

Xmas and Thanksgiving

Murs

She so bad
She make a grown man wanna spend all his cash
She so bad
When she drop it down slow, they all throw down fast
She so bad
Niggas pull out their wallets when she walk past
She bad, she bad, she make a grown man wanna spend all his cash
At a young age she was certain
She didn't wanna be a virgin
So she started wearing tight skirts and
In the mirror always practicin' twerkin'
And when that started workin'
She became a whole different person
Started smokin', started drinkin', started cursin'
Went from PG to the X rated version
She used to be a mormon
Now she on the pole and performin'
She say them square niggas borin'
Got a hood nigga started buyin' him Jordans
Lou-Loius, Gucci, Versace
Pretty soon he like, "Look at what she got me!"
"I could break this bitch"
"Told her hit the streets, and hoe make me rich"

She sell pussy for a livin'
Christmas and Thanksgiving
365 Days a year
Now do I make myself clear?
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She a all night grinder
She done fucked 49 Forty-Niners
A couple of Oakland Raiders
You know them ball players
They gotta pay so she stay out the way
She got the 15 pussy from the Bay to L.A. (Ay-ay)
And it's okay
She know you old half of hoes got something to say
They sayin' she's an embarrassment
But she might be savin' your marriage, Bitch
She ain't no dummy
She been dropped that pimp and now she make her own money
She got security though
Her big nigga named C, and he stand by the door
Let a trick get funny with the door
She gon' knock 3 times, then his ass gotta go

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