Skit

Rick Ross

Let's call this motherf*cker and see where he at
I bailed his ass out of jail three days ago and this nigga ain't called me back yet

(Hello)
Nigga where you been, I called you like six times
(Hold on, hold on bitch, I'm in here tryna turn the soft into hard, you know what I do)
I put my house and my car on loan to get your black ass out of jail
(Hold on bitch, I wouldn't give a f*ck if you put your momma's insurance policy up bitch, I'm tryna handle my business)
I don't give a f*ck about all that shit, when you gon' give me my motherf*cking money back nigga, I want my shit back

I know you're out there f*ckin' some bitch, you dirty dick ass nigga
(Yeah bitch and this dirty dick be all in your ass, bitch
You gon' make me get out this trunk and you ho)
Baby you know I'm sorry, come over here and get some of this p*ssy, you know I love you
(Look at here, bitch, if you love me so much, what we need to do is take a ride to the mortuary, dig your father up, let me get that class ring up his finger, run through his pockets and we gon' close the casket and get up out of there, that's street love, bitch!)

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!