Spell My Name Right (feat. Mr. Raja)

Sole'

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[intro]
2 triple o
Sole'S, uh
O, ah
L, yeah
E, accentS, yeah
O, uh
L, yeah
E, accent[sole']
Ugh, it's the brown cocomo mama
Call shots, 12 room yachts
Cruisin' the bahamas, pocahontas
Strictly out for dollas
Sole' serve it up hot like benny hanas
You's a tv dinner, gots to come hard
You seein' me nigga
Wanna freak me, eat me, can't treat me nigga?
No answer, you besta be on your way, uh
Money tossed and you got nothin' to say, yeah
Round the way in the slk
Sittin' on 20 inches, get money, fuck niggas
Stack flows, got cats with cash flows and dough
All night in the flow, tight
Another pretty face that you bet' know
I'm the illest cherokee to ever slap a ho
I drop four in your dough, your hard-on?
Get it straight
You can't fuck around on your best date
Now what the deal?1 - [mr. raja]
Get your money and your life right
It's a cost to be boss, get the price right
Playas hold it down, then keep ya game tight

Say what you want, but spell her name right, uh-huhRepeat 1[sole']
Cashin' chips in, all best down, in the lex now
Decked out, make 'em sweat now
Never let down, precede caution
Had it with flossers, sworn a stinkin' nigga, toss it
Soon as they saw it, shit nigga
I ain't no freak ho, I ain't no duck ho
I ain't no "took me out to eat so we gon' fuck" ho
Fuck no! I'm a look-but-don't-touch ho
The baddest, one shot of ? fire cabbage
The maddest, the ill flow paterant
In and out the pocket, write it down, 16 drop it
Make a mil when the pants fill
I step it up, when I talk I back it up
I put that out there
In case you bitches start actin' up like y'all fit for action
Cut the mics off and we can get to bitch bashin'
If not, stop talkin', then start walkin'
'cause real niggas out here like talkin'Repeat 1
Repeat 1[sole']
You little girls is childs play, I bring it to your man
Sole' got it locked from the block to sound-scan
Fuck his tummy up, stay off us, ya hear
Red zone gon' show y'all how to ball this year
I'm big like bottles of crys and foreign whips
I'm more like more street bombs and stock tips
Bigger than your fox and your bricks
I'm more like vegas, bet a hundred dollas, got the red chips
If you call me a ho, you better say "miss ho"
We can get it on rat scraps or the pistol
If you call me a bitch, you better say "rich bitch"
'cause can't nan ho fuck with this!
So what you want nigga?Repeat 1
Repeat 1
Repeat 1S, uh
O, ah
L, yeah
E, accentS, yeah
O, uh
L, yeah
E, accentS, uh
O, ah
L, yeah
E, accentS, yeah
O, uh

L, yeah
E, accent

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