

# 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 jaws 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 embarrasin'  
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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