

# Tables

Tony Yayo

Chronic same color as a frog turd  
Have a nigga looking dumb, sorta like an awkward  
Violence, I blow violent, I'm so fly, I'm auto pilot  
What I wipe for that usa, like it is like Miley Cyrus

And I ride, I bounce, I roll up out of nouns  
That sticky icky green  
That will have you sleep all on your couch  
Then I'm standing on one  
Got them bottles with no labels  
Bitches taken off they heels  
Now they standing the tables

Now I'm standing on the tables,  
Standing on the tables,  
Standing on the tables,  
Pouring champagne on them  
Standing on the tables,  
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50k's of rosie nigga, watch the club get stupid  
Like kobe pictures  
Your bitch shows me like goldie bitches  
Coco siroc's in my livers  
Shawty dropping low like some strippers  
I need another drink now,  
Sat on my phone, hit my bitch on speed dial  
By accident, now she mad as shit  
But I ain't picking up the phone for the hell of it  
100 large on that new panorama  
Did your bitch like I did 20 in the slammer  
Not sticker, then strippers, in Atlanta  
Niggas fickle, I sickle, all my hands up

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Yo, I turn this bitch into a rain forest  
I tell your bitch to get your chain for us  
And some chicks to get the brain for us  
Work it out, train for us

Twist the trees, then I'm gonna twist your knees  
Grip the squeeze, swisher weed,  
Then I'm a ring some leafs  
Bitches what I'm seeing be  
Malicia g, g, g, g  
You nitting on, you know I got your woman on my sleeve  
Let's just keep 100, gonna keep it 1000  
And she like the way I'm flowing  
So her mouth is now my fountain  
If she pounding then we bouncing  
Smoking loud with my accountant  
Plan to make that paper higher  
Than a mountain on a mountain

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