

Rubbin'

Chocclair

INTRO [Chocclair]

Uhh, yeah

Now look in the mirror

Tell me what you see

Bomb diggy dogg baby

We be rubbin' tonight (yo)

We be lovin' tonight (right)

Uhh, yeah

Ha ha[Chocclair]

I remember seeing you in spaghetti straps

Nappack held up by you ass back

When I seen it, I was like DAMN!

Girl do you have man

Body look like it was wrapped in seran

Hear me

Told me alone, I was kind of surprise

Really

Out late night, spending mad cash chillin'

See the walk you were walking, open my eyes

And the talk I was talking, parted your thighs

But they ain't nothing wrong

'Cause we both grown

Hitting in the morning until we strong grown

And we strong moan and waking up the block

And getting all confused, not showing from your boyfriend

Don't dwell on these minor details

Let's cruise with the wind blowing, speed the sails

We could rock on, and cruise home

Plus your tight skirt be flashing your thong

Shit's on, oh girl

CHORUS [Saukrates]
You fronting like I ain't 'bout to knock it

I got a rocket in my pocket

Two tickets to your ecstasy

And one for this chick standing next to me

If she with it, I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)

Baby you is wit it (is you wit it, wit it)

I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)

I'mma hit it[Chocclair]

See I was peeping your style

You was sitting at the bar with your hand on a Marnier Grand (ha ha)

Now baby to all these people, notice who you are

So they ready try to score

Pulling out their bill folds, buy a red rose to give you

I chill on the humble in my jeans and steel toes

I see your eyes moving in stealth mode

But then you realize, oh shit it's Choc on the side

See moving to my side, and when she walks she glides

Body looking strong like Cadillac designs

She moves close, her finger running up my elbow

And then invites me to her humble abode

Check it, uhh

Now before I get in it, first she walks around naked

Says she loves prospects and talks about her fetish

How she loves dark skinned men, hairy chested

She's hefty breasted, movements fuel injected

She says she's rough at first, but when I start to groan

I be closing every night and taking it straight to the dome

So we could rule the world or you could stay at home

But tonight she be ready to bone, it's on

Oh boyCHORUS[Chocclair]

See this is for my ladies in open toed shoes

And belly chains that make money and like their sex sweaty

Who like their sex messy and ready to go

And not afraid to say they ready to bone (it's on)

And not afraid to peel of they thong

And not afraid to take it straight to the dome

And for my dogs that make laws and cruise off shore

With five in the pocket, or drop shitty causes

For when it comes to strokes, spring break miss capone(?)

Take no crumb cake to clear out the bars

Watch yourself girl when you're playing it close

'Cause you'll get the strokes and then get ghost

It's onCHORUS X2

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