

# Rubbin'

## Choclair

INTRO [Choclair]

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[Choclair]

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 girlCHORUS [Saukrates]

You fronting like I ain't 'bout to knock it

I got a rocket in my pocket

Two tickets to your ecstacy

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[Choclair]

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[Choclair]  
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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