

## Reservations

Sir Michael Rocks

She grabbed my hand, pinky promise it - you swear  
Said she love me getting money, baby stay right there  
She was the one, Shawty don't cook, don't clean  
If you ask her what's for dinner she'll know what that means

She say the only thing she gotta make for dinner is the reservations  
(The only thing she gotta make for dinner is the reservations)  
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What? That's her ass? Is it real? Can I grab? Can I feel?  
Cuz I'm goin' if you're goin' and she goin' and we blowin'  
And we growin' and we drinkin', I'm thinkin'  
I try to take it to another plate  
Take you the states but for the stacks must get another raise  
I'm on my mission, million dollar politician  
Boxes of phones, a couple cribs that I get the flip  
Let me give you the script, this ain't chicken and shit  
This is criss with the shrip, this is Christian Dior  
7-50 for weed and that's just for desert  
I be whippin' that bit, it's expensive to rent  
Thinkin' that you and I be ridin' to the party  
Eyes blurry, half tip, wanna see that ass skip  
Like a CD with a scratch on that shit  
Yea, I take you out to eat, we get it crackin' rass

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It's like today, Charday, tomorrow, Tamaro  
Ain't mine, ain't yours, they borrowed, we share her  
Let her run free man, she get loose when she can  
Let her in the strip club with 3 bands in each hand  
Dollars fallin' like stackin' pens, I be throwin' them too  
Throw it in the air and make a wish and hope that it come true  
And I wish you was my main bitch, please excuse my language  
But I don't give a flyin' motherf\*\*k who you came with  
She don't cook, say that she don't clean  
Cuz her daddy was a heavy in the dope game  
She always had a made, could probly get a chef  
If you needed some uh, she could get it for less  
I'll be on the patrol for the dollars I' owed  
Money over these bitches, if you wanted a coe  
Cuz we do. Girl you fine, I see you  
You run around with the clique, I bet your friends do too

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