

All Over

Lisa Maffia

All the thugs in the clubs get your cris on ice
Ladies in the club shake your body like dice
My kind of jam so we're doing it right
Yo, who got the inflow keeping it tight
Lisa Maffia
Remember I told you, I'm a soldier
Drop this in the club and it's all over
It's all over
It's all over

Tonight leave out the crib with the Gucci prize
Christian Dior boots, Fendi life
Then be my girls roll up in the night
Outside the club security tight
Skip through the queue to the door on the right
Up on the floor by the bar what do you like
Time out bezzel techno ice
I'm in the wrong room this is techno night
Into room two playing joints I like
Breakers being Harlem shaking all night
And if you're in the mood grip left and right
Party all night we don't want to fight
Solid we buy bars for the crew in sight
In the VIP Dready be bringing the vibes
One glass of verve two shots of ice
Ladies shake your ass all night

Lisa say its all over
Me done tell ya bout how a skyla, skyla
Don't watch dem gals dem a filler, filler
Look like some old school thriller, thriller
Why is there no champagne in the chiller
My flows you don't know them be iller
If you no cook you no get no dinner
Me lose ya mind me a winner, winner

Move your nastiness
You can't chat to this
Respect this
Recognise this
Realise this
A big bad blows meat interprise this
So solid hot, cannot despise this
you cant hide this
you cannot deprive this
we move fast so you cannot collide this
Everything right so you can't rectify this
Ha, you're an idiot
Lisa come done this

It's me again Mega pumpin' the Gs my friend
The ladies all say I do this with ease
Begin to tease the then go
Platinum freeze on them
And come so stupid that they're
Shaking their knees and blend
Maffia with some low down soldier lyrics

You got one in it when
So solid is turning believe it
All those dreams OK I can give you a minute
Take that La Senza off of your whole spirit

Yes, It's all over Lisa Maffia
JD Dready productions
Right under your nastiness