

Bring Da Roof Down

Olivia

Two in the morning
And you're ready to rock
I got my ladies sitting at the bar
Doing it up
So just give up the cash
Nigga no you ain't gettin' no ass
Two in the morning
And you're ready to rock
I got my ladies
At the bar doing it up
So just give up the cash
Nigga just pour Crystal in my glass

Take my keys to my 2k Jaguar please
Park it next to the cherry red Benz
The one with the hoodie
And all his friends
VIP check the list it's me plus 3
Now we're in and the drink's on me
Until we're dizzy
So pissy
Get on the floor
Throw on some Biggie

We goin' spend all ya endz
Nigga we some Prada mommas
Fine ass figgas with
Them doped up na-nas
OT sale a coke in Ocabonas
Splurshin' off give me hondas
Swurvin' off in a Suburban
Sipin' Burban
Urban tryin' not to hit the curbin'

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Lil' momma gonna show ya'll
How to floss in the 4
With the top down
Nigga's drawers drop at the do'
We rock Prada, Chanel,
And Fendi nigga
You sport Fosco
How you gon' fend me nigga
Let alone afford me
I broke pockets ballin'

I pimp smack ya girl
Ya'll niggas still applaud me

Gangsta please
Wit yo jeans a bit too creased
Step away from the hot girls please
Your breathe smells like sushie
Fake brothas
Broke down brothas
Pull ya shoes up
Ya pants too snuff my brotha
Litte dickie
So ya gotta lickie-lickie
Back yo ass up
Fo' I slip you a mickey

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