

Little Hood

Waka Flocka Flame

I love the way she smile and how she look at me
Best feeling in the world is when my girl happy
Classy but, she got a little hood in her
Caught me doin' wrong things still stuck with me
Giuseppe on her feet, my girl exotic (you know)
The feeling that she feel she won't hide it (you know)
Don't think just cause she cute that she ain't 'bout it
This pistol that's beside me when I ride it, she provide it
Ain't no [?] I could tell that she, got a little hood in her
She never lied always trill kept it real with me
Shit hit the fence, she jumpin' in the field with me (you know)
She got a group, I got a photo, two twin Bentleys

Red Bottoms on, she got a little hood in her
Keep the nails done, but she got a little hood in her
Heard she from the slums, but she got a little hood in her
Baby come on, she got a little hood in her
She so fine, she got a little hood in her
That girls mine, got a little hood in her
Lights on, but she got a little hood in her
[?], got a little hood in her

Look like a make up artist touch the face when shawty woke up
She define a cover girl, she deserve a poster
Perfect [?], with a glass of Mimosa
Let me show you, different things I could bring to your life
Diamond rings I reality them dreams
That you had as a child, girl you with the money team
Let me take you up to Queen girl, lay you on this king
Bet your flyer than a winter, 8 more hours 'till the spring

Uh, baby [?] we can sex on sight
Baby we can get it on