

# Wide Open

Audio Push

[Verse 1 - Oktane:]

This here's for my ladies in their whips  
Something shiny on their lips  
Fine linen and they got expensive denim on they hips  
With their weave real tight and their stance real good  
And talk like the suburbs but live in the hood  
Probably drive something clean and act real mean  
And don't let too many weird niggas get all in-between  
They all about they money, never getting lazy  
Two letters, two words nigga F.U, pay me  
Boy I'm in these streets all over these beats  
Got your girl knee caps next to my feet  
Cause she like hot and I'm hot too  
She don't mess with lame nigga's and that's why she dropped you  
She buy her own drinks and I'm buying the bottles  
Face fine as wine and she swear she ain't a model  
And I like that, I love it she always let me grab it  
And she know I love a girl that know when to get ratchet

[Hook:]

Now hit the ground (hit the ground)  
Pop your butt (pop your butt)  
Drop it down (drop it down)  
Pick it up (pick it up)  
Now arch your back (arch your back)  
For a stack (for a stack)  
Turn around (turn around)  
And make it clap

Now buss it wide open, open, open, open, open, open, open  
Now buss it wide open, open, open, open, open, open, open

[Verse 2 - Price Tag:]

One time, one time  
They call me pin it down price  
I'm putting hickeys where your chest go  
If you with the business time to get it baby, let's go  
Send the ratchets home, to 380 where the rest go  
When I get to thrashing then I'm passing it to Esso  
Put me to the test though beat it something gruesome  
Me verse you you could call it a two-some  
If your man hating tell that nigga come and do something  
He can cross the line but look it better not be the deuce one  
Come come get it I'm a make you wanna beg  
I'm beat it I'm a beat it, Mayweather in the legs, yeah  
I ate Natalie and Ashley, ass be crafty then BOW boys nasty  
And I ain't even tryna be rude, but I don't touch it if it smell like sea food  
I know you feel it bitch it PT the realest  
And you better call the cops cause a nigga finna kill it

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[Verse 3 - T. Mills:]

It's Milly Man, I'm buzzing in the streets though  
You on my show cause that's where all the freaks go  
I always hit it, Larry Bird at the free throw  
So all these bitches say I got a big ego  
I'm sparing hoes, Brittney  
Fucked a bitch in Houston so I saw a pic to Whitney  
We were taking drugs, I think her name was Lindsay  
She just wanna F so I brought her ass some Fendi  
I play it like some keys  
I double up on women, they double up on D's  
I'm a fuck your Auntie then I'm a fuck your niece  
Hands behind her back like I was the police  
Make her bust it open let me see that ass go  
She real fine reminded me of my last ho  
And my brodies told me she was a bad woa  
But I ain't know that a girl could drop it that low

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