

# Face Down

DJ Mustard

Ya'll already know who I am right?  
Mustard on the beat ho

I got a fire red bone who go all night long, Boosie  
She like her ass tooted up and her face down  
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Face down, face down  
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She got a diamond in her pearl tongue  
It shine everytime she cums  
Bling, bling, up in this motherfucker  
Make up on my sheets and on my shirt  
And on my briefs, she get on my nerves  
But I don't say shit cause she too sweet  
She ride this dick up and down the street  
She like when it hurt, I like when it's free  
It must be the bird, it must be the bees  
I think I said I love her, I was half asleep  
I was caught in the moment  
Yea, then I was gone in the mornin'  
She called my phone in the mornin' and started moanin' and groanin'  
Well I be home in a moment  
She say she work tonight, you better work tonight  
And leave out that motherfucker with some merchandise  
I ain't playin' with ya, you got some shit with ya  
I'm a lil nigga, but I'm a big tipper  
Cause it ain't nothin' to me, but you gotta work for it  
Grind, grindin' on that wood, you got a surfboard

Now I'm the boy she wanna ride with  
She gone lie for me, kill for me, even shoplift  
First class ticket, seat 1A  
If I put her any closer she'll be riding in the cockpit  
Took her to Benihanas, she can't even hold the chopsticks  
She put her face down and hold her ass up like a hostage  
Oh my God, I'm in love with a porn star  
I'm in love with a foreign car, they both topless  
I done tricked off a gold Rollie wrist watch  
Man, I'm tired of dealing with these hoes but my dick not  
So, I'mma make me that 7-11 pitstop  
She leaned over like I love you, I'm just like bitch stop  
You done fucked about half of hip hop  
If I wife you they gone talk about me like I'm Chris Bosh  
Now I done got the honey moon suite for common courtesy  
The honey moon suite? Hell yeah it's our one night anniversary bitch

Uh, I'mma start off in LA  
I got a bitch named Shantae  
I let her ride my dick and ever since then  
She been to work since Christmas break  
She like fuckin' in the back seat  
My New York ho like fuckin' in a taxi  
Always hanging with them athletes

I ain't trippin', she like tricks  
So I leave that to them athletes  
Might fly to Atlanta and take a trip  
It's ho Heaven, all the bad bitches strip  
Hold up, I got a bitch that work at Onyx  
I got her hooked on a dick like it's phonics  
I got a Philly bitch always playing Meek shit  
My ex say I'm a dog, well, put me on a leash then  
I'm finna fly to Japan in a couple weeks  
That means I'm finna have some foreign linen in my sheets

I gotta chick out Mississippi, she cold too  
Thick thighs, nice legs, soul food  
My D.C. chick hair hang to her back  
Yippee-yi-yo, ride that thing like that  
My Oakland girl, call her my smokin' girl  
She like to smoke a couple blunts fore we show the world  
Got a chick out Tallahassee, she a cougar  
She call me her lil juvie  
I gave her her groove back, she groovy  
My Harlem chick, all we do is make movies  
She like to see another bad chick eat Boosie  
And my Chitown chick, we have a gangster time  
She from the West side, whole body tatted and her sex life  
Can't forget about H-Town  
She like her ass tooted up and her face down  
I want her right now  
Gotta have something close to home  
I got a fire red bone that go all night long, Boos