

I got skinny jeans on, so I got my swagger
I got new kicks and embarrass my naggaz
A skinny tattoo with a paintball space
So a nigga got bounce like a pinball game
I got (Housewives) like my name was (Bravo)
The dude is Bueller, the world Chicago
I'm hard to follow, the boy is sick
I'm Adam Sandler so fuck your clique
I hang with dogs like Michael Vick
And you girls get wet like a glass of Quik
Cause your boy stay fresh like a bunch of mints
And I fight this flow like a pacifist
A barrel of monkeys, a house of chimps
I'm way more fun than your boyfriend is
He need new jeans like a accident
Cause your boy right here where the action is, ahh!!

Don't talk about it - you can live without it
You don't even need to go down
Don't talk about it - you can live without it
You don't even need to go down
Cause you were hollerin, hollerin "Oh!"
Hollerin, hollerin "Oh!"
Hollerin, hollerin "Oh!" girl
Cause you were hollerin, hollerin "Oh!"
Hollerin, hollerin "Oh!"
Hollerin, hollerin "Oh!" girl

I said these niggaz mad at me like Baby Boppers
These niggaz slept on me like old pajamas
You niggaz stay soft like Jon Secada
And this nigga stay lit like a candelabra
And even if I didn't have a million dollars
I would still have cream like Bearded Papa
Girl I ain't playin I'll treat ya proper
I got (No Limits) like Silkk the Shocker
You look too sweet like Betty Crocker
You could ride in the front, you could meet my partner
My boy in the back, you could meet my partner
But he ain't got a girl so you should bring your partner
Your boy got books like he made of lockers
The girl got legs like a pair of Dockers
And we don't trick like empinadas
You should shake that shit 'til you got maracas

If we're together
Can do whatever
I'll make sure that you're close to me
Cause baby girl it's a fantasy
As long as you are here with me tonight

Cause I want ya
Cause I need ya girl
Cause I want ya
Cause I need ya girl, yeah