Shabba

Chris Brown

Something like shabba Something like shabba Something like shabba Something like shabba

My niggas, we fuck up some commas

Some of them dirty like shabba

Jamaican and Haitian, no matter, they pull up with choppers

All of my niggas got rounds, I spray a new face on you clowns

I got a bitch in the viddy, I gave her the shrimp and the lobster

I put that girl in Givenchy, Versace, I'm feeling like shabba

How that bitch so Hollywood, but that bitch living in Bompton

But I be training these hoes, fresh out the boat, yeah

She got me blowing trees like shabba Something like shabba Bounce to the beat like shabba Something like shabba 10 gold rings like shabba, yeah Something like shabba She got me rolling through like shabba Something like shabba Ride in the Benz like shabba Something like shabba She got me blowing trees like shabba Something like shabba Gwan go fuck up the beat like shabba Something like shabba Bounce to the beat like shabba Something like shabba

Shawty ride with a nigga through the west coast Downtown pimp, I done left hoes My life so good, I done blessed hoes I might crowd surf for my next show All of my niggas is trappers We take the dope on the road You see that I'm on the corner We selling dope at the shows You see the ice on my wrist You see my neck full of gold Boy, you at home with your girlfriend I got a house full of hoes Homie, I stay on the road I make a play, then I go I got a house full of cocaine They wanna play in the snow

Bet four at chance that her name was shabba
I ain't a fuckery, I ain't a passer
I got a one peng ting that cooks me pasta
I chuck bands in the Benz, chuck ash in the Astra
Man my gyal wanna gimme goodie good good
But she done told me this hoody too hood
My gyal wan' smoke dope in the hood
I told her hold on baby, go suck on this wood

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She wanna shut up Gyal wanna get with a trapper Blowing on sense with the grubber Gold tee like shabba Trap boy turned rapper She go down south, then back up Man can't, why fuck no slapper Man bust that ting to my brudda Sent P's to my mother Trap in the street for the guala Man bet' have some manners Tings yeah, we got lot of Foreign gyal looking proper Give her shots like a chopper Bad joints rolling up the grams Wanna love a man like I'm shabba

She seeing gold chains and cocaine
Spend coco dance on the dope
So a nigga aim that so string
I pray a nigga never touch my homie
Man down if you touch my homie
Man down, man down, man down
Lift her up, make her home shake
I got the Gs like I'm OJ
We serving P for the cocaine
It's up to no hoe, oh no way
Told the feds I ain't giving up no names
Amnes' coming in plentily
Amnes' coming in loads, aye
Hand on my friend here put her hand
On my friend, get toasty

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She got me rolling through like shabba
Something like shabba
Ride in the Benz like shabba
Something like shabba
Something like shabba
Something like shabba
Something like shabba
Gwan go fuck up the beat like shabba

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Through the street with a bracker No key, getting mon' up Smoke ki' like my brother Gold tee like shabba Ring ring, setting one up OG selling packer TU, that's turn up Walked in, front the run up Uck face tryna uck us T like, man shut up Sea side getting guala Gyal give a man utter Daylights so they stutter

She's calling me brudda
I told her uh uh
Boom boom in the bedroom
So wet like I broke her bladder
I'm old school like shabba
Rocko gold like shabba
Bad bitches they hol' up
Wanna do man under the covers
Beemer, Bentley or Hummer
Spring, winter or summer
Ring trap, where the runner?
Big strap, need another
Man to hold it up
Big bags, can't fold it
Section, OHB, better notice

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