

Sweet To The Belly

Vybz Kartel

Di gal go so
It sweet to di belly
Squeeze up di breas like jelly
Don't Shelly
She sing like Kelly
She no want no man nyam her like R Kelly
Di gal run weh Nelly
Seh if a no me or Assassin a Ele
She call me pon di cellie
She seh har man hood dead like Makavelli

Di gal go so
When me fore it inna her
Mek she flee from di bed
Go straight a Don car
Under Guinness mi go fi her
Mek she feel like di something
Weh she have a nuh fi her
She seh
All is fair in love and war
War angel lovin may bring cut and scar but
She love it anyways
She love it when mi blaze up di fire inna her
She seh

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When she seh
Dat no mean she suckin
Have har inna mi bedroom
A straight cocky bruckin
Some all night wukin
Gimme di chicken head dem
Mi deh yah fi di pluckin
See Butler deh
No gal can't duck him
No Antoinette no Jackie
No Suzie no Kim
Bedroom handcuffing
Force up di stuffing
Hear she puffing

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Good luck if you
No want good wuck
Gal gwaan go look a good suck
Make up from you hook mi friend up
Him tell me seh you can't fuck
Roast duck
Cook fi please mi and cut mi win
'Cause a mi fuss
Bruk wake up
Put on you clothes
Caw If mi wife ketch you
You get fuck
She seh

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