Bobbi had Whitney Bout my respect I'm in their grass doing the griddy Soulja attire, All black far from spiffy Bitch I'm from the city like to see yo ass an titties Hmm, okay Pressure bust pipes You told how you like it now you fightin for yo life Spread u like taunk and make u hold yo cards right Can't be positive in it I gotta hold my odds my tight Pimpin at a all type high Just keep Floatin Keep yo nails clean Play widdit before you poke it If we role play I'm in the court No words spoken Lock me up for life I want yo love till it's broken I want yo love till it's broken

Wetter than the ocean floor I'll spread yo legs like some foreign doors That shit be sticky like we pourin fours Let's run away to clear yo mind Connected to yo soul through yo spine Let's run away where they can't find The love that I got for you They might just have it out for you Ms.Dope lady Can I get some drugs for me and my baby I need that shit make ha lose it and go brazy I need that shit that when she get it, she gone cage me I'm catching pigeons in this Debo coupe Don't take no shots cause you don't see no hoops She only vibin cause we ain't got no roof Usually five percent tints so them hoes can see inside it Only bought the truck so she can ride it

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