

Gel And Weave

Project Pat

She she she she got gel and weave, gel and weave
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Weave weave in they hair, weed in they purse, "Still Crunk!"
She got gel and weave, gel and weave
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Wit a big round ass, I'm yo man to be

You can put a wig on a pig-a-lig
Make her dance the jig-a-lig
Bring all the money back to Daddy and I'm diggin it
Burgundy or honey blonde
Yellow wit them black streakers, red or they orange plum
Don't forget the gold teeth and set the club half naked
In the sto house shoes, cussin out authority
Body full of tattoos
Bedroom doin things, pickin out her tounge ring
Livin in the projects, could be in the game
She from the hoody-hood all to the goody-good
Lips and her tounge and it's all understoody-stood
First of the month now your kids on the sat Similac
Droppin over Mama's house, "Girl what's crackilatin?"
Hookin up with so-called, g-string or no draws
Fingernails, big hips, juicy wet, pink lips
Ready man to do the damn thing at the motel
If you're bang-banging all night she'll go tell

Baldhead scallywag, wit nothin in back
You better yak it, ten dollar for a bag
Messed up in the trash
Could be some can kalong
Dude who sold it at the boot liquor run
All to the good though, drink it like a wine though
And smoke till she pass out, mainly the hydro
A state in a care fate
All up in LD's wanna be a twilight, you know what I like
Hey duck she gon break somethin
Turn around and make some
Meet a real nigga anywhere she gon shake somethin
Like shoutin out cuz her butt like an elephant
Got a real girl dog, that is irrelevant
A menage a twa twa, she'll call me DaDa
Or maybe PaPa in back of car car
Her friend can join in, go snap that porn in
Call Mr. Hit wit a playa was born in

When you get her on the drank she gon get a lil frisky
Legs stayin open, no rubber, kinda risky
Got a bad body makin moves like a gypsy
Cornbread fed at the club very tipsy
Only dealt wit those that be in the hood slangin
Lunch at Matt's car wash shit is where they hangin
System up loud in the car keep em waving
Out wit Suge Knight, shake em up do they thang and
Lookin real hard she'll know that I want it
Got me on hard so I go and get a bone and

Hey baby gal, all that, can you lone it
Weave and them contacts, man I'ma bone it
Say it's all good she about to kick her man out
Left her wit a wood and she gon blow the brains out
All in her bed so I had to yank my thang out
Pullin on her fro, wasn't hair and it came out

I like em ghetto!