

Dash

Chris Brown

Lock it
Rise and pop it
The shoe dem sharp
The flow, dem classic
You see the flow, eh dog?
You have to pull it and dash it
Any how she come suh
She have to grip it and dash it
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Look, light a spliff up
You know a nigga ain't smokin' it for the pictures
Section Boyz and Breezy in VIP
We gettin' money and we 'bout to snatch your bitches
Go figure, OHB, ain't no broke niggas
I see her poppin' them pills, I let her roll with us
She say she wanted to chill, I let her smoke with us
I put my dick in and feel like a fuckin' bow hit her
Damn girl, I know your nigga mad
Cause now I gotta buy a bigger bag
Diamond rings and poppin' tags
And you still gon' cheat with your bitch ass, haha
They callin' me crazy
You know a nigga really got some screws loose
Yeah, but come try to lay
I got 100 killers on the other end of this Bluetooth

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Man mash then dash it
Get cash, I stack and splash it
Get brick on thick, I'll smash it
Bad B, she dash, not flash it
Naughty, she call me papi
Early morning, I get trappy
Dirty, that girl here trashy
Can't smoke with man she's ashy
War time, move black, no khaki
Them boy just foolin' fasty
2 sharp, na them can't style me
Step in the club in my trackies
Man put that girl in a taxi
She get down low on my lappy

Foreign jawns when I grab weed
Tell her run, make it snappy

Reebok, classic
Tracksuit with a package
Sip lock plus a mattik
Bang bang, make you back flip
Jar jar full of herbs
Bad bitches and curves
Swag surfin', got the whip skrrtin'
Section Boyz, that's the word
Never see me with a dead ting
No, big spliff make your head spin
London boy in a London ting
Man a act bad but they run from him
Tracksuit, hat and a T, phone bling
Run through pack onto a next ting
Grip it, dash it
Run up, clap it
Gang gang gang on the warla ting

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My ting, the maddest
Ring ring, you have it?
Stink brick in the attic
Watch bro whip it in Hannas
All my bitches got manners
Linky link, love the mandem
Switch the sim at random
Bling bling, man's flashin'
Where you comin' from? Hattons
Your ting keeps attin'
Kinda embarrassin'
Dash a pussy like a javelin
Do it in the house I'm trappin' in
Like oh oh, when I'm mashin' it
She from 4, 4, but she travellin'
And when I'm in the squad, what's happenin'?

Light it, rass it
If it's akh, I'll pass it
Them man are all soft, them targets
I'll take a man's pack, go home and laugh it
Off like a bastard, man's charged up
If you tryna see a nigga, man's chargin'
Fuck a family tree
We got a family trees in man's garden
I got grams of trees, but who's askin'?
Not a car but keys get me started
I put my palm on trees like I'm Tarzan
Man's calm but try and harm my Gs and you'll starfish
Body work, body work, body work
Break a leg, roof smellin' like armpits
Little tooly tool, I'm still bossy
They talk the talk but man walk it

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