

## Clear The Air

City Girls

Thirty inch lace, so I sat on his face  
I'm from the Loc's, I could tell you how the top feel  
Quater mil on a new crib, red bottoms on blue heels  
Pop bottles like New Years  
If he high I'ma rob him, if he sweet I'ma gobble him  
If he rich, I'ma slob him, if he broke, I'ma dodge him  
In a room, full of flaunging  
He wanna fuck without his rubber on  
Cuban link, but its color gone, so you know a bitch never wrong  
You a broke ass fuck nigga, period!  
And it ain't shit, you can tell me, I ain't hearing it

Bitch I want smoke, let's clear the air  
My bitches on go! And we'll get there  
Thirty on my bag, that's brick fair  
Y'all hoes won't last, we gon' snap all year, yeah  
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Let's clear the air, ain't shit sweet  
Can't fuck me, suck me, or touch me, 'less ends meet  
I been savage, been letting niggas have it  
Take all a nigga got, and disappear like magic  
I couldn't tell if he's was Haitian or Jamaican  
But that nigga money long, so I had my niggas waiting  
Took the money on vacation, on an island Venezuela  
Magaritas with my bitches, living life, Caucasian  
I gave a fuck about no hoe, who fell off, but still want smoke  
Now thats a low blow, Yung Miami, that's my doll to, we on a ro  
ll  
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