And there's so much ice up on my neck it look like I play hockey

So hold up nigga, stop me
All these haters watch me
I give it up, your in the deep, you can call me cocky
Any stage or any beat you know I'm a body
And Wiz roll that good shit up and he riding shotty

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