

Curve 'Em

JUNGLEPUSSY

Lookie, lookie, they looking at us
What they want, what they really want?
Who they tryna be? Tink G? Junglepussy?
I don't even know why you bother

Them bitches in the back but them bitches stay frontin'
It's nothing, let a bitch or nigga press my buttons
Stuntin', looking good cause a bitch supposed to
I go to all the poppin' places you don't know boo
Money, getting money like bees get honey
I'm dripping, them niggas horny, them niggas bore me
Poppin', poppin', but never been corny
Bitch you know my name
Junglepussy she can't be tamed
Run around, stay away from lames, it's a shame how bitches complain
Mad at me cause they life mundane, like to party and get lusty
Party and party til the party musty, cabaret home with a cutie, trust me
End of the night, still got my muthafucking money

(What they want?)
Stay the fuck up out my lane ho
Curving these bitches like a muthafucking rainbow
Riding through the same streets, you looking like the same ho
I'm poppin', poppin', poppin', poppin' up at every angle

See I been poppin since papi was popping bottles in public
Give your man them temptations as if his name David Ruffin
He like my style and my aura, I like his cash and his change
He give me head when I'm aching, that's like a heavy migraine
These bitches lighter than feathers, I change it up like the weather
They say I'm sick with this rapping, so tell these rappers get better
I wish these niggas stop wishing, they want my line like they fishing
I bought these bitches, they faking, it's like they all want auditions
I probably count like thirty cameras when I'm in your city
It's monkey-see and monkey-do when Junglepussy with me
These hoes is followers and they don't need our Twitter names
And I can't roll no strike cause all these goofy bitches in my lane
But I'm rolling the doobie and tryna get high so I never get tired
Curving these bitches, my money so straight that I never do irons
I pull up and crash your party, call it a high hat
Cause bitch we making that noise from BK way down to the Chiraq

(What they want?)
Stay the fuck up out my lane ho
Curving these bitches like a muthafucking rainbow
Riding through the same streets, you looking like the same ho
I'm popping, popping, popping, popping up at every angle

Had bitches pussy poppin' to my first single
Pop it, pop it, pop it, pop it, pop it, call it Pringles
Now why all the dudes I used to like wanna mingle?
They see your girl looking like a flamingo (What the fuck?)
Oh, oh, sip the grigio slow on these hoes
Let these niggas rub my back, let these bitches kiss my toes
I keep the haters in the cut along with frenemies and foes
Keep that swisher, cancel that dutch, pull that fronto out my clutch
Wassup, wassup?

Wanna kick it with me, wanna party with me, wanna Polly with me?
Tryna get in for free, just my bitches and me we don't fuck with nobody
I do me but they study like a hobby
Riding with my bitches and you know I'm riding shotty
Where the papis at, platanos con salami, wear panties
So happy like Ashanti, looking like Naomi
Bad bitches at my shows, you fuck niggas owe me
See the top get lonely, I don't really give a fuck muthafucka come show me
God please protect me from my hoes and my so-called homies
And these whack bitches wish they know me, any whack bitches think they know
me