

Hey yo  
Here's a little story ghetto situation  
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations  
She was so fly, get high, well understood  
Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood

Yo,  
Hey yo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn  
Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn  
She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong  
Right before she went to rest she had me singing this song  
She must be a special lady  
And a very exciting girl  
I don't know  
She had the high-glow's switching  
See her in the club you hear others chicks bitching  
But Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit  
See she did 12 months over a ratchet  
Not no crab shit  
Got bagged with the mag  
Taxi cab shit  
Clit was hanging out her panties with no where to stash it  
It was classic  
Nowadays she's laid back  
Helping me perfect my rap  
Only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat  
Wife everything  
Diamond cut like johnny lex collar attached  
Licking glass bowls in her cat clothes  
Cause crazy stacks  
Finicky thing  
Her kitting drink polar spring  
Take naps  
Near her jewelry box  
She play with all the rings  
And when she step out the tub its like an ill flick  
Caramel skin, bath and body works leave the whole room lit  
Cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode  
Paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin me  
Versace robe on her body, peak, sippin asti (piemonte)  
She a perfect 10 in my wildest dreams DAWN

Hey yo, she gotta be gone  
Waiting on my sweet strawberry pecan rican LaShawn  
Holding my taffy down when I'm gone  
Three fourths of her body always covered with clothes  
That's why I'm eating her candy  
And sucking her toes  
Sweet sexy LaShawn  
She got body like what's goin on  
On some Marvin Gay shit like lets get it on  
Sugar  
Lets get it on  
Hey yo she a diamond in the rough  
Black rose in the hood  
I love my queen and she treat me good  
Fuck cooking for me

She stash me out when the feds come looking for me  
I'm not cheating on her or beating on her  
I spend the weekend on her  
We on the block when the bills start creeping on her  
She right there when it gets sticky  
She strict politic to the vicky's  
And a fly aviator the color of sky  
God on her side  
Indian chick with cat eyes  
Mad respect with the fat thighs  
Plus her guns for the revolution  
Would straight leave her if she prostituting  
Yo my girls the bomb  
Intelligent mind  
Sky blue Louis Vutton  
Leg muscles, deep dimples  
Body is soft she smell fresh like a new born  
Pretty feet petite ass nice shoes on  
The sunshine for my quiet storm  
Keepin the food warm while I'm gone  
It won't be long 'til I'm back to my sweet butter pecan rican LaShawn  
Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'

Hey yo, hey yo I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn  
Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen  
You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe  
Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue  
Pretty young thing, with a body like vida  
Ass off the meter, eva medenez look, strut like a diva  
Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a cheeba  
She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up  
Ms. Bonitta Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column  
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holding condoms!  
Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick  
Throwing that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip  
Latin decent, velour suit with the cameltoe print  
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips  
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh  
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride

Whether Jen, Don, or Shawn its the same situation  
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations  
She was so fly, get high, well understood  
Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood