Here we come
(Here we come now, girl)
Come for you
(Baby girl, aw, aw)

You know, I just couldn't hide shit beneath me Only nigga can take a still picture in 3D If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy It's gotta be, bo-legged, long hair, Fendi

Ninety nine, I move over to her twin sister, Medni I spit game like that to get brains like that Butter soft leather seats, it came like that If sex was football, I'd be a running back

Get ya on and get low, and I never fumble
Make ya throw your hands up when I bring in the zone
So, if it's on, it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home
I got my home dog out, it's on chrome, long gone

She like my bizza, my batlin' dog You Lunatics, that's what I be sayin' 'bout y'all I'm not a MD but I'm always on call And I got a safe way guaranteed not to stall

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(Baby girl, aw, aw)

'Cuz we be countdown from the sky to tha ground Sippin' Allezey, steady puffin' on a pound Hollerin', "Woah, nah", slow down, switch it up Mami, don't front, go down, hit it up

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I'm like the New Edition, Don, Ralph, Bobby, and Mike Not even Ricky "Rapper" Johnny can stand the rain tonight Is this the end, damn right, I turned on a liking to Vannessa Derrio like over Brian McKnight

Said, "Oh no", baby doll kissin' me and she goin' down low People at D.E.M.O., hot, tell that you a pro Swore up and down you never did this before Whatever, just go slow

Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes Uptight and ready to fight 'cuz I'm the one they women like He think he tight, think he got more game than Spike Lee Runnin' thru his vains like an IV, high speeds

Tightest nigga for 5 G's and Al D
Tryna catch my now when my price is low

Then 95 digits when the Lunatics blow Another zero for a show, to let you niggas know, now what

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You see me and my niggas only come out on the weekends 'Cuz on the weekdays to busy creepin', freakin' Wit' yo rat, now picture that, when she wit you She now speakin' what you weak in

Lettin' me know that she really been thinkin'
About a nigga, even when I'm not with her
I'm frosty all year, while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin' thinner

I ain't payin' time so you callin' me a sinner Old Payne, 29, callin' me a young tender Nelly stopped on me, don't stop when I'm wit her She ready 4 whatever and I ain't even bought her dinner

I sorted tha game on a bench with splinters
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute
The last seconds of the game, used to weigh in to enter
I ain't gotta herd no drugs no more, I know who tha winner

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