

You a real tall glass of water
Just looking at you make me thirsty
Oh Lord & she the preacher's daughter
But still I want her in the worst way
She shouldn't have came her in the first place
Special occasion is her birthday
I swear to God I'm glad I caught her
Come blow the candles out baby

Ok, ok, ok, And I'm up ok, ok, Glamorous ok, ok
She's the preacher's daughter, but I'm a ghetto star
She ain't going nowhere, (why) because I didn't beat her raw
Hooked her on the first shot, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar,
I let her play Chloe; I just play Lamar,
She just hit my cell cause she done left her bra
I, I, I got her on quavo
Got her with her shorts off, looking at her vajayo
Driving with my fingers crossed hope I don't go to hell
I, I, I got her rolling
I, I got her losing focus

She like a devil in a red dress
I wanna get her in my incents
And plus I was just too fresh
She was flirting getting too fresh
She the preacher daughter on the alter
But, I spoil her like her father
I school her like a toddler
She with Gucci, so don't bother
I go harder and grind harder
I ride hard as she loving my persona
The aroma, a Kush ammonia
It's what she smells and I can't keep my hands off her

Red plus she bowlegged, a cherry no pit
Caught on the 6 for later on the 6
One thing I can say about her, shawty take a stick
She was greener than a motherfucker, I got her talking slick
She get it from her momma, all in the hips
I love walking behind her, so I can see her twist
I think I hit her kidneys the last time I ripped
I felt kind of bad though, so I left her a tip
Her Becky on steroids, that's little momma gift
She don't like to drink it strong though, so I just let her sip
4 o'clock in the morning, that liquor'll have you stiff
But that's my little baby she know how to make a grip