

# In Da Box

Sean Garrett

Can you compare money? Not not really though  
Yeah you want my shawty, cant cant get her though  
Bra-bra-brag about how big yo house is, patio  
Ask yo girl wut we did (we just smashed on the radio)

[Chorus (x2)]

She like to call me ba-by, ba-by, baby when I got her in the box  
She like to wrap her legs (her legs) her legs (her legs) her legs  
(her legs) her legs (her legs) her legs around my neck and keep em' locked

[Verse 1]

Just got to Miami, touchdown from the grammys  
First stop king of diamonds, h-h-hope them bitches ready  
If I pull up in that no top, g-gave them all a headache  
Told the girl I need them racks on racks and dammit I need that in a hurry  
Shawty flirtin while she workin, tryna (convince me to get) behind them curtains  
She said the word is that I make that paper fly like Michael Jordan  
I said well, you know  
Freethrow, multi, zeros, gotta make sure all the girls eat though  
But she mad (but she mad) cuz she know, I got (I got) a girl (a girl) at home  
She don't she don't she don't care, all she says is get up here  
She got you nigga that ain't fair, I want you to be mine

[Chorus (x2)]

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[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

I'm accustomed to custom, cussin at customers  
Treat my whips like my sneakers, once I scuff em its nothing  
I get money in bundles, hustles for scoops in the summer  
I'm-I'm-I'm makin her wet, so she makin a puddle  
She resembles a model sexy and slender as Tyra

I should set you on fire sweatin ya name and ya number  
She got a mean walk, I let my cream talk  
Penthouse suite, jack and the beanstalk  
Swear she's a dime piece, nothing but vickys on  
Two pinky rings, trick it like I'm Nicky Barnes  
Might blow a hundred racks, fuck up two hundred thou  
Put you on yo feet the bitley just to roll around (roll around)  
Members only, I'm talkin baller status  
Lebron numbers, cribs in Atlanta to Dallas  
Back to the 305, kissin starin in my eyes  
Its time to tat my name inside ya inner thigh

[Chorus (x2)]

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[Verse 3]

She call me her baby, I like to call her squirter  
She do things them things that v-v-virgins ain't never heard of

She no, sh-she no scream my name unless I hurt her  
Yeah for my r&b nigga, but in the box she call me murder  
I like to call her Jackie O (O) presidential on me  
Anything that I gotta get done she get down and do it for me  
Ain't gotta never worry bout shootin off cuz she gon shoot it for me  
She take that pistol from me, c-c-cock it like she own me

[Chorus (x2)]

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