

# 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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