

Diced Pineapples

Fabulous

Shawty so cold, pussy winter fresh
Reservations to eat and you're my dinner guest.
Shawty cleaned up nice, never been a mess.
Could take a little pain, I see them tattoos in her flash.
But I ain't try to hurt her, 'cause I've always been the best,
At making my shawty feel it till she feel it in her chest.
Sex, excellent, get a hundred when I test,
I'm a fan of her talent so I've always been impressed.
Sex in the city on my black satin sheets,
Wet as hurricane Sandy on these Manhattan streets.
Lit a few candles like my power hadn't reached,
Then I took you places that her last nigga hadn't reached.
Bitch so bad know her parents went through hell,
Smart mouth when we argue, you would swear she went to Yale.
I wanna touch her, not using my hands,
Make her dance without using the bands.

Call me crazy, shit at least you call me,
Feels better when you let it out, don't it, boy?
Know it's easy to get caught up in the moment
When you say it 'cause you're mad and you take it all back.
Then we fuck all night till things get right.
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The club popping but she ain't trying go there,
Her friends know where she going every time she tell them "nowhere"
I'm the only one that get up in that VIP,
My money grown, baby, ain't no need to see ID.
Slide her something just to come through, host money,
At least niggas know you're getting to the most money.
Club my place, you wear what you wanna wear,
But you're overdressed if you're wearing underwear.
I turn up, couple Js to burn up,
Couple spots to hide out, now let that play list right out
Where I live on Sunday, your place Monday,
Her hand in my pants, call that Al Bundy.
Pull it out like a pistol, yo, kiss it on the balls like the dick the mistle
toe.
Tell her do the thing I like, best she listen, yo,
Bad bitch good girl around the Christmas, though.

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Pussy sweeter than some fresh fruit,
She gushing I drink the best juice.
I'm drinking till nothing left to,
And she playing with herself, too.
I been thinking about her all day,
She perform like it's Broadway,
Yeah, we hop in the range, she off top of the brain,
Got the windows down, broad day.
Just look at her, spectacular,

Throw her on the stove, flip her like a spatula,
Other niggas want her, but you see them niggas whack to her,
Side bitch tripping 'cause I don't ever get back to her.
My bitch like bitches, but none of my bitches bad to her,
She says trigger, Why I never seen you with a bad bitch.
Unless she's meeting all these other bitches average,
Hundred percent real all these bitches is plastic.
Moroccan goddess, she walk like she need her ass kissed.
Walk like she need her ass kissed.
Diced pineapples, super fine at you,
If she giving head, she throwing her mind at you.
Fuck these other bitches, nigga, she don't mind that you do.
Might just wanna watch, I ain't talking time at you, dudes.
Never faking, why they hella front?
Keep it real with her, yeah, that's all she ever wants.
Some bout the alchemy, she don't ever disappoint,
Landing on the balcony, we're about to smoke another joint,
Miami on the yacht, she pulling on my pistol saying how she love my cock.
Metaphoric bliss, shawty, you're the shit,
Couple days with her, man, that's all I ever get.
And she got a little sister, that's all she ever with,
Game like a nigga, man, that's all she ever spit.
Montreal was our first time, swear her pussy just like the first lines.
Scars on my back, she left a couple there, spent a couple stacks, I done bought a couple pair.
Try to bag mine, my nigga I double dare,
Never retract statements, nigga, I'm never scared.
Niggas be switching up, but nigga, I'm never weird,
Back on another leer.
I leave niggas here, all in another year,
All in another lane, all in another gear.
All of you niggas lame, all of you niggas here,
Listen up, bitch niggas bitching up.
I guess you're doing what you're supposed to.
Let a real nigga hold you.
Back to my baby girl, though, I just need you in my world, yo.

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