

She got a thing for fancy niggas with bankrolls  
Big cribs, jacuzzi pools and Range Roves  
Walk in closets, just to change clothes  
Sounds like she fuck for money, but say she hate ho's  
Well that don't make much sense, cause see I've been involved  
I got a lil bit of bread, but I ain't finna ball  
So unless she know some shit that I don't even know  
She fucking with a nigga for connection and my inner thought  
She the baddest no exaggeration  
The women of my dreams and my imagination  
Man she so fine, that she could prolly be a model  
Throw a show and raise enough money to end all of the devastation  
So what you saying?  
I ain't saying that I love her  
Just saying that you shouldn't judge a book by it's cover  
Yeah, I feel you, but sometimes it be the truth  
You should hit it and be done, but do what you gotta do

She might be keeping a secret, that you'll never know  
But man, if you really love her never let her go  
She make me feel fly, she make me fly  
She make me fell, uh, uh, she make me feel

My friends telling me I prolly shouldn't even touch ya  
It's too late for that  
They ain't say that shit for nothing  
So if you got some secrets that you keeping  
Let's have an open discussion  
We can't function right unless I trust ya  
I ain't got nothing to hide baby, I'm falling for ya  
You the one that got all of them girls calling for ya  
Don't listen to your friend, he mad because he wanted me  
Yeah, he said that you was bad  
But you're the only one for me  
Let's skip this conversation girl I want you bad  
Hold on, why, I'll be right back  
Came out the bathroom, wearing that Vicki Lingerie  
Then she whispered in my ear, in a sexy kind of way  
I'm a do that thing you like, until you tell me stop  
I'm in her body, like Bugatti's in a parking lot  
I hit the spot, she hit the top, and then she dropped

Hello? What's good, what's popping dude  
You still with that one chick, that you was talking to  
Yeah brody, I'm telling you she could be the wifey  
She make a nigga feel fly, she right beside me  
Listen up, I don't wanna burst ya bubble  
But I tried to tell you from the jump, she was trouble  
You see, my homie threw a party last friday  
And said he saw yo chick with another nigga under the covers  
What'd you do last friday, when I was out of town?  
Just hung out with the girls  
Oh, we lying now? You better tell me the truth  
Before I fucking lose it  
I know where you was at, so please don't say nothing stupid  
If you know where I was at then why you asking?  
I was at a party with my girls, but nothing happened

I ain't even ask what happened, so why you jump the gun  
I heard about the shit you did, I hope you had a lot of fun  
Where you going, come back baby  
Not now, I'm getting my shit from the room and then I'm out  
So don't ever in yo life, try to hit me up  
I guess all my friends was right, you a fucking slut  
Give me a chance baby, please just stay  
I swear to God, if you don't get the fuck up out my way