Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Baby, why you gotta be so mean?
Start trouble when you're wearing jeans
Thighs match hips, so I've seen
You're just my type, just my type
You keep a fresh beat on your face
Limited on point, can't see no lace
You wanna know how the good life tastes
Girl, hit my line, hit my line
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't gotta be ya man
But it ain't gotta be in one-night stand
Let me hit it once, then I hit it again
But only if you say I can, yeah

Girl, you look good, let me get that
Been fiending for a real one, ain't it that?
Oh, yeah, let me get that
Oh, yeah, let me get that
You look good, let me get that
Been fiending for a real one, ain't it that?
Oh, yeah, yeah, I need that

Hey, hey, hey, hey
These implants kind of stab
Get them hard things out of my side, they feel like breast abs
You're 5'6", 130
You didn't need augmentation, girl, you was pretty
Little natural, little street, little sweet
When you bail to get the blunt, she gonna hold the heat
And she'll let you know how hard you can spank the cheeks
Sop for the 105, pussy, no, she ain't for geeks
A little liquor in her purse, she ain't for the tweak
Top me in a Panamera belt full of mascara, bitch
I fix y'all hoes, ashy to trashy to classy
Always where the cash be, bitch

Girl, you look good, let me get that
Been fiending for a real one, ain't it that?
Oh, yeah, let me get that
Oh, yeah, let me get that
You look good, let me get that
Been fiending for a real one, ain't it that?
Oh, yeah, yeah, I need that

Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that Need that, oh yeah, let me get that