

This gonna be one of them shits right here, boy
Yeah baby, let's do it

Oh shit, look at miss thing, you done grew into a stallion
Girl, and still don't got no ring?
Back then, you was alot younger, now you older
Broke my heart, on what you had in the stroller
On the low, that could of been me, Huggie down
Fly and handsome, talk about little Starksy
With little Barkley's, little car seat
Two years later, here comes little Sharneese
I'm saying, are you involved, what's up with you?
And where homeboy at? Oh word, ya'll through?
Eff him, you know how I do, when I come through
Shut the whole block down like I got something to prove
But umm, besides the lane, you look the same
Still blowing beauty marks, sitting under your bang
Ankle bracelets, that Donna Kay shit
I saw one rope for your throat, yo, it cost about 8 chips
Hoodrats, they be wearing that fake shit
Like her, she wear the same bag, like it ain't shit
Pardon me, excuse my French
Just read my lips, girl, everything's me

He's a goner, hey, you just say the word
Baby girl, I'm on that, hey, anything you need
Anything you want, want, hey, hey
Cuz he don't know I gotcha
Anything you need, I gotcha
Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha

Yo, look around, everybody sipping on Rosette
All in our business, they wanna be nosey
He's with her, gonna be all in the streets, like a Jeep, tomorrow
Don't worry, let's breeze the bar
And in case I ain't tell you, those jeans is hard
And those is the snitches, mean mugging, can't fight
Run into the po-lice, fuck them niggas
I pull out, like a tooth, when the back is rotten
Finish 'em off, like your menstrual, after you spotting
Ghost can't complain, 5'6", swinging those hips
And my miss got me wanting to sing
Walking down the street, watching ladies
I got by watching you, watching you
I want you, like if I ain't got nothing to do

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Somebody better call the cops
Cuz if that thing cock back, it's gon' pop
Once me stop moving, it ain't gon' stop
Whatever that girl wants, you know she got shopping

Somebody better check the swag
We rack up and never check the tags
We just stuffed it all in the bag
Oh, you mad? Well, too bad

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