

Dimez (Jazzy B's)

Field Mob

I'm lookin' for a made misses, not one of them lazy chickens
But one them on top of her game, paid bitches
I lay bitches and slay bitches, fast and free
So fuck that, I want a lady, I can give cash to be a lover, makin' me say "Ungh" like Master P
And helpin' me out when I'm deep in a catastrophe
She has to be, top notch and full of class
Or rollin' a new drop top full a gas, to pull her ass Gotta come correct and you better have your game tight
She ain't the type of girl you meet and then fuck the same night
She's a hot girl, one that you can smoke Jane with
But so jazzy, flashin' her diamonds on her bracelet She don't say shit, keepin' our love on the d low
I trust and believe in her, like Shiraz, she's my hero
She don't need no zero's she want a jazzy dime nigga to kick it with
Splittin' it fifty, fifty down the middle I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch
Walkin' and pass me the switch, flashin' her wrist
Where ya at ma'?

I'm lookin' for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch
Walkin' and pass me the switch, flashin' her wrist
Where ya at ma'?

I'm lookin' for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter She had broke niggas and had tonight hoe niggas
Showboat poor niggas perpetratin' with no scrilla
She like more zippers, flow flippers and go getters
Hydro twistas, gold grillers to roll with And you don't have to be a dope dealer or an old nigga
So don't go twistin' with a gold nigga
'Cause she's a boss bitch, a slim Diana Ross bitch
That you can floss with that don't cost shit And anytime I want to I can toss it
And when I toss it, I ain't gon' lie, I raw dog it
'Cause she's so jazzy, every five minutes I stop and tell her
Bitches playa hate because they not, they jealous Long micros with lots of cheddar
Givin' me more D's than Jay Z, she'll Roc A Fella
Classy, I got to say it in a capella
So y'all rats can hear me clear, y'all got to do better I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch
Walkin' and pass me the switch, flashin' her wrist
Where ya at ma'?

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I'm lookin' for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughterIf you feel that you's a jazzy nigga, you feel the same as me
Jazzy hoe's, I feel ya Jermaine Dupri
Because classy ain't the thing to be and yes it's plain to see
If you a skank you can't hang with meNo, I can't have no rat claimin' me, like a leech, clang to me
Or much, you should be shamed to be
Ridin' in the Chevy thing with me, it's not the place for them
Jazzy, classy girls I'm chasin' them, I wanna stay with themAnd lay with them, passin' pussy's not the way for
them
I'm lacin' 'em with more ice than a hockey stadium
She gets down with me, freakin' in any position
Fine as all our dough, no, don't need me no pigeonI'm needin' a pinchin' to make sure that I'm not dreaming
Like Cash Money, when you see her it's like bling, bling
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Where ya at ma'?
I'm lookin' for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughterWhat, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
Sittin' on big heels, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
With the micro braids, I need a jazzy bitch, I need a jazzy bitch
Yeah, you like to be paid, I need a jazzy bitch
C'mon, I need a jazzy bitchStrike down your spine, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
Color contacts in your eye, I need a jazzy bitch
C'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
Cute golds in your grill, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitchLookin' good and need lacos, I need a
jazzy bitch
C'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
Earring to your belly button, I need a jazzy bitch
C'mon, I need a jazzy bitchChewin' on, chewin' gum, I need a jazzy bitch
C'mon, I need a jazzy bitch
Whoa, whoa, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch

Songwriters

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