

Grown Man

Young Gunz

She My Down Ass Chick
Love me plus she like to come down my strip
Get paralyzed wipe down my Shit
I love you boo, you, my bug-a-boo
Type bug ya boo
All day all night then I merk on tha 1st chirp

Yeah, yeah
If you want it (yeah, yeah)
Baby you can get it
Still doin shows an afta party's
And afta tha party, And afta tha party
Its back to tha party at our crib

Yeah, yeah
If you want it (yeah, yeah)
Baby you can get it (yeah, yeah)
Still doin shows and afta party's
And afta tha party
its back to tha party At our crib

Niggas stingy we part it were I live
Niggas offended like beg ya parting that's my chick
(Is that you chick?)
Excuse me this aint our first time here
Don't approach me like dat, get roasted like dat
Damm shorty playin with ya emotions like dat
You a grown man she got you open like dat
Yu put something around her finger, now
She got you rapped around her finger its official
Well that's you, that's what you get for trickin
Keep giving her doe she takin care of Chris and
I'll play my position up give her da dick
Con her to come and soon as im donr
Tell her im skipping
She like and if you what you want you acting
Different and I'm like....

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And afta da party its back to tha Party at our crib
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Baby you can get it (yeah, yeah)
Still doin shows and afta party's and afta the party
It's back to party at our crib

If you want it you can get it
You could come but you cant live here
If I hit it I want Chris to hit it to
I know you wit it bitches
Mad cause I parted and danced wit ya girlfriends
Smoked a bit, mainly drunk off crys
And I wasn't even feelin that bitch
She acting al pissy same time sadidey
A little bit silly, I can't even get a quickie
Neva dat got a are codes for every city

Couple young freaks, couple old heads
That dig me, thinking they gone hold me,
Knowing they don't control me
Youngin been fuckin old heads aint shit you showed me
Got a walk like George and I talk like Goldie
Nope you can't hold me from hittin up ya homies
I do enough rappin at work, listen to oldies

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