

WYSG '93

Shawn Chrystopher

What's your sign girl?
I'm lookin at your thighs girl
You tryina be my girl?
Well keep tryin girl
Unless you a bad bitch
Maybe then I'm cool wit it cool it
I'mma act a fool with it
Girl I don't care who hit it, who hit it
Before me, I know that you adore me
You came here to get high
Luckily I got more tree, more tree
I spit floetry, real niggas call raps
The fragrance of my cadence
Have you layin down on you back like that
I know you work late,
You stayin up late
But you got up early,
Bitch you gotta get yo hair straight
Started fuckin cause yo head straight
Stopped cause the bed makes
Too much noise, baby got a roommate
Call a nigga when you finish wit the food date (hold up)
Tell a nigga drop you at my place
4 digit code for the front gate
5 digit number call cause the sex great
6 digit bank account got you in the first place (hold up)
The homie got a function
You know the shit is jumpin
Black girls actin like white bitches, it's nothin
I'm at the liquor bank
What you think girl grey goose straight
You made it through eliminidate
Now it's bout to be a room raid (hold up)
You said you live on century
Well I'm kicking on slauson
She said "just take the 105"
Bitch I don't drive that shit often

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We kick it like 4 feet
Watching Kobe with the floor seats
Killed it you need more sheets
Only know I left cause the door squeaks
I love you alone girl
But do you got a home girl?
Excuse me, I'm in the zone girl
But, you got pictures in yo phone girl
I know you seen her naked
What y'all was both faded, faded

You still ain't talked about it
But you wished that u taped it, taped it
You wish you was taken
I wish you quit playing
Don't bullshit a real nigga
Draped down in hilfiger

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