

Jellyfish

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

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