

# Soft (feat. Rick Ross, Meek Mill & Fabolous)

## Juelz Santana

They say I'm comin' too hard, huh?  
I say these niggas comin' too soft  
All them niggas soft  
Yeah...  
Go for that soft I sold that brick soft  
This why I sell, so soft  
My girl hair so soft  
These Louis shoes so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
My AK for assaults  
I'm sippin' this sauce  
My dick won't stay soft  
My car seats so soft  
These Z Tags say "boss"  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
My car seats so soft  
Your army so soft  
Real bitch and she like me  
'cause I make sure she get off  
These niggas claimin' they winnin'  
but when I'm around they lost  
I'm in a new car, four door, double R, logo  
Big rims, no spokes, small tires, low-pro  
You pussies know that I'm no joke  
How you want it? 4-O?  
Four four for cinco, no ocho, just blow-blow  
Still duckin' the po-po  
I make her come back like a yo-yo  
I'm like Ice T with that white girl  
Still gettin' money off cocoa  
Still flyer than all y'all  
Shit, tell me somethin' I don't know  
Got a bad bitch bouncin' on my stick  
Like a pogo, screamin' "YOLO"  
My diamonds be shinin'  
Like a snow cone, I'm so froze  
Far as that dough goes  
I'm Russell Simmons, you JoJo

My type get real cash  
Your type get killed fast  
Y'all niggas like soft booty  
Get it? Real ass  
You hoe niggas so soft  
Why don't you hoe niggas get lost?  
I'll pay to see you gone  
How much is you niggas gon' cost?  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so softRight back in the hood, fresh off tour  
Jumpin' out that new four-door  
Bust down APR shores  
All this stuntin' ain't called for  
None of these bitches ain't all yours  
None of these niggas hardcore  
Young fly nigga, I'm fresh, man!  
Bad bitch with me at sophomore  
My Rolex is like Mayweather's  
I make it rain like May weather  
Ask them hoes at KOD  
I don't throw paper, I spray cheddar  
Your whip mean? Mine way better  
Chicks they greet and love me  
Up in the corner and hug me  
Go all these hoes tryin' to fuck me  
'Cause that leather handle so soft  
All I know is go hard  
High as fuck, I'm on Mars  
My pockets on black card  
'Cause it ain't no limit (ain't no limit)  
To the shit I'm spendin' (shit I'm spendin')  
It's double-M-G (double-M-G)  
Yeah nigga, we winnin'You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so soft  
You hoe niggas so softI'm in the hood with that white thing...  
Mister Softee  
Tell them kids don't run up  
Got it on me, now get 'em off me  
Get 'em off me, get 'em off me  
Before I make it hot like coffee  
Just seen 'em put a hole-in-one  
and I ain't gon' let 'em golf me

Got a O-Z of that loudmouth  
My smoke never speak softly  
Ride on that dick flow  
My bitch never go off-beat  
Only time that I'm off feet  
Known to stand on my own two  
If you 'round me, you gotta go hard  
Soft niggas I don't do  
These niggas ain't family  
If you was, I would've disowned you  
And fucked bitches that won't do  
Call a bitch who want to  
Gotta feel me, my texture  
These dumb bitches too extra  
I just kicked this bitch up off the bus, had to "next" her  
I'm too strong in these streets, boy  
Please don't make me flex up  
You know nothin' 'bout this  
I do this, I'm a expert  
DVs go off, like the TVs in my loft  
That's HD on my HT  
These hoe niggas so soft...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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