Jellyfish

The Emotron

Aiyyo, here's a little story ghetto situation
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations
She was so fly, get high, well understood
Big-ass, big brains and straight out the hood
Yo, aiyyo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn
Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn
She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong
Right before she went to rest she had me singin' this song
She must be a special lady
And a very exciting girl, I don't know
She had the high-glow's switchin'
See her in the club you hear others chicks bitchin'
But Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit
See she did twelve months over a ratchet
Not, no crab shit, got bagged with the mag
Taxi cab shit
Clit was hangin' out her panties with no where to stash it
It was classic
Nowadays shes laid back, helpin' me perfect my rap
Only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat
Wife everything
Diamond cut like Johnny Lex collar attached
Lickin' glass bowls in her cat clothes
'Cause crazy stacks finicky thing
Her kittin drink polar spring
Takes naps near her jewelry box
She play with all the rings
And when she step out the tub it's like an ill flick caramel skin
Bath and body works leave the whole room lit
Cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode
Paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin' me
Versace robe on her body, peak, sippin' ass
She a perfect ten in my wildest dreams Dawn
Aiyyo, she gotta be gone
Waitin' on my sweet strawberry pecan Rican La Shawn
Holdin' my taffy down when I'm gone
Three fourths of her body always covered with clothes
That's why I'm eatin' her candy and suckin' her toes
Sweet sexy La Shawn, she got body like what's goin' on

On some Marvin gay shit like lets get it on
Sugar, let's get it on
Ayo, she a diamond in the rough, black rose in the hood

I love my queen and she treat me good, fuck cookin' for me
She stash me out when the feds come lookin' for me
I'm not cheatin' on her or beatin' on her
I spend the weekend on her
We on the block when the bills start creepin' on her
She right there when it gets sticky
She strict politic to the vicky's
And a fly aviator the color of sky
God on her side Indian chick with cat eyes
Mad respect with the fat thighs
Plus her guns for the revolution
Would straight leave her if she prostituting
Yo, my girls the bomb, intelligent mind
Sky blue Louis Vuitton, leg muscles, deep dimples
Body is soft, she smell fresh like a new born
Pretty feet, peitete ass, nice shoes on
The sunshine for my quiet storm
Keepin' the food warm while I'm gone
It won't be long till I'm back to my
Sweet butter pecan Rican La Shawn
Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'
Aiyyo, aiyyo, I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn
Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen
You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe
Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue
Pretty young thing with a body like vida
Ass off the meter, Eva medenez Medenezlook, strut like a diva
Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a Cheeba
She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up
Ms. Bonita Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holdin' condoms!
'Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick
Throwin' that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip
Latin decent, velor suit with the cameltoe print
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride
Whether Jen, Don or Shawn it's the same situation
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations
She was so fly, get high, well understood
Big-ass, big brains and straight out the hood

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/