

# Thing For You

J Hus

Hustla baby  
Ah-ah-ah  
Oooohhhhhh my  
Ah-ah-ah  
Where do I begin? I don't wanna sin  
Small girl, you don't know the ting  
If she ain't naughty, I don't want none  
Good girls ain't no fun

I'm on the dance floor, doing my own dance  
Trust another man's girl, no chance  
I see everything crystal clear  
That's why I brought my... here  
Ah-ah-ah  
I'm the talk of the town  
Her batty looking mad when she walking around  
Approach her, woolly hat lean to the side  
Toking a zeggae, lean and I'm fried  
Yo, the girls dem on man, I never been a peng ting  
Niggas wanna beg friend, that's not my bredrin, nah (no way)  
They clock my face when I step in  
Uh, they clock my face when I step in

You're not mine (hustla baby)  
But you're just my type  
And I know just what you like (Oooohhhhhh my)  
I ain't got a ring for you, but you know I got a thing for you  
If she ain't naughty, I don't want none  
Good girls ain't no fun

Now every riddim that me touch come like a banger  
She said she feel the ting, yeah the ting get me madder  
You already know the name Mr A. Baba  
Got me looking for a bad B that me can daggah  
Say no rings in the building  
Come make we do this?  
Heres me being true shit, yeah  
Me say, no time for fooling  
Straight up I'm schooling  
This bad B I'm choosing, yeah  
Now you already know say me a OG  
Merking the beef on the days [?]  
Hella girls on my case Afro B  
And when I drop that green light, yeah hella brodies  
You know they see you know they see  
Are you dumb, are you stupid, what d'you mean?  
You know they see you know they see  
Are you dumb, I go make you deceased

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