

# Sexy

## Cyhi The Prynce

Soon as I pull up out the drive way  
With a bad bitch standin bout 5'8  
Around my way  
Where I stay  
Nigga I rate  
Cause I skate  
Like Stevie Williams  
Tryna reach a million  
Niggas showin love when I leave the building  
Sold out shows at east pavillion  
Probably with your bitch if shes appealin  
My car in the house, why I need the ceilin?  
If she at the crib, then he is drillin  
Run up on me then the heat is spillin  
Why you mad nigga you can barley feed your children  
If that's your girl why is she revealin  
Her deeper feelins  
By be and stealin?  
This dick in her  
Then fix dinner  
Id put my log in  
But I don't hit inner?  
What's wrong, use the brotha that be the big spender  
Pussy nigga, you should go and switch genders  
You a female, I get weed mail, got so much work I need 3 scales  
Tell ya what I go and get detail?  
Then hit Houston's I eat well  
But I gotta ride with the 45,  
They don't like me and I don't know why...  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me...  
They lookin,  
Police think they cookin  
I sell it but I shouldn't  
If I was rich, trust me I wouldn't  
I'm not a women beater, but Keisha is who I'm pushin

Sold a hundred pounds, only one of them was tookin  
If I see em then I'm bookin, like I got a show in Brooklyn  
Found some powder and some Kush'n  
And a pistol in the glove department with a loaded fuckin cartiridge

For cowards that's woofin?  
If they paid me a million to be you for a hour I wouldn't  
I'm just a boy in the hood, who got that Cuban Goodin'  
I sold it for the five even though they said I couldn't  
They call me Mr. Tax-the-block, first not cause I rap a lot  
I see that I can rap a burn way faster than I rap a block?  
Plus this thing on my hip force a nigga to have to hop  
My partners like mechanics, you should see how fast they jack a car  
They try to tap my phone, so I threw my celly out  
And when I leave the crib mad, can somebody tell me why?  
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Them haters lookin at me...  
Suckers hate so they screw face  
I'm high to def, no blue ray  
I'm shy as hell no lupe  
I'm bobby cox, I'm two brave  
Ride around in my new shades  
Clock two tres, for my crusade  
All my bullets fly with tips, just like T, I do clay  
I'm on the way to the UK  
Niggas do say I'm the new Jay  
I'm so polished, low mileage  
I'm a Freshman, but I don't go to college  
And I don't own a stylus  
I was on the violet  
When I'm on the pilot  
Like a DVD, when I feed the streets  
My songs is burnin like Eazy-E,  
Now you mad cause your girl wanna be with me  
And you know I'm a bang her like a Jeezy beat  
I can see you hatin, you don't need to speak  
You can have her back, I don't the freak  
Before a little nigga even get a chance to reach his peak  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways, sideways  
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Them haters lookin at me...

They lookin...

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