Ball with me playboy What's stoppin' you? You got a case of Cris You need to pop a few

Look here I'll pop a few If you pop a few

Nigga I'll buy the bar from 1 to 2

Look here I'll buy the bar from 2 to 4 You know this pimp shit, easy

It's beautiful
Roll with me playa
What's stoppin' you?
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Spittin game to a stallion Sippin' on half a gallon Ice medallion, iceburg Italian Handlin' knots in the gamblin' spots Gettin' loose with a twenty pack handlin' blocks Hit a nigga in the head with the stainless steel Slaning packs while the Po-po's changin' shifts Caked up at the bar, nigga let all them hoes It's the adominal snowman, everything frozen Gettin' off glass with the Crissy crunk Got three, four dike bitches pissy drunk Got them hoes kissin' cunts and twistin' blunts When them hoes get ghost I don't miss them stunts Cause I pick up sluts in pickup trucks Put dick down your throat bitch, hiccup nuts Bitch what? I'mma give you some play Out the exotic player clique and that 2-4-K

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Uh hoes envy, draped in a coat, fit me

In the Rolls Bentley sittin' on twenties Hot girl, accent those Dressed with stones, nigga caress my toes Hoes wanna test my flows Bitch let me be I ain't chose the game ho The game chose me But yes froze me, rocks in my rosary Sippin' Don P, the bar on me All my girls drink Cris, think this You a courdoroy ho, I'mma a mink bitch So go on 'bout your business Lick nuts, drink dicks Your old tired ass, still draggin', freak bitch Who's bad? So I stay fitted You wanna test Trina Come on play with it I know y'all wanna take my place Cause I'm cute in the face Phat in the ass, slim in the waist, uh

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While y'all niggas spittin' the glock I be ticklin' twat Triplin' knots to see the villas and yachts Call all the killas ya got Bitches I'll clock a kill if I drop Drink for my cot, cop me a Linc and a drop Makin' a rock, and same day drill up your block But on the flip side, why ya hate me? Cause I'm gettin' head in England No wedding ring band Out the XL I creep in the four dot six van Leave you in the dirt like it's quicksand You mad cause you never brawl like you a six man What is you foolish? Hit you with the metal leave you clueless Now you on the dash like Stacey All actin' crazy, cause your main bitch wanna masturbate me Do me R. Kelly, drink half my babies Go ahead bitch, indulge, taste it, still hate me

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