

Tunn Up

Red Café

She don't want no pretty boy, dem lie too much

Shakedown...

Ohhhh

Bad gyal turn up

On me, bad gyal turn up

Man a bad man, a gun man, they a fi yeahhhh

Bad man, they a fi yeahhh

Pretty boy, ya lie too much

Bad gyal a come too much

Man a yeah yeahhhh

Bad gyal turn up

On me, bad gyal turn up

E yeah yeah yeahhhh

Single for the night

You know imma live my best life

Feeling like God when I'm in that all white

Keep the vibes good, don't want blood on my knife, yeah, yeah

Four Seasons or the Ritz

Cover up the camera, lemme kill it on a lift

Might get sticky so I've gotta keep a stick

Gyal thick thick, how the man like it

And she no want no relationship

She just want her bumper hit

Versace sheets so the sex stay rich

Chanel sheets so the sex stay rich

Pure badness...

Ohhhh

Bad gyal turn up (bad gyal turn up)

On me, bad gyal turn up

Man a bad man, a gun man, they a fi yeahhhh (ohhh)

Bad man, they a fi yeahhh (ohhh)

Pretty boy, ya lie too much

Bad gyal a come too much

Man a yeah yeahhhh

Bad gyal turn up {wha' gwarn}

On me, bad gyal turn up {uhh}

E yeah yeah yeahhhh

(Uhh) Bad gyal turn up (wha' gwarn)

Spliff me a burn up

When I pull her skirt up (ooouuu)

Toes dem a curl up (oouuuu), mi freaky

Make them gyal wet like Fiji (ouu)

Got to count it up before I make love

If it ain't rich love then it ain't love

Buss down wrist, it ain't playing low

Mi wan her cause she thick

She just only want me cause mi rich

And she no want no relationship
She just want her bumper hit
Versace sheets so the sex stay rich
Chanel sheets so the sex stay rich
Pure badness...

Ohhhh
Bad gyal turn up (bad gyal turn up)
On me, bad gyal turn up
Man a bad man, a gun man, they a fi yeahhhh (ohhh)
Bad man, they a fi yeahhhh (ohhh)

Pretty boy, ya lie too much
Bad gyal a come too much
Man a yeah yeahhhh
Bad gyal turn up (bad gyal turn up)
On me, bad gyal turn up
E yeah yeah yeahhhh

Girl show me what they want, uhh
Henny in the cup, what they want, uhh
They say daddy really want you
My lady come hot like the sun

Drop top and I roll through the block, you know
Gyally holla me non stop, you know
Jump out the whip, make her work you know
Wine out your body till your bruk you know

She do what Simon says
Girl you're no lie
Bad gyal hop out the benz (well)
Girl you're so fine

Anything you go do for me
And uh, we go turn up on a Wednesday (uh huh)
Play on a Thursday (uh huh)
Then we fuck for your birthday, yeah yeahhh

And she no want no relationship
She just want her bumper hit
Versace sheets so the sex stay rich
Chanel sheets so the sex stay rich
Pure badness...

Ohhhh
Bad gyal turn up (bad gyal turn up)
On me, bad gyal turn up
Man a bad man, a gun man, they a fi yeahhhh (ohhh)
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Pretty boy, ya lie too much
Bad gyal a come too much
Man a yeah yeahhhh
Bad gyal turn up (bad gyal turn up)
On me, bad gyal turn up
E yeah yeah yeahhhh

Then we fuck for your birthday...
Then we fuck for your birthday...
Then we fuck for your birthday...
Then we fuck for your birthday...

Then we fuck for your birthday...