

Physically physically fit
Catcher in the rye, want a taste of it
Boom Mumbai wanna feel my grit
People in the Bronx wanna take a trip
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I no say want no line from you
Me a want fi worry on the one and two
When I see you flying out of Timbuktu
Chuckling all the money from the tree I grew
I no say tear these eyes from you
Caught me in the middle of the ball I threw
If you want me bowing to the glass I drew
I could melt the colors leave a stain on you

Time warped round me
Crystal calibrate around me
Nice oh nice oh naughty
Count the cooking in an old school county

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Rocket on a compact disc
Pussy and a pocket full of Poe and piss
E I E I oh hoe want my kiss
Dig up dig out hoe what's your bliss?

Every time I do it shawty
Pop for me
Feeling like a nigga
Won the lott-ery
I been getting money
I do not do free
I been getting p*ssy
I been riding (shh)
All eyes on me
Came in with the
Killas and gorillas
And the swangas
With the switches
I ain't selfish
I will let you and
Your hoe feel it
Knocking niggas
Off the corner
Like I'm Bowe Riddick
(Riddick Bowe)
Bitch I'm slow wit it
Baby just go wit it
Oh I'm fa sho wit it
And if you want it
We can go get it

Lights go flash
Guns go blast
And we up in this club
But this love don't last
Passion is fading
Ima give you my last
Take a sip of this wine
Put your head in my lap

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I don't know
Know where to go
Bouncing off the walls
Got a disco soul
Pounce them goals
Pressure on the bows
When they get to swinging
Ima spark my coal
Prime your poles
Twist your toes
Fly up the jet
Make your neck on froze
Dice and roll
Don't take a toll
Turn up the beat
Make them lose control
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