

Bedrock Remix

Rasheeda

Yeah
Rasheeda... Baby
I'm a play around a little bit... like
Alright
Like (3x)
Okay okay
Look
I got that great, great
Fruity pebbles sweet
He running after me like a track meet
C'mon
He call me sushi roll, cause I'm raw as fuck
All ready supreme ain't gotta gas me up
My pillow talk game so superior
So I leave the store with every different color fur
BURR! Gucci Mane said it best
He's like my infant, keep his mouth on my breast
I'm SHEEDA SHEEDA, the Nooki Diva
And it gets wetter than, Lake Geneva
And then we role play
I just won an Oscar
Genius brains like I graduated from Harvard
Full scholarship... here swallow this
Sex education class
Let's Experiment
We make the bedrock
And holler many sounds
I keep him at attention it never goes down

Ooohhh baby, I'm a put it down on you baby
Wanna give it all to you baby
Can you find my G-Spot, call me Mrs. Flintstone I can make your bedrock
Ooohhh
I can make your bedrock
Ohhhhhh
I can make your bedrock boy
Ohhhhhh
I can make your bedrock
Ooohhh
I can make your bedrock

Independent now, used to have my hands tied
Now they after me I got a custom stop sign
It must be something bout my accent
Cause I say BABAY and niggas wanna pay a chick
Small waist, pretty face, and my booty round
Now he in my zone like a touch down
I don't need another friend, I need a team mate
With a big appetite eat the whole plate
Don't come around with that lyin I seen you before
You know damn well I got my own TV show (Yeah Baby)
Now that's some boss shit, I got my own everything
And I could put it down
Made him pull a hamstring

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Wanna give it all to you baby

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MRS 32

I'm Going In

Yeah

I can make your bedrock

It's 32 top notch

My Reese's pieces, buttercup got em playing hopscotch

Riding with the top off, I'm posing like I'm Janet

He UPS my pussy cause I'm on another planet

Got dammit she can't stand it

Cause he spoil me like he Santa

I make him ho... Ho... ho while we cruising in my phantom

He catching temper tantrums when he miss my fruit pebbles

So I sex him on the schedule just to make him feel special

I'm spoiled and too royal (too royal)

So it's spa's today and rub me down with oil

I came first he went last

It's Willie Wonka no hands

Baskin robin in demand

Still rocking no wedding band

Okay he super fly

I just gotta tame em

Sit em down make him the shit, potty train em

I make him raise his hand, call me Ms. Monroe

I bless him like a reverend... I guess I run the show

I'm a front runner his ex a backgrounder

All she do is throw shade like the MAC counter

American idol I'm shining now

They love to judge me

Simon Cowell

Give em the diamond smell

I don't tell em shit

I replace bitches I'm on my Allen shit

It's like a melon split when I let em cut

He pop my fire hydrant then I wet him up

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Ooohhh

I can make your bedrock

Ohhhhhh

I can make your bedrock boy

Ohhhhhh

I can make your bedrock

Ooohhh

I can make your bedrock

Come give me a Hersey kiss

Twist me up like licorice

Wipe my candle apple while I

Nibble on your dip stick

Every now and later you can be my sugar daddy

I let you break me off like a kit-kit-katty
Oooooooooooooo
You can chew on my big red while you try my lemon head
Don't stop
If I blow on your blow pop I can make your bedrock

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Wanna give it all to you baby
Can you find my G-Spot, call me Mrs. Flintstone I can make your bedrock
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