

# Lil Mama

MC MAGIC

Little mama with your body that's cold  
Little mama that's ready to go  
Let me show you how I do  
If you was my boo  
Baby girl, it's all for you  
Little mama with your body that's cold  
Little mama that's ready to go  
Let me show you how I do  
If you was my boo  
Won't you think about me and you

I wanna treat you like a lollipop, girl  
Make you swear that your boy is from out of this world  
Sweatin' all hot, body twisted like a pretzel  
Legs everywhere, aw, we messed up your hair  
Damn  
It's aight, it's 'bout to be a long night  
You 'bout to be my Cinderella when that clock strike  
One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the A.M  
Makin' ugly faces is the game that we playin'  
I got you breathin' like an asthma attack  
Your body locks up before your eyes roll back  
And then, you start to shake, body movin' like a snake  
Explosions and hot lava like an earthquake  
Pictures on my iPhone to reminisce about tonight  
You so good, you make my fantasies light real lights  
Little mama with a body that's cool  
Let you know, Magic City never wanna let you go

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Let me show you how  
How I do it  
Them lames you dealin' with, baby, actin' too foolish  
I never put you down  
I wanna build you up  
Won't lay your hand on ya til you tell me where you  
On all them right places, your little secret locations  
I think you get what I'm sayin', baby, there's no more delayin'  
In-in-in  
I know you ready (Know you ready)  
Like I'm ready (Like I'm ready)  
We can go and get it started, girl  
Let me show how I can blow your mind (Your mind)  
No rushin', I'm a take my time (My time)  
Turn your phone off, baby, we gon' be a while  
Won't come out the room, til sometime tomorrow  
Little mama

Hotter than a sauna  
Sweatin' like it's July in Arizona  
Summer (Summer)  
Here's my (Here's my)  
Number (Number)  
Use it, call it when you, wanna

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Shades by Versaci (Yeah)  
Duckin' paparazzi (Yeah)  
Duffle bags, full of cash, now the FEDs watch me (Watch me)  
If I show you how I'm livin', girl, you won't believe it (Uh uh, uh uh)  
Number in my phone, por favor, don't delete it  
Mexican Jeezy, lookin' for a Beyonce (Where she at)  
She married to the game, made money my fiance (Make money)  
"He a dog, he a flirt" is what your friends say (Woof)  
Soon as you walk off, your friend headed this way  
I know I'm headlinin' (Yeah)  
But you the main event  
Girl, you're so stacked from the back, I gotta stare again (DAYMN!)  
Forget your baby daddy, holla when you all alone  
976, Big Chile, hit me on the phone

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